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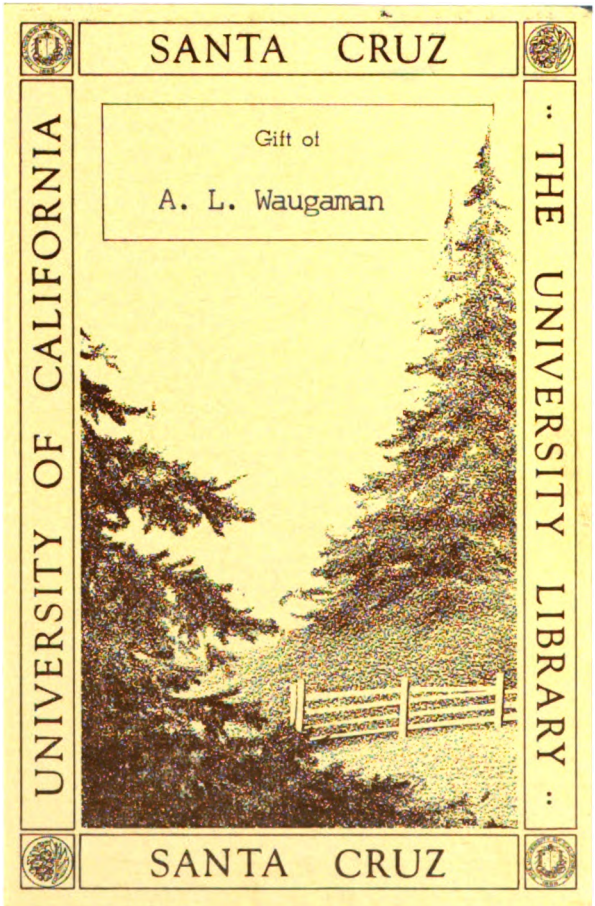

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A Record of the Great Things that have been Said and Thought and Done from the Beginning of History

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, HARRY THURSTON PECK, A.M., PH.D., L.H.D.
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FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS.

Cozzens, Frederick Swartwout, an American humorous writer, was born in New York City, March 5, 1818; died in Brooklyn, December 23, 1869. He was a contributor to the magazines of his day; especially to the "Knickerbocker" and to "Putnam." His contributions to the former of these magazines were gathered into a volume and published under the title "Prismatics, by Richard Haywarde," in 1853; and three years later his famous "Sparrowgrass Papers," which had been printed serially in "Putnam's Magazine," were issued in book form. Other writings of his, some of them evincing genuine humor, as well as grace of composition, were: "Acadia" (1859); "Sayings of Doctor Bushwhacker" (1867); "Poems" (1867); "Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck" (1868).

Living in the Country.

(From "The Sparrowgrass Papers.")

It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison-walls of the metropolis — the great brickery we call "the city" — and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoar-frost, and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds, and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some

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preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back-parlor in Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising! with the lark — with the sun — while the dew is on the grass, "under the opening eyelids of the morn," and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country? With the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

> "Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
> They laid in the bed till the clock struck ten:
> Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky:
> O Brother Robin! the sun's *very* high!"

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes — the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what, with expenses of horse-hire, tavern bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pineapples. They were fine potatoes, though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardener, at two dollars per day, to give me instructions), I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamusses. I accordingly rose next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. "My dear," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "where did you get these fine potatoes?" "Why," said she, innocently, "out of that basket from Long Island!" The last of the hippopotamusses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterwards. I did get some fine seed potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter: at the end of the season, I did not get as many out as I had put in.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me

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one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course, we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, "Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow." "Crow!" said I, faintly, "our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I; "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!" And so they were roosters! that grew up and fought with the neighbors' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog, though; for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises, he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally, we gave him away and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden. A good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such an one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning, I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit-trees had vanished.

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And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was foregathering with them. It was too much, so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet-briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

I have bought me a horse! A horse is a good thing to have in the country. In the city, the persevering streets have pushed the Bloomingdale road out of reach. Riding-habits and rosy cheeks, bright eyes, round hats and feathers, are banished from the metropolis. There are no more shady by-paths, a little way out of town to tempt equestrians. There are no visions of Die Vernon and Frank Osbaldiston at "Burnam's" now. Romance no longer holds the bridle-rein while the delicate slipper is withdrawn from the old red morocco stirrup. A whirl of dust, a glitter of wheels, a stretch of tag-rag and bobtail horses, and the young Potiphars are contesting time with Dusty Bob and the exquisite Mr. Farobank. That is the picture of the Bloomingdale road now. It is the everyday picture too. Go when you will, you see the tag-rag and bobtail horses, the cloud of dust, the whirl of wheels, the young Potiphars, Dusty Bob, and the elegant Mr. Farobank.

There was a time when I could steal away from the dusky counting-room to inhale the fragrant hartshorn of the stable, while the hostler was putting the saddle on "Fanny." Fanny was a blooded filly, a descendant of the great Sir Henry. Her education had been neglected. She had been broken by a couple of wild Irishmen, who used to "*hurrup*" her, barebacked, morning and evening, through the lonely little street in the lower part of the city, where the stable was situated. As a consequence, the contest between her high blood and low breeding made her slightly vicious. The first time I backed her, she stood still for half an hour, no more moved by the whip than a brass filly would have been; then deliberately walked up the street, turned the corner with a jump that almost threw me on the curb-stone, then ran away, got on the sidewalk, and stopped suddenly, with her forefeet planted firmly in front of a steep flight of area steps, which happened to be filled with children. I dismounted, and, in no time, was the centre of an angry swarm of fathers

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and mothers, who were going to immolate me on the spot for trying to ride down their ragged offspring. There is much difficulty in making an *explanation* under such circumstances. As the most abusive person in the crowd happened to be a disinterested stranger who was passing by, it soon became a personal matter between two of us. Accordingly, I asked him to step aside, which he did, when I at once hired him to lead the filly to the ferry. Once on a country road, I was at home in the saddle, and a few days' training made Fanny tractable. She would even follow me with great gentleness, like a trained dog, and really behaved in a very exemplary way, after throwing me twice or so. Then Fanny and I were frequently on the Bloomingdale road, in summer evenings and mornings, and so were ladies and gentlemen. I do not think the fine buildings that usurp those haunted paths an improvement. Those leafy fringes on the way-side had a charm that freestone cannot give. That stretch of vision over meadows, boulders, wild shrubbery, and uplifted trees, down to the blue river, is not compensated by ornate façades, cornices, and vestibules. Where are the birds? In my eyes, the glimmer of sultry fireflies is pleasanter in a summer night than the perspective gas-lights in streets.

"There's not a charm improvement gives like those it takes away,
When the shadowing trees are stricken down because they do not pay;
'T is not from youth's smooth cheek the blush of health alone is past,
But the tender bloom of heart departs, by driving horses fast."

Poor Fanny! my Bloomingdale bride! I believe I was her only patron; and when the stable burnt down, she happened to be insured, and her mercenary owner pocketed her value with a grin.

I have bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manége* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very abundant soon after my consultation with the stage-proprietor upon this topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horse: he told me, if his horse had a blemish, he would n't wait to be asked about it; he would tell it right out; and, if a man did n't want him then, he need n't take him. He also proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note

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for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the animal were returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he 'd been fired once, because they thought he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than there was to a fresh-laid egg — he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, "Now, that 's honest." I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not a bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he 'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly — some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be; he was willing to speak right out, and own up he was eight years. I asked him if there were any other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; "but," he added, "he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thread." I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him his price. He answered that no man could have bought him for one hundred dollars a month ago, but now he was willing to sell him for seventy-five, on account of having a note to pay. This seemed such a very low price, I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered, that I had better *see the horse first*. I confess I was a little afraid of losing my bargain by it, but, out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. "No man," he added, "ought to buy a horse unless he 's saw him." When the horse came down, it struck me that, whatever his qualities might be, his personal appearance was against him. One of his forelegs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle, and the remaining three legs, about the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brag of; and his back had a very hollow sweep, from his high haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness and pride manifested by his owner, as he held up, by both sides of the bridle, the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like a peapod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, "Three-Quarters blood!" Mrs. Sparrowgrass flushed up a little, when she asked me if I intended to purchase *that* horse, and added that, if I did she

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would never want to ride. So I told the man he would not suit me. He answered by suddenly throwing himself upon his stomach across the backbone of his horse, and then, by turning round as on a pivot, got up a-straddle of him; then he gave his horse a kick in the ribs that caused him to jump out with all his legs, like a frog, and then off went the spoon-legged animal with a gait that was not a trot, nor yet precisely pacing. He rode around our grass plot twice, and then pulled his horse's head up like the cock of a musket. "That," said he, "is *time*." I replied that he did seem to go pretty fast. "Pretty fast!" said his owner. "Well, do you know Mr.——?" mentioning one of the richest men in our village. I replied that I was acquainted with him. "Well," said he, "you know his horse?" I replied that I had no personal acquaintance with him. "Well," said he, "he 's the fastest horse in the county — jist so — I 'm willin' to admit it. But do you know I offered to put my horse agin' his to trot? I had no money to put up, or, rayther, to spare; but I offered to trot him, horse agin' horse, and the winner to take both horses, and I tell you — *he would n't do it!*"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass got a little nervous, and twitched me by the skirt of the coat. "Dear," said she, "let him go." I assured her I would not buy the horse, and told the man firmly I would not buy him. He said very well — if he did n't suit 't was no use to keep a-talkin': but he added, he 'd be down agin' with another horse, next morning, that belonged to his brother; and if he did n't suit me, then I did n't want a horse. With this remark he rode off.

"It rains very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartette of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope: no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rainstorm, unless he intend to sell him at a bargain — but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, squire, 's as good a hos as ever stood on iron." Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied, it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever

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stood in shoe-leather. "He 's a handsome hos, squire," said the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good looking animal, but, said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read." "Whose hos was it?" said he. I replied it was the horse of Adonis. He said he did n't know him, but he added, "There is so many hosses stolen that the descriptions are stuck up now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakespeare, and repeated it —

> "Round-hooft, short joynted, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad brest, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
> High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

"Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'ints of a good hos. Trotters nowadays go in all shapes, big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ones, thick tail and no tail; so as they have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle, and wind, squire, and speed well, they 'll fetch a price. Now, this animal is what I call a hos, squire; he 's got the p'ints, he 's stylish, he 's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness — single or double — a good feeder." I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality. He replied it was; "Of course," said he, "if your hos is off his feed, he ain't good for nothin'. But what 's the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'ints of a good hos? You 're a hosman, squire: you know." — "It seems to me," said I, "there is something the matter with that left eye." "No, *sir*," said he, and with that he pulled down the horse's head, and rapidly crooking his forefinger at the suspected organ, said, "See thar — don't wink a bit." "But he should wink," I replied. "Not onless his eye are weak," he said. To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and, so soon as I took hold of it, the horse started off in a remarkable retrograde movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings apiece, and that the more I pulled, the more he backed, I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing rose that had been all summer prickling itself, in order

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to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrograde movement to a sidelong bound, by which he flirted off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioluses and tuberoses in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mould, geraniums, and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when he got among the Lima bean-poles; but his owner led him back with a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, squire?" I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks. He said it was not. "You see, squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he 's as kind as a kitten." With that he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed to fancy him, I took a written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

It is a mooted point whether it is best to buy your horse before you build your stable, or build your stable before you buy your horse. A horse without a stable is like a bishop without a church. Our neighbor, who is very ingenious, built his stable to fit his horse. He took the length of his horse and a little over, as the measure of the depth of his stable; then he built it. He had a place beside the stall for his Rockaway carriage. When he came to put the Rockaway in, he found he had not allowed for the shafts! The ceiling was too low to allow them to be erected, so he cut two square port-holes in the back of his stable and run his shafts through them, into the chicken-house behind. Of course, whenever he wanted to take out his carriage, he had to unroost all his fowls, who would sit on his shafts, night and day. But that was better than building a new stable. For my part, I determined to avoid mistakes, by getting the horse and carriage both first, and then to build the stable. This plan, being acceptable to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, was adopted, as judicious and expedient. In consequence, I found myself with a horse on my hands with no place to put him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with a very honest man who kept a livery stable, where I put him to board by the month, and in order that he might have plenty of good oats, I

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bought some, which I gave to the hostler for that purpose. The man of whom I bought the horse did not deceive me, when he represented him as a great feeder. He ate more oats than all the rest of the horses put together in that stable.

It is a good thing to have a saddle-horse in the country. The early morning ride, when dawn and dew freshen and flush the landscape, is comparable to no earthly, innocent pleasure. Look at yonder avenue of road-skirting trees. Those marvellous trunks, yet moist, are ruddy as obelisks of jasper! And above — see the leaves blushing at the east! Hark to the music! interminable chains of melody linking earth and sky with its delicious magic. The little, countless wood-birds are singing! and now rolls up from the mown meadow the fragrance of cut grass and clover.

> "No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;
> The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung
> As it was beaded ere the daylight hour:
> The hookèd bramble just as it was strung,
> When on each leaf the night her crystals flung,
> Then hurried off, the dawning to elude.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "The rutted road did never seem so clean,
> There is no dust upon the wayside thorn,
> For every bud looks out as if but newly born."

Look at the river with its veil of blue mist! and the grim, gaunt old Palisades, as amiable in their orient crowns as old princes, out of the direct line of succession, over the royal cradle of the heir apparent!

There is one thing about early riding in the country: you find out a great many things which, perhaps, you would not have found out under ordinary circumstances. The first thing I found out was, that my horse had the heaves. I had been so wrapt up in the beauties of the morning, that I had not observed, what perhaps everybody in that vicinity had observed, namely, that the new horse had been waking up all the sleepers on both sides of the road with an asthmatic whistle, of half-a-mile power. My attention was called to the fact by the village teamster, old Dockweed, who came banging after me in his empty cart, shouting out my name as he came. I must say, I have always disliked old Dockweed's familiarity; he presumes too much upon my good nature, when he calls me Sparrygrass before ladies at the depot, and by my Christian name always

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on the Sabbath, when he is dressed up. On this occasion, what with the horse's vocal powers and old Dockweed's, the affair was pretty well blown over the village before breakfast. "Sparrygrass," he said, as he came up, "that your hos?" I replied, that the horse was my property. "Got the heaves, ain't he? got 'em bad." Just then a window was pushed open, and the white head of the old gentleman who sits in the third pew in front of our pew in church, was thrust out. "What 's the matter with your horse?" said he. "Got the heaves," replied old Dockweed, "got 'em bad." Then, I heard symptoms of opening a blind on the other side of the road, and as I did not wish to run the gauntlet of such inquiries, I rode off on a cross road; but not before I heard, above the sound of pulmonary complaint, the voice of old Dockweed explaining to the other cottage, "Sparrygrass — got a hos — got the heaves — got 'em bad." I was so much ashamed, that I took a roundabout road to the stable, and instead of coming home like a fresh and gallant cavalier, on a hand gallop, I walked my purchase to the stable, and dismounted with a chastened spirit.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a face beaming all over with smiles, "how did you like your horse?" I replied that he was not quite so fine a saddle-horse as I had anticipated, but I added, brightening up, for good humor is sympathetic, "he will make a good horse, I think, after all, for you and the children to jog around with in a wagon." "Oh, won't that be pleasant!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

Farewell, then, rural rides, and rural roads o' mornings! Farewell, song birds, and jasper colonnades; farewell, misty river, and rocky Palisades; farewell mown honey-breath, farewell stirrup and bridle, dawn and dew, we must jog on at a foot pace. After all, it is better for your horse to have a pulmonary complaint than have it yourself.

I had determined not to build a stable, nor to buy a carriage, until I had thoroughly tested my horse in harness. For this purpose, I hired a Rockaway of the stable-keeper. Then I put Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the young ones in the double seats, and took the ribbons for a little drive by the Nepperhan river road. The Nepperhan is a quiet stream that for centuries has wound its way through the ancient dorp of Yonkers. Geologists may trace the movements of time upon the rocky dial of the Palisades, and estimate the age of the more modern Hudson by the footprints of sauriæ in the strata that fringe its banks,

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but it is impossible to escape the conviction, as you ride beside the Nepperhan, that it is a very old stream — that it is entirely independent of earthquakes — that its birth was of primeval antiquity — and, no doubt, that it meandered through Westchester valleys when the Hudson was only a fresh water lake, land-locked somewhere above Poughkeepsie. It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was sloping westward, the meadows

> "— were all a-flame
> In sunken light, and the mailed grasshopper
> Shrilled in the maize with ceaseless iteration."

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney, in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester county, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse?" As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the way, I had managed to get my head pretty well inside of the carriage, and, at the time she spoke, was keeping a lookout in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner. He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, said, "Playful, is n't he?" The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the Rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I found the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check-rein so as to bring his head up with a round-turn, and besides had managed to put one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg. So soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the Rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing-line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw fishing-line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a penknife, and cut him out in such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepiest looking horse I ever saw. "Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the

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nearest farmhouse?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would. Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident, was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately the bank was not over four feet high, but as I went with him, my trousers were rent in a grievous place. While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching, who came to my assistance. The first thing he did was to pull out a large jack-knife, and the next thing he did was to open the new horse's mouth and run the blade two or three times inside of the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding. "Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jack-knife, "ef 't had n't been for dat yer, your hos would a' bin a goner." "What was the matter with him?" said I. "Oh, he 's ony jis got de blind-staggers, das all. Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who had sold me such an animal, "say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?" I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass. "Oh," said he, "I knows you, I brung some fowls once down to you place. I heerd about you, and you hos. Dats de hos dats got de heaves so bad, heh! heh! You better sell dat hos." I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the Rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the Rockaway. When we got to the Rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take charge of the Rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight. I think a moonlight night delicious, upon the Hudson.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good, stylish-looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only the heaves and blind-staggers, and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side. I will also engage to give a written guarantee that he is sound and kind, signed by the brother of his former owner.

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GEORGE CRABBE.

Crabbe, George, an English poet, born at Aldborough, Suffolk, England, December 24, 1754; died at Trowbridge, February 3, 1832. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but disliked the profession, and in 1780 went to London, intending to apply himself to literature. His first efforts were unsuccessful. In distress he applied to Edmund Burke, who befriended him. Crabbe now published "The Library," which was well received. At Burke's suggestion, he entered the Church, and in 1782 was appointed curate in Aldborough. The next year he published "The Village," and in 1785 "The Newspaper." He wrote no more for twenty-four years. He became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and later obtained the rectorship of a church in Dorsetshire, and in 1818, that of Trowbridge, where he spent his last tranquil years. In 1809 he published "The Parish Register," the success of which encouraged him to further efforts. "The Borough" appeared in 1810, "Tales in Verse" in 1812, and "Tales of the Hall" in 1819. Crabbe depicted life as he saw it among the rural poor.

The Brothers.

(From "Tales in Verse.")

Than old *George Fletcher*, on the British coast,
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast:
Kind, simple, and sincere — he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorus'd — "Hearts of oak!"
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labor and in love were spent.
  He left a Son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaim'd, "'T is Fletcher we behold;"
But to his Brother when the kinsmen came,
And view'd his form, they grudged the father's name.
  George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lack'd.
  George lived at sea: upon the land a guest —
He sought for recreation, not for rest —

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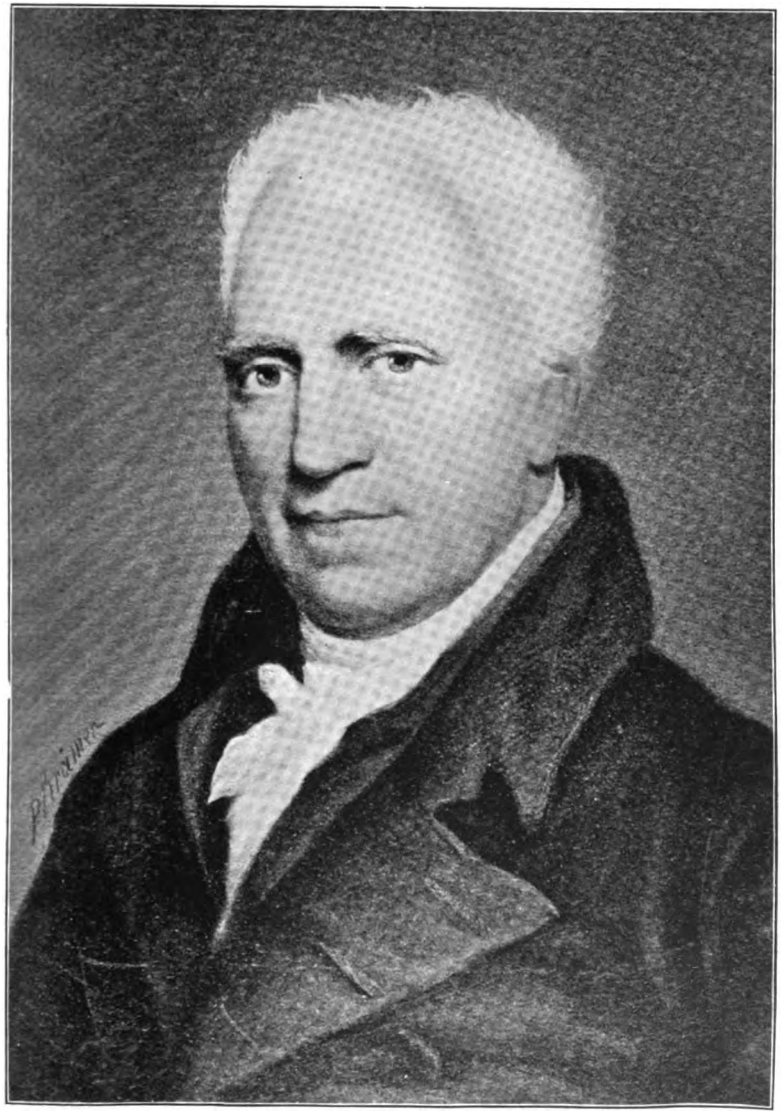

GEORGE CRABBE

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While, far unlike, his brother's feebler form
Shrank from the cold, and shudder'd at the storm;
Still with the Seamen's to connect his trade,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made.
George, strong and steady, had a tender mind,
And was to Isaac pitiful and kind;
A very father, till his art was gain'd,
And then a friend unwearied he remain'd;
He saw his brother was of spirit low,
His temper peevish, and his motions slow;
Not fit to bustle in a world, or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake;
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew
What men to court — what objects to pursue;
That he to distant gain the way discern'd,
And none so crooked but his genius learn'd.
Isaac was poor, and this the brother felt;
He hired a house, and there the Landman dwelt;
Wrought at his trade, and had an easy home,
For there would George with cash and comforts come;
And when they parted, Isaac look'd around,
Where other friends and helpers might be found.
He wish'd for some port-place, and one might fall,
He wisely thought, if he should try for all;
He had a vote — and were it well applied,
Might have its worth — and he had views beside;
Old Burgess Steel was able to promote
An humble man who served him with a vote;
For Isaac felt not what some tempers feel,
But bow'd and bent the neck to Burgess Steel,
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave:
One whom the visage long and look demure
Of Isaac pleased — he seem'd sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceived a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame:
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and chastised desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favor and in fortune's way.
George then was coasting — war was yet delay'd,
And what he gain'd was to his brother paid;
Nor ask'd the Seaman what he saved or spent;
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content

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Till war awaked the land, and George began
To think what part became a useful man:
"Press'd, I must go; why, then, 't is better far
At once to enter like a British tar,
Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
As if I fear'd the music of a gun."
"Go not!" said Isaac — "You shall wear disguise."
"What!" said the Seaman, "clothe myself with lies!" —
"Oh! but there's danger." — "Danger in the fleet?
You cannot mean, good brother, of defeat;
And other dangers I at land must share —
So now adieu! and trust a brother's care."
Isaac a while demurr'd — but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was disposed to part:
The better mind will sometimes feel the pain
Of benefactions — favor in a chain;
But they the feeling scorn, and what they wish disdain, —
While beings formed in coarser mould will hate
The helping hand they ought to venerate;
No wonder George should in this cause prevail
With one contending who was glad to fail:
"Isaac, farewell! do wipe that doleful eye;
Crying we came, and groaning we may die;
Let us do something 'twixt the groan and cry:
And hear me, brother, whether pay or prize
One half to thee I give and I devise;
For thou hast oft occasion for the aid
Of learn'd physicians, and they will be paid;
Their wives and children, men support, at sea,
And thou, my lad, art wife and child to me:
Farewell! — I go where hope and honor call,
Nor does it follow that who fights must fall."
Isaac here made a poor attempt to speak,
And a huge tear moved slowly down his cheek;
Like Pluto's iron drop, hard sign of grace,
It slowly roll'd upon the rueful face,
Forced by the striving will alone its way to trace.
Years fled — war lasted — George at sea remain'd,
While the slow Landman still his profits gain'd:
A humble place was vacant — he besought
His patron's interest, and the office caught;
For still the Virgin was his faithful friend,
And one so sober could with truth commend,
Who of his own defects most humbly thought,
And their advice with zeal and reverence sought:

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Whom thus the mistress praised, the maid approved
And her he wedded whom he wisely loved.
No more he needs assistance — but, alas!
He fears the money will for liquor pass;
Or that the Seaman might to flatterers lend,
Or give support to some pretended friend:
Still he must write — he wrote, and he confess'd
That, till absolved, he should be sore distress'd,
But one so friendly would, he thought, forgive
The hasty deed — Heav'n knew how he should live;
"But you," he added, "as a man of sense,
Have well consider'd danger and expense:
I ran, alas! into the fatal snare,
And now for trouble must my mind prepare;
And, how, with children, I shall pick my way,
Through a hard world, is more than I can say:
Then change not, Brother, your more happy state
Or on the hazard long deliberate."
George answer'd gravely, "It is right and fit,
In all our crosses, humbly to submit:
Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust;
Forbear repining, and expel distrust." —
He added, "Marriage was the joy of life,"
And gave his service to his brother's wife;
Then vow'd to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, "Have a cheerful heart."
Had the glad Isaac been his brother's guide,
In the same terms the Seaman had replied;
At such reproofs the crafty Landman smiled,
And softly said — "This creature is a child."
Twice had the gallant ship a capture made —
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the Sailor, with his pockets stored,
Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace:
The wife resolved her honor'd guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees;
The grog went round, the neighbors drank his health,
And George exclaim'd — "Ah! what to this is wealth?
Better," said he, "to bear a loving heart,
Than roll in riches — but we now must part!"
All yet is still — but hark! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep;
Ships late becalm'd on mountain-billows ride —
So life is threaten'd, and so man is tried.

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Ill were the tidings that arrived from sea,
The worthy George must now a cripple be;
His leg was lopp'd; and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crown'd —
Yet much it vex'd him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more:
True, he was sure that Isaac would receive
All of his Brother that the foe might leave;
To whom the Seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went:
His wealth and expectations told, he "knew
Wherein they fail'd, what Isaac's love would do;
That he the grog and cabin would supply
Where George at anchor during life would lie."
The Landman read — and, reading, grew distress'd:
"Could he resolve t' admit so poor a guest?
Better at Greenwich might the Sailor stay,
Unless his purse could for his comforts pay."
So Isaac judged, and to his wife appeal'd,
But yet acknowledged it was best to yield:
"Perhaps his pension, with what sums remain
Due or unsquander'd, may the man maintain;
Refuse we must not." — With a heavy sigh
The lady heard, and made her kind reply: —
"Nor would I wish it, Isaac, were we sure
How long this crazy building will endure;
Like an old house, that every day appears
About to fall — he may be propp'd for years.
For a few months, indeed, we might comply,
But these old batter'd fellows never die."
The hand of Isaac, George on entering took,
With love and resignation in his look;
Declared his comfort in the fortune past,
And joy to find his anchor safely cast;
"Call then my nephews, let the grog be brought,
And I will tell them how the ship was fought."
Alas! our simple Seaman should have known,
That all the care, the kindness, he had shown,
Were from his Brother's heart, if not his memory flown:
All swept away to be perceived no more,
Like idle structures on the sandy shore;
The chance amusement of the playful boy,
That the rude billows in their rage destroy.
Poor George confess'd, though loth the truth to find,
Slight was his knowledge of a Brother's mind:

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The vulgar pipe was to the wife offence,
The frequent grog to Isaac an expense;
Would friends like hers, she question'd, "choose to come
Where clouds of poison'd fume defiled a room?
This could their Lady-friend, and Burgess Steel,
(Teased with his worship's asthma) bear to feel?
Could they associate or converse with him —
A loud rough sailor with a timber limb?"
  Cold as he grew, still Isaac strove to show,
By well-feign'd care, that cold he could not grow,
And when he saw his brother look distress'd,
He strove some petty comforts to suggest;
On his wife solely their neglect to lay,
And then t' excuse it, as a woman's way;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sicken'd at the scent of smoke.
  George, though in doubt, was still consoled to find
His Brother wishing to be reckon'd kind:
That Isaac seem'd concern'd by his distress,
Gave to his injured feelings some redress;
But none he found disposed to lend an ear
To stories, all were once intent to hear:
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature cared about the sea;
But George indeed — for George they call'd the boy
When his good uncle was their boast and joy —
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep;
Till the fond mother cried — "That man will teach
The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judged the father — and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.
The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne;
And cried (vexation growing day by day),
"Ah! brother Isaac! — What! I 'm in the way!"
"No! on my credit, look ye, No! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
On any terms — in short, we must comply:
My spouse had money — she must have her will —
Ah! Brother — marriage is a bitter pill." —
  George tried the lady — "Sister I offend."
"Me?" she replied — "Oh no! — you may depend
On my regard — but watch your Brother's way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey."

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"Ah!" thought the Seaman, "what a head was mine
That easy berth at Greenwich to resign!
I'll to the parish" — but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.
Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow — but he felt the more:
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.
When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependent's fate;
"Brother!" said Isaac, "you will sure excuse
The little freedom I'm compell'd to use:
My wife's relations — (curse the haughty crew) —
Affect such niceness, and such dread of you:
You speak so loud — and they have nature soft —
"Brother — I wish — do go upon the loft!"
Poor George obey'd, and to the garret fled,
Where not a being saw the tears he shed:
But more was yet required, for guests were come
Who could not dine if he disgraced the room.
It shock'd his spirit to be esteem'd unfit
With an own brother and his wife to sit;
He grew rebellious — at the vestry spoke
For weekly aid — they heard it as a joke:
"So kind a brother, and so wealthy — you
Apply to us? — No! this will never do:
Good neighbor Fletcher," said the Overseer,
"We are engaged — you can have nothing here!"
George mutter'd something in despairing tone,
Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone;
Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed;
Yet was he pleased, that hours for play design'd
Were given to ease his ever-troubled mind;
The child still listen'd with increasing joy,
And he was sooth'd by the attentive boy.
At length he sicken'd, and this duteous child
Watched o'er his sickness, and his pains beguiled;
The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
But, though with caution, yet he went again;
And now his tales the Sailor feebly told,
His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold:
The tender boy came often to entreat
His good kind friend would of his presents eat;
Purloin'd or purchased, for he saw, with shame,
The food untouch'd that to his uncle came;

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Who, sick in body and in mind, received
The boy's indulgence, gratified and grieved.
"Uncle will die!" said George — the piteous wife
Exclaim'd, "she saw no value in his life;
But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
And go no more to your complaining friend."
The boy was vex'd, he felt his heart reprove
The stern decree.— What! punish'd for his love!
No! he would go, but softly, to the room,
Stealing in silence — for he knew his doom.
Once in a week the father came to say,
"George, are you ill?" — and hurried him away,
Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, "Do use my brother well:"
And something kind, no question, Isaac meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent.
But truly kind, the gentle boy essay'd
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing — yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, "Away! How! Brother, I 'm surprised
That one so old can be so ill advised:
Let him not dare to visit you again,
Your cursed stories will disturb his brain;
Is it not vile to court a foolish boy,
Your own absurd narrations to enjoy?
What! sullen! — ah, George Fletcher! you shall see
Proud as you are, your bread depends on me!"
He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cool'd and felt some qualms of discontent;
And thought on times when he compell'd his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one:
But the wife's wrath o'ercame the brother's pain,
And shame was felt, and conscience rose in vain.
George yet stole up; he saw his Uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh:
So he resolved, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distress'd;
Then watch'd his time, but with a child-like art
Betray'd a something treasured at his heart:
Th' observant wife remark'd, "The boy is grown
So like your brother, that he seems his own;
So close and sullen! and I still suspect
They often meet — do watch them and detect."
George now remark'd that all was still as night,
And hasten'd up with terror and delight;

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"Uncle!" he cried, and softly tapp'd the door;
"Do let me in" — but he could add no more;
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried, — "You serpent! is it thus you act?
Back to your mother!" — and, with hasty blow,
He sent the indignant boy to grieve below;
Then at the door an angry speech began —
"Is this your conduct? — Is it thus you plan?
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
Of vile dispute — What is it that you mean? —
George, are you dumb? do learn to know your friends.
And think awhile on whom your bread depends:
What! not a word? be thankful I am cool —
But, sir, beware, nor longer play the fool:
Come! brother, come! what is it that you seek
By this rebellion? — Speak, you villain, speak! —
Weeping! I warrant — sorrow makes you dumb:
I'll ope your mouth, impostor! if I come:
Let me approach — I'll shake you from the bed,
You stubborn dog — Oh God! my Brother's dead! —"
  Timid was Isaac, and in all the past
He felt a purpose to be kind at last;
Nor did he mean his brother to depart,
Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
But day by day he put the cause aside,
Induced by av'rice, peevishness, or pride.
  But now awaken'd, from this fatal time
His conscience Isaac felt, and found his crime:
He raised to George a monumental stone,
And there retired to sigh and think alone;
An ague seized him, he grew pale and shook.
"So," said his son, "would my poor Uncle look."
"And so, my child, shall I like him expire."
"No! you have physic and a cheerful fire."
"Unhappy sinner! yes, I'm well supplied
With every comfort my cold heart denied."
He view'd his Brother now, but not as one
Who vex'd his wife, by fondness for her son;
Not as with wooden limb, and seaman's tale,
The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale:
He now the worth and grief alone can view
Of one so mild, so generous, and so true;
"The frank, kind Brother, with such open heart,
And I to break it — 't was a dæmon's part!"
  So Isaac now, as led by conscience, feels,
Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals;

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"This is your folly," said his heartless wife:
"Alas! my folly cost my Brother's life,
It suffer'd him to languish and decay,
My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,
And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away!"
He takes his Son, and bids the boy unfold
All the good Uncle of his feelings told,
All he lamented — and the ready tear
Falls as he listens, soothed, and grieves to hear.
"Did he not curse me, child?" — He never cursed,
But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst.
"And so will mine:" — "Then, father, you must pray.
My uncle said it took his pains away."
Repeating thus his sorrows, Isaac shows
That he, repenting, feels the debt he owes,
And from this source alone his every comfort flows.
He takes no joy in office, honors, gain;
They make him humble, nay, they give him pain;
"These from my heart," he cries, "all feeling drove;
They made me cold to nature, dead to love:"
He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees
A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;
He takes no joy in office — see him now,
And Burgess Steel has but a passing bow;
Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possess'd,
He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest —
Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best;
And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,
And from all comforts of the world to fly,
Without a hope in life — without a wish to die.

Players.

(From "The Borough.")

Drawn by the annual call, we now behold
Our Troop Dramatic, heroes known of old,
And those, since last they march'd, enlisted and enroll'd:
Mounted on hacks or in waggons some,
The rest on foot (the humbler brethren) come.
Three favor'd places, an unequal time,
Join to support this company sublime:
Ours for the longer period — see how light
Yon parties move, their former friends in sight,
Whose claims are all allow'd, and friendship glads the night.
Now public rooms shall sound with words divine,
And private lodgings hear how heroes shine;

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No talk of pay shall yet on pleasure steal,
But kindest welcome bless the friendly meal;
While o'er the social jug and decent cheer,
Shall be described the fortunes of the year.
  Peruse those bills and see what each can do,—
Behold! the prince, the slave, the monk, the Jew,
Change but the garment, and they 'll all engage
To take each part, and act in every age:
Cull'd from all houses, what a house are they!
Swept from all barns, our Borough-critics say;
But with some portion of the critic's ire,
We all endure them; there are some admire:
They might have praise confined to farce alone;
Full well they grin, they should not try to groan,
But then our servants' and our seamen's wives
Love all that rant and capture as their lives;
He who 'Squire Richard's part could well sustain,
Finds as King Richard he must roar amain—
"My horse! my horse!"—Lo! now to their abodes
Come lords and lovers, empresses and gods.
The master-mover of these scenes has made
No trifling gain in this adventurous trade;
Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
Arms out of use and undirected eyes:
These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
And vends each night the manufactured man:
Long as our custom lasts they gladly stay,
Then strike their tents, like Tartars! and away!
The place grows bare where they too long remain,
But grass will rise ere they return again.
  Children of Thespis, welcome! knights and queens!
Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
And mighty monarchs thund'ring from your throne;
Then step behind, and all your glory 's gone:
Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
The pomp is vanish'd, and the care is left.
Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
When the full house secures the plenteous meal:
Flatt'ring and flatter'd, each attempts to raise
A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
For never hero shows a prouder heart,
Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
Nor without cause; the boards, we know can yield
Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.
  Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
The prince we honor, and the knave we spurn;

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Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud:
These are their parts, — and he who these sustains,
Deserves some praise and profit for his pains.
Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
No blood their fury sheds, nor havoc marks their way.
  Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depress'd,
Your days all pass'd in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warn'd by misery, not enriched by gain;
Whom Justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race.
Whose cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain,
Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain,
Distress and hope — the mind's, the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.
  Slaves though ye be, your wandering freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless schemes
Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams.
  Yet keen those griefs — ah! what avail thy charms,
Fair Juliet! what that infant in thine arms;
What those heroic lines thy patience learns,
With all the aid thy present Romeo earns,
Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain,
With all thy plaintive sisters to complain?
  Nor is there lack of labor — To rehearse,
Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
To bear each other's spirit, pride, and spite;
To hide in rant the heart-ache of the night;
To dress in gaudy patchwork, and to force
The mind to think on the appointed course;
This is laborious, and may be defined
The bootless labor of the thriftless mind.
  There is a veteran Dame. I see her stand
Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart.
Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
And fits her features for the Danish throne;
To-night a queen — I mark her motion slow,
I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.

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Methinks 't is pitiful to see her try
For strength of arms and energy of eye;
With vigor lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labors to display;
And when awhile she 's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;
When struggles more and more severe are seen,
In the plain actress than the Danish queen, —
At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night:
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach;
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies;
Then to her task she sighing turns again —
"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"
And who that poor consumptive wither'd thing
Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing?
Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
Where she, in youth and health, alert and gay,
Laugh'd off at night the labors of the day;
With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
And sister-converse pass'd the evening hours;
But Cynthia's soul was soft, her wishes strong,
Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong;
The morning-call and counter were her dread,
And her contempt the needle and the thread:
But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
Her woe, her wish! — she had them all by heart.
At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
Who spoke of love till sigh re-echo'd sigh;
He told in honey'd words his deathless flame,
And she his own by tender vows became;
Nor ring nor license needed souls so fond,
Alfonso's passion was his Cynthia's bond:
And thus the simple girl to shame betray'd
Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismay'd;
Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
See her! the grief and scandal of the troop;
A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
Her woe insulted, and her praise denied:
Her humble talents, though derided, used,
Her prospects lost, her confidence abused;

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All that remains — for she not long can brave
Increase of evils — is an early grave.
  Ye gentle Cynthias of the shop take heed
What dreams ye cherish, and what books ye read!
  A decent sum had *Peter Nottage* made,
By joining bricks — to him a thriving trade:
Of his employment master and his wife,
This humble tradesman led a lordly life;
The house of kings and heroes lack'd repairs,
And Peter, though reluctant, served the Players:
Connected thus, he heard in way polite, —
"Come, Master Nottage, see us play to-night."
At first 't was folly, nonsense, idle stuff,
But seen for nothing, it grew well enough;
And better now — now best, and every night
In this fool's paradise he drank delight;
And as he felt the bliss, he wish'd to know
Whence all this rapture and these joys could flow;
For if the seeing could such pleasure bring,
What must the feeling? — feeling like a king?
  In vain his wife, his uncle, and his friend,
Cried — "Peter! Peter! let such follies end;
'T is well enough these vagabonds to see,
But would you partner with a showman be?"
  "Showman!" said Peter, "did not Quin and Clive,
And Roscius-Garrick, by the science thrive?
Showman! — 't is scandal; I 'm by genius led
To join a class who 've Shakespeare at their head."
  Poor Peter thus by easy steps became
A dreaming candidate for scenic fame,
And, after years consumed, infirm and poor,
He sits and takes the tickets at the door.

Gradual Approaches of Age.

(From "Tales of the Hall.")

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;

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A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said: "The view is poor; we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold, neat parlor and the gay, glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less —
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose.
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft: — in short, began to prose.

The Betrothed Lovers.

(From "The Borough.")

Yes! there are real Mourners — I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed:
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect.
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past displayed
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted Youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they 'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene;
Where last for sea he took his leave — that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sailed — "This once, and then the day:"
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

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Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep and smartly look:
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold;
Yet saw not danger: dangers he 'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awakened as for home he sailed,
But quickly sank, and never more prevailed.
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message — "Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! — if not, this trifle take,
And say till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die — blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look — and now repeat the prayer."
He had his wish, had more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting; she beheld him faint —
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope forever fled.
Still long she nursed him: tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so — "Perhaps he will not sink:"

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A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard; —
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many and the favorite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people — death has made them dear;
He named his Friend, but then his hand she pressed
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love — and all was past!
  She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved — an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance — 't was her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms in long, abstracted fit;
But if observer pass will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Isaac Ashford.

(From "The Parish Register.")

Next to these ladies, but in naught allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;
Shame knew he not; he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

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Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbors find.)
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offence was tried:

The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride
Who in their base contempt the great deride;
Nor pride in learning: though my Clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained:

Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied —
In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.
He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it, in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride. . . .
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:

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I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honored head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mr. Ashford softened to a smile:
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there;—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

An Autumn Sketch.

(From "Tales of the Hall.")

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long, yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud: "Yes; doubtless we must die."

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DINAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK

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DINAH MARIA CRAIK (MULOCK).

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA (MULOCK), an English novelist and poet; born at Stoke-upon-Trent, April 20, 1826; died October 12, 1887. Her first novel "The Ogilvies," was published in 1849, and was followed the same year by "Cola Monti: the Story of a Genius." In 1865 Miss Mulock married Mr. George Lillie Craik the younger. She has written about thirty novels, besides sketches of life and scenery, poems, books for children, and magazine articles. Among her works are "Olive" (1850); "Alice Learmont" (1852); "The Head of the Family" (1851); "Avillion and Other Tales," "Agatha's Husband," and "A Hero" (1853); "Little Lychetts," (1855); "John Halifax, Gentleman" (1856); "Nothing New," (1857); "A Woman's Thoughts about Women" (1858); "A Life for a Life," "Poems," "Romantic Tales," and "Bread upon the Waters" (1859); "Domestic Stories" and "Our Year," a child's book (1860); "Stories from Life" (1861); "The Fairy Book," and "Mistress and Maid" (1863); "Christian's Mistake," "A New Year's Gift to Sick Children," and "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes," a book of poems (1865); "How to Win Love; or Rhoda's Lesson," and "A Noble Life" (1866); "Two Marriages" (1867); "The Woman's Kingdom" (1868); "A Brave Lady," and "The Unkind Word" (1870); "Fair France," "Little Sunshine's Holiday," and "Twenty Years Ago" (1871); "Adventures of a Brownie," "Is it True?" and "My Mother and I" (1874); "The Little Lame Prince" and "Sermons out of Church" (1875); "The Laurel Bush" and "Will Denbeigh, Nobleman" (1877); "A Legacy: the Life and Remains of J. Martin" (1878); "Young Mrs. Jardine" (1879); "Poems of Thirty Years" (1880); "His Little Mother," "Children's Poetry," and "Plain Speaking" (1882); and "King Arthur" (1886).

THE BREAD RIOT.

(From "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

It was the year 1800, long known in English households as "the dear year." The present generation can have no conception of what a terrible time that was — War, Famine, and Tumult stalking hand-in-hand, and no one to stay them. For

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between the upper and lower classes there was a great gulf fixed; the rich ground the faces of the poor, the poor hated, yet meanly succumbed to, the rich. Neither had Christianity enough boldness to cross the line of demarcation, and prove, the humbler, that they were men — the higher and wiser, that they were gentlemen.

These troubles, which were everywhere abroad, reached us even in our quiet town of Norton Bury. For myself, personally, they touched me not, or, at least, only kept fluttering like evil birds outside the dear home-tabernacle, where I and Patience sat, keeping our solemn counsel together — for these two years with me had been very hard.

Though I had to bear so much bodily suffering that I was seldom told of any worldly cares, still I often fancied things were going ill both within and without our doors. Jael complained in an under-key of stinted housekeeping, or boasted aloud of her own ingenuity in making ends meet; and my father's brow grew continually heavier, graver, sterner; sometimes so stern that I dared not wage what was, openly or secretly, the quiet but incessant crusade of my existence — the bringing back of John Halifax.

He still remained my father's clerk — nay, I sometimes thought he was even advancing in duties and trusts, for I heard of his being sent long journeys up and down England to buy grain — Abel Fletcher having added to his tanning business the flour-mill hard by whose lazy whirr was so familiar to John and me in our boyhood. But of these journeys my father never spoke; indeed he rarely mentioned John at all. However he might employ and even trust him in business relations, I knew that in every other way he was inexorable.

And John Halifax was as inexorable as he. No underhand or clandestine friendship would he admit — no, not even for my sake. I knew, quite well, that until he could walk in openly, honorably, proudly, he never would re-enter my father's doors. Twice only he had written to me — on my two birthdays — my father himself giving me in silence the unsealed letters. They told me what I already was sure of — that I held, and always should hold, my steadfast place in his friendship. Nothing more.

One other fact I noticed: that a little lad, afterwards discovered to be Jem Watkins, to whom had fallen the hard-working lot of the lost Bill, had somehow crept into our household as

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errand-boy, or gardener's boy; and being "cute," and a "scholard," was greatly patronized by Jael. I noticed, too, that the said Jem, whenever he came in my way, in house or garden, was the most capital "little foot-page" that ever invalid had; knowing intuitively all my needs, and serving me with an unfailing devotion, which quite surprised and puzzled me at the time. It did not afterwards.

Summer was passing. People began to watch with anxious looks the thin harvest-fields — as Jael often told me, when she came home from her afternoon walks. "It was piteous to see them," she said; "only July, and the quartern loaf nearly three shillings, and meal four shillings a peck."

And then she would glance at our flour-mill, where for several days a week the water-wheel was quiet as on Sundays; for my father kept his grain locked up, waiting for what, he wisely judged, might be a worse harvest than the last. But Jael, though she said nothing, often looked at the flour-mill, and shook her head. And after one market-day — when she came in rather "flustered," saying there had been a mob outside the mill, until "that young man, Halifax" had gone out and spoken to them — she never once allowed me to take my walk under the trees in the Abbey-yard; nor if she could help it, would she even let me sit watching the lazy Avon from the garden-wall.

One Sunday — it was the first of August, for my father had just come back from meeting, very much later than usual; and Jael said he had gone, as was his annual custom on that his wedding-day, to the Friend's burial ground in St. Mary's Lane, where, far away from her own kindred and people, my poor young mother had been laid — on this one Sunday, I began to see that things were going wrong. Abel Fletcher sat at dinner, wearing the heavy, hard look which had grown upon his face, not unmingled with the wrinkles planted by physical pain. For with all his temperance, he could not quite keep down his hereditary enemy, gout; and this week it had clutched him pretty hard.

Dr. Jessop came in, and I stole away gladly enough, and sat for an hour in my old place in the garden, idly watching the stretch of meadow, pasture, and harvest land. Noticing, too, more as a pretty bit in the landscape, than as a fact of vital importance, in how many places the half-ripe corn was already cut, and piled in thinly-scattered sheaves over the fields.

After the doctor left, my father sent for me and all his

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household: in the which, creeping humbly after the womankind, was now numbered the lad Jem. That Abel Fletcher was not quite himself, was proved by the fact that his unlighted pipe lay on the table, and his afternoon tankard of ale sank from foam to flatness, untouched.

He first addressed Jael. "Woman, was it thee who cooked the dinner to-day?"

She gave a dignified affirmative.

"Thee must give us no more such dinners. No cakes, no pastry kickshaws, and only wheaten bread enough for absolute necessity. Our neighbors shall not say that Abel Fletcher has flour in his mill, and plenty in his house, while there is famine abroad in the land. So take heed."

"I do take heed," answered Jael, staunchly. "Thee canst not say I waste a penny of thine. And for myself, do I not pity the poor? On First-day a woman cried after me about wasting good flour in starch — to-day, behold."

And with a spasmodic bridling up, she pointed to the *bouffante* which used to stand up stiffly round her withered old throat, and stick out in front like a pouter pigeon. Alas! its glory and starch were alike departed; it now appeared nothing but a heap of crumpled and yellowish muslin. Poor Jael! I knew this was the most heroic personal sacrifice she could have made, yet I could not help smiling; even my father did the same.

"Dost thee mock me, Abel Fletcher?" cried she, angrily. "Preach not to others, while the sin lies on thy own head."

And I am sure poor Jael was innocent of any jocular intention, as, advancing sternly, she pointed to her master's pate, where his long-worn powder was scarcely distinguishable from the snows of age. He bore the assault gravely and unshrinkingly, merely saying, "Woman, peace!"

"Nor while," pursued Jael, driven apparently to the last and most poisoned arrow in her quiver of wrath — "while the poor folk be starving in scores about Norton Bury, and the rich folk there will not sell their wheat under famine prices. Take heed to thyself, Abel Fletcher."

My father winced, either from a twinge of gout or conscience; and then Jael suddenly ceased the attack, sent the other servants out of the room, and tended her master as carefully as if she had not insulted him. In his fits of gout, my father, unlike most men, became the quieter and easier to manage, the more

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he suffered. He had a long fit of pain, which left him considerably exhausted. When, being at last relieved, he and I were sitting in the room alone, he said to me: —

"Phineas, the tanyard has thriven ill of late, and I thought the mill would make up for it. But if it will not, it will not. Wouldst thee mind, my son, being left a little poorer when I am gone?"

"Father!"

"Well, then, in a few days I will begin selling my wheat, as that lad has advised and begged me to do these weeks past. He is a sharp lad, and I am getting old. Perhaps he is right."

"Who, father?" I asked, rather hypocritically.

"Thee knowest well enough — John Halifax."

I thought it best to say no more; but I never let go one thread of hope which could draw me nearer to my father's desire.

On the Monday morning my father went to the tanyard as usual. I spent the day in my bedroom, which looked over the garden, where I saw nothing but the waving of the trees and the birds hopping over the smooth grass; heard nothing but the soft chime, hour after hour, of the Abbey bells. What was passing in the world, in the town, or even in the next street, was to me faint as dreams.

At dinner-time I rose, went downstairs, and waited for my father; waited one, two, three hours. It was very strange. He never by any chance overstayed his time without sending a message home. So, after some consideration as to whether I dared encroach upon his formal habits so much, and after much advice from Jael, who betrayed more anxiety than was at all warranted by the cause she assigned, viz., the spoiled dinner, I despatched Jem Watkins to the tanyard to see after his master.

He came back with ill news. The lane leading to the tanyard was blocked up with a wild mob. Even the stolid, starved patience of our Norton Bury poor had come to an end at last — they had followed the example of many others. There was a bread-riot in the town.

God only knows how terrible those "riots" were; when the people rose in desperation, not from some delusion of crazy, blood-thirsty "patriotism," but to get food for themselves, their wives, and children. God only knows what madness was in each individual heart of that concourse of poor wretches, styled "the mob," when every man took up arms, certain that there were before him but two alternatives, starving or — hanging.

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The riot here was scarcely universal. Norton Bury was not a large place, and had always abundance of small-pox and fevers to keep the poor down numerically. Jem said it was chiefly about our mill and our tanyard that the disturbance lay.

"And where is my father?"

Jem "didn't know," and looked very much as if he did n't care.

"Jael, somebody must go at once, and find my father."

"I am going," said Jael, who had already put on her cloak and hood. Of course, despite all her opposition, I went too.

The tanyard was deserted; the mob had divided, and gone, one half to our mill, the rest to another that was lower down the river. I asked of a poor frightened bark-cutter if she knew where my father was? She thought he was gone for the "millingtary," but Mr. Halifax, was at the mill now — she hoped no harm would come to Mr. Halifax.

Even in that moment of alarm I felt a sense of pleasure. I had not been in the tanyard for nearly three years. I did not know John had come already to be called "Mr. Halifax."

There was nothing for me but to wait here till my father returned. He could not surely be so insane as to go to the mill — and John was there. Terribly was my heart divided, but my duty lay with my father.

Jael sat down in the shed, or marched restlessly between the tan-pits. I went to the end of the yard, and looked down towards the mill. What a half-hour it was!

At last, exhausted, I sat down on the bark-heap where John and I had once sat as lads. He must now be more than twenty; I wondered if he were altered.

"Oh, David! David!" I thought, as I listened eagerly for any sounds abroad in the town; "what should I do if any harm came to thee?"

This minute I heard a footstep crossing the yard. No, it was not my father's; it was firmer, quicker, younger. I sprang from the bark-heap.

"Phineas!"

"John!"

What a grasp that was — both hands! and how fondly and proudly I looked up in his face — the still boyish face. But the figure was quite that of a man, now.

For a minute we forgot ourselves in our joy, and then he let go my hands, saying hurriedly: —

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"Where is your father?"

"I wish I knew! — Gone for the soldiers, they say."

"No, not that — he would never do that. I must go and look for him. Good-bye."

"Nay, dear John!"

"Can't — can't" — said he, firmly, "not while your father forbids. I must go." And he was gone.

Though my heart rebelled, my conscience defended him; marvelling how it was that he, who had never known his father, should uphold so sternly the duty of filial obedience I think it ought to act as a solemn warning to those who exact so much from the mere fact and name of parenthood, without having in any way fulfilled its duties, that orphans from birth often revere the ideal of that bond far more than those who have known it in reality. Always excepting those children to whose blessed lot it has fallen to have the ideal realized.

In a few minutes I saw him and my father enter the tanyard together. He was talking earnestly, and my father was listening — ay, listening — and to John Halifax! But whatever the argument was, it failed to move him. Greatly troubled, but staunch as a rock, my old father stood, resting his lame foot on a heap of hides. I went to meet him.

"Phineas," said John, anxiously, "come and help me. No, Abel Fletcher," he added, rather proudly, in reply to a sharp suspicious glance at us both; "your son and I only met ten minutes ago, and have scarcely exchanged a word. But we cannot waste time over that matter now. Phineas, help me to persuade your father to save his property. He will not call for the aid of the law, because he is a Friend. Besides, for the same reason, it might be useless asking."

"Verily!" said my father, with a bitter and meaning smile.

"But he might get his own men to defend his property, and need not do what he is bent on doing — go to the mill himself."

"Surely," was all Abel Fletcher said, planting his oaken stick firmly, as firmly as his will, and taking his way to the river-side, in the direction of the mill.

I caught his arm — "Father, don't go."

"My son," said he, turning on me one of his "iron looks," as I used to call them — tokens of a nature that might have run molten once, and had settled into a hard, moulded mass of which nothing could afterwards alter one form, or erase one line — "My son, no opposition. Any who try that with me, fail. If

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those fellows had waited two days more, I would have sold all my wheat at a hundred shillings the quarter; now, they shall have nothing. It will teach them wisdom another time. Get thee safe home, Phineas, my son; Jael, go thou likewise."

But neither went. John held me back as I was following my father.

"He will do it, Phineas, and I suppose he must. Please God, I'll take care no harm touches him — but you go home."

That was not to be thought of. Fortunately, the time was too brief for argument, so the discussion soon ended. He followed my father, and I followed him. For Jael, she disappeared.

There was a private path from the tanyard to the mill, along the river side; by this we went in silence. When we reached the spot, it was deserted; but farther down the river we heard a scuffling, and saw a number of men breaking down our garden wall.

"They think he is gone home," whispered John; "we'll get in here the safer. Quick Phineas."

We crossed the little bridge; John took a key out of his pocket, and let us into the mill by a small door — the only entrance, and that was barred and trebly barred within. It had good need to be, in such times.

The mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while — it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by — a cursed fortune, wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father —"

"Hush!" whispered John, "it was for his son's sake, you know."

And while we stood, and with a meaning, but rather grim smile, Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold — we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

Miserable "rioters"! — a handful of weak, starved men — pelting us with stones and words. One pistol-shot might have routed them all — but my father's doctrine of non-resistance forbade. Small as their force seemed, there was something at once formidable and pitiful in the low howl that reached us at times.

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"Bring out the bags! — Us mun have bread!"

"Throw down thy corn, Abel Fletcher!"

"Abel Fletcher *will* throw it down to ye, ye knaves," said my father, leaning out of the upper window; while a sound, half curses, half cheers of triumph, answered him from below.

"That is well," exclaimed John, eagerly. "Thank you — thank you, Mr. Fletcher — I knew you would yield at last."

"Didst thee, lad?" said my father, stopping short.

"Not because they forced you — not to save your life — but because it was right."

"Help me with this bag," was all the reply.

It was a great weight, but not too great for John's young arms, nervous and strong. He hauled it up.

"Now, open the window — dash the panes through — it matters not. On to the window, I tell thee."

"But if I do, the bag will fall into the river. You cannot — oh, no! — you cannot mean that!"

"Haul it up to the window, John Halifax."

But John remained immovable.

"I must do it myself then;" and in the desperate effort he made, somehow the bag of grain fell, and fell on his lame foot. Tortured into frenzy with the pain — or else, I will still believe, my old father would not have done such a deed — his failing strength seemed doubled and trebled. In an instant more he had got the bag half through the window, and the next sound we heard was its heavy splash in the river below.

Flung into the river, the precious wheat, and in the very sight of the famished rioters! A howl of fury and despair arose. Some plunged into the water, ere the eddies left by the falling mass had ceased — but it was too late. A sharp substance in the river's bed had cut the bag, and we saw thrown up to the surface, and whirled down the Avon, thousands of dancing grains. A few of the men swam, or waded after them, clutching a handful here and there — but by the mill pool the river ran swift, and the wheat had all soon disappeared, except what remained in the bag when it was drawn on shore. Over even that they fought like demons.

We could not look at them — John and I. He put his hand over his eyes, muttering the Name that, young man as he was, I had never yet heard irreverently and thoughtlessly on his lips. It was a sight that would move any one to cry for pity unto the Great Father of the human family.

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Abel Fletcher sat on his remaining bags, in an exhaustion that I think was not all physical pain. The paroxysm of anger past, he, ever a just man, could not fail to be struck with what he had done. He seemed subdued, even to something like remorse.

John looked at him, and looked away. For a minute he listened in silence to the shouting outside, and then turned to my father.

"Sir, you must come now. Not a second to lose — they will fire the mill next."

"Let them."

"Let them? — and Phineas is here?"

My poor father! He rose at once.

We got him down stairs — he was very lame — his ruddy face all drawn and white with pain; but he did not speak one word of opposition, or utter a groan of complaint.

The flour-mill was built on piles, in the centre of the narrow river. It was only a few steps of bridge-work to either bank. The little door was on the Norton Bury side, and was hid from the opposite shore, where the rioters had now collected. In a minute, we had crept forth, and dashed out of sight, in the narrow path which had been made from the mill to the tanyard.

"Will you take my arm? we must get on fast."

"Home?" said my father, as John led him passively along.

"No, sir, not home: they are there before you. Your life's not safe an hour — unless, indeed, you get soldiers to guard it."

Abel Fletcher gave a decided negative. The stern old Quaker held to his principles still.

"Then you must hide for a time — both of you. Come to my room. You will be secure there. Urge him, Phineas — for your sake and his own."

But my poor broken-down father needed no urging. Grasping more tightly both John's arm and mine, which, for the first time in his life, he leaned upon, he submitted to be led whither we chose. So, after this long interval of time, I once more stood in Sally Watkins' small attic; where, ever since I first brought him there, John Halifax had lived.

Sally knew not of our entrance; she was out, watching the rioters. No one saw us but Jem, and Jem's honor was safe as a rock. I knew that in the smile with which he pulled off his cap to "Mr. Halifax."

"Now," said John, hastily smoothing his bed, so that my

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father might lie down, and wrapping his cloak round me—"you must both be very still. You will likely have to spend the night here. Jem shall bring you a light and supper. You will make yourself easy, Abel Fletcher?"

"Ay." It was strange to see how decidedly, yet respectfully, John spoke, and how quietly my father answered.

"And Phineas"—he put his arm round my shoulder in his old way—"you will take care of yourself. Are you any stronger than you used to be?"

I clasped his hand, without reply. My heart melted to hear that tender accent, so familiar once. All was happening for the best, if it only gave me back David.

"Now good-bye—I must be off."

"Whither?" said my father, rousing himself.

"To try and save the house and the tanyard—I fear we must give up the mill. No, don't hold me, Phineas. I run no risk: everybody knows me. Besides, I am young. There! see after your father. I shall come back in good time."

He grasped my hands warmly—then unloosed them; and I heard his step descending the staircase. The room seemed to darken when he went away.

The evening passed very slowly. My father, exhausted with pain, lay on the bed and dozed. I sat watching the sky over the housetops, which met in the old angles, with the same blue peeps between. I half forgot all the day's events—it seemed but two weeks, instead of two years ago, that John and I had sat in this attic-window, conning our Shakespeare for the first time.

Ere twilight, I examined John's room. It was a good deal changed; the furniture was improved; a score of ingenious little contrivances made the tiny attic into a cosy bedchamber. One corner was full of shelves, laden with books, chiefly of a scientific and practical nature. John's taste did not lead him into the current literature of the day; Cowper, Akenside, and Peter Pindar were alike indifferent to him. I found among his books no poet but Shakespeare.

He evidently still practised his old mechanical arts. There was lying in the window a telescope—the cylinder made of pasteboard—into which the lenses were ingeniously fitted. A rough telescope-stand, of common deal, stood on the ledge of the roof, from which the field of view must have been satisfactory enough to the young astronomer. Other fragments of

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skilful handiwork, chiefly meant for machinery on a Lilliputian scale, were strewn about the floor; and on a chair, just as he had left it that morning, stood a loom, very small in size, but perfect in its neat workmanship, with a few threads already woven, making some fabric not so very unlike cloth.

I had gone over all these things, without noticing that my father was awake, and that his sharp eye had observed them likewise.

"The lad works hard," said he, half to himself. "He has useful hands, and a clear head." I smiled, but took no notice whatever.

Evening began to close in — less peacefully than usual — over Norton Bury; for, whenever I ventured to open the window, we heard unusual and ominous sounds abroad in the town. I trembled inwardly. But John was prudent, as well as brave: besides, "everybody knew him." Surely he was safe.

Faithfully at supper-time, Jem entered. But he could tell us no news; he had kept watch all the time on the staircase, by desire of "Mr. Halifax" — so he informed me. My father asked no questions — not even about his mill. From his look, sometimes, I fancied he yet beheld in fancy these starving men fighting over the precious food, destroyed so wilfully — nay, wickedly. Heaven forgive me, his son, if I too harshly use the word; for I think, till the day of his death, that cruel sight never wholly vanished from the eyes of my poor father.

Jem seemed talkatively inclined. He observed that "master was looking sprack agin; and warn't this a tidy room, like?"

I praised it; and supposed his mother was better off now.

"Ay, she be. Mr. Halifax pays her a good rent, and she sees 'un made comfortable. Not that he wants much, being out pretty much all day."

"What is he busy about of nights?"

"Larning," said Jem, with an awed look. "He's terrible wise. But for all that, sometimes he'll teach Charley and me a bit o' the Readamadeasy." (Reading-made-easy, I suppose, John's hopeful pupil meant.) "He's very kind to we, and to mother, too. Her says, that her do, Mr. Halifax —"

"Send the fellow away, Phineas," muttered my father, turning his face to the wall.

I obeyed. But first I asked, in a whisper, if Jem had any idea when "Mr. Halifax" would be back?

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"He said, may be not till morning. Them's bad folk about. He was going to stop all night, either at your house or at the tanyard, for fear of a *blaze*."

The word made my father start; for in these times, well we knew what poor folk meant by "a blaze."

"My house — my tanyard — I must get up this instant — help me. He ought to come back — that lad Halifax. There's a score of my men at hand — Wilkes, and Johnson, and Jacob Baines — I say, Phineas — But thee know'st nothing."

He tried to dress, and to drag on his heavy shoes; but fell back, sick with exhaustion and pain. I made him lie down again on the bed.

"Phineas, lad," said he, brokenly, "thy old father is getting as helpless as thee."

So we kept watch together, all the night through; sometimes dozing, sometimes waking up at some slight noise below, or at the flicker of the long-wicked candle, which fear converted into the glare of some incendiary fire — doubtless our own home. Now and then, I heard my father mutter something about "the lad being safe." I said nothing. I only prayed.

Thus the night wore away.

After midnight — I know not how long, for I lost count of the hours by the Abbey chimes, and our light had gone out — after midnight I heard, by my father's breathing, that he was asleep. I was thankful to see it for his sake, and also for another reason.

I could not sleep — all my faculties were preternaturally alive; my weak body and timid mind became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night, at least, I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight; therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him, and crept down stairs into Sally Watkins' kitchen. It was silent, only the faithful warder, Jem, dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder — at which he collared me and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas — hope I did n't hurt 'ee, sir?" cried he, all but whimpering; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir — wish I did! would n't be long a finding

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out, though — on'y he says: 'Jem, you stop 'ere wi' they'" (pointing his thumb up the staircase). "So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself, with a doggedly obedient, but most dissatisfied air, down by the fire-place. It was evident nothing would move him thence: so he was as safe as a guard over my poor father's slumber as the mastiff in the tanyard, who was as brave as a lion, and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat — I 'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished, that he stood with open mouth while I took the said garments from him, and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But, sir, Mr. Halifax said — "

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the door-sill and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I s'pose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere' — and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door, with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard against it — waiting for John — until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent — I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior, in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil-lamps that lit the night-darkness of Norton Bury lay a few smouldering hanks of hemp, well resined. They, then, had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction — fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house — and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur, which I fancied I heard; and still there was no one in the street — no one except the Abbey-watchman lounging in his box. I roused him, and asked if all was safe? — where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now — "

"Ay, I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him; no constables — no law?"

"Oh! he 's a Quaker; the law don't help Quakers."

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That was the truth — the hard, grinding truth — in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law, was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard, until I saw, shining against the boles of the chestnut-trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now, at last, I had got into the midst of that small body of men, "the rioters."

They were a mere handful — not above two score — apparently the relics of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plough-lads from the country around. But they were desperate; they had come up the Coltham road so quietly, that except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood up on the other side the road — barred, black, silent.

I heard a muttering — "Th' old man bean't there," — "Nobody knows where he be." No, thank God!

"Be us all y'ere?" said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man, who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

"Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out."

But, in the eager scuffle, the torch, the only one alight, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no one seemed to know; but I missed my man from behind the tree — nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked round to see if none were by, and then sprang over the gate. Dark as it was, I thought I recognized him.

"John?"

"Phineas?" He was beside me in a bound. "How could you do —"

"I could do anything to-night. But you are safe; no one has harmed you. Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!"

And I clung to his arm — my friend, whom I had missed so long, so sorely.

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He held me tight — his heart felt as mine, only more silently.

"Now, Phineas, we have a minute's time. I must have you safe — we must go into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a host of constables; she has braved the fellows once to-night, but they 're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tanyard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night between there and here, waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! here they are — I say, Jael?"

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful society, by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood altogether in the barricaded house, and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you!"

She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me — thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? For that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house, — but it fell harmless against the staunch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show, more plainly than even daylight had shown, the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I 'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Halloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of up-turned faces surged forward, expectant.

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"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a Quaker's! nobody 'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now-closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight — with these? — What are you doing, Jael?"

For she had taken down a large Book — the last Book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully replaced the volume; that volume in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these — "*Love your enemies;*" "*bless them that curse you;*" "*pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.*"

A minute or two John stood with his hand on the Book, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I 'm going to try a new plan — at least, one so old, that it 's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you 'll bear me witness to your father that I did it for the best, and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leant out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off — our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid — I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry: —

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"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! They be only Quakers!"

"There 's not a minute to lose — stop — let me think — Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly, Jael was not meant to be a Friend.

John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose, had unbolted the hall-door, and stood on the flight of steps in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me — I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act, that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed, or clearly understood it, till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *oustide* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed — nay, paralyzed — by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled, except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh: —

"Who be thee?" — "It 's one o' the Quakers." — "No, he bean't." — "Burn 'un, anyhow." — "Touch 'un, if ye dare."

There was evidently a division arising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him — he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Nought wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is 'um?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as, "Don't hurt

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the lad." — "He were kind to my lad, he were." — "No, he be a real gentleman." — "No, he comed here as poor as us," and the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I zay, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vamished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried: —

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we."

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night and burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were, by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so — it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

The argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob — at least, a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats, too. Now you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men — some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened, either. Look here — the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house, I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you — sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "us be starved, a'most. What's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back, with that pleased gesture I remembered so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I gave you something to eat, would you listen to me afterwards?"

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There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John, again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk, I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you 'll be peaceable?"

"Ay — ay! Some'at to eat; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael; bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed — I marvel now to think of it — but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back, with a strange, sharp sob, to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in!" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made. But two score of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see!

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal; all came alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for, in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterwards there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael; bring them water."

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I 'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And, either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still — the best weapon a man can use — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so; and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational human beings; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced

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man, who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old wench at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried.

And one man added — "Thank the Lord!"

"That's right, Jacob Baines: and, another time, *trust* the Lord. You would n't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows, and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what 'll become o' the little 'uns at home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get some food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, surely. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he 'd give it us now?" And Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns" — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee 'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may 'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babbies at home, if ee 'll get a bit o' bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I 'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come

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into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill, should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering — "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some, he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man — I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting-house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear, firm handwriting; the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness, with which he first seemed to arrange, and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty, so frequently despised, but which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man; and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped. "No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption? after to-night!"

"Oh, that's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Isn't this better than hanging?" said John, to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper — precious as pound-notes — and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury, who if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables, or the soldiers, have shot down one-half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for your children, too. *Why*, think you?"

"I don't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker, and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets; which, of a surety, had never echoed to *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in — unsteadily

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— staggering. Jael placed a chair for him — worthy soul! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down, shivering, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder; he took it, and pressed it hard.

"Oh! Phineas, lad, I 'm glad; glad it 's safe over."

"Yes, thank God!"

"Ay, indeed; thank God!"

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, then rose up pale, but quite himself again.

"Now let us go and fetch your father home."

We found him on John's bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face — it looked ten years older since yesterday — he stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

"Eh, young man — oh! I remember. Where is my son — where 's my Phineas?"

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child's feeble head, mechanically he smoothed and patted mine.

"Thee art not hurt? Nor any one?"

"No," John answered; "nor is either the house or the tan-yard injured."

He looked amazed. "How has that been?"

"Phineas will tell you. Or, stay — better wait till you are at home."

But my father insisted on hearing. I told the whole, without any comments on John's behavior; he would not have liked it; and, besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple, plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded, he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim close down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John, at length, asked him if he were satisfied.

"Quite satisfied."

But, having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

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"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us; I thank thee."

There was no answer, none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.

By degrees, we got my father home. It was just such another summer morning as the one, two years back, when we two had stood, exhausted and trembling, before that sternly-bolted door. We both thought of that day: I knew not if my father did also.

He entered, leaning heavily on John. He sat down in the very seat, in the very room, where he had so harshly judged us — judged him.

Something, perhaps, of that bitterness rankled in the young man's spirit now, for he stopped on the threshold.

"Come in," said my father, looking up.

"If I am welcome; not otherwise."

"Thee art welcome."

He came in — I drew him in — and sat down with us. But his manner was irresolute, his fingers closed and unclosed nervously. My father, too, sat leaning his head on his two hands, not unmoved. I stole up to him, and thanked him softly for the welcome he had given.

"There is nothing to thank me for," said he, with something of his old hardness. "What I once did, was only justice — or I then believed so. What I have done, and am about to do, is still mere justice. John, how old art thee now?"

"Twenty."

"Then for one year from this time, I will take thee as my 'prentice, though thee knowest already nearly as much of the business as I do. At twenty-one thee will be able to set up for thyself, or I may take thee into partnership — we 'll see. But" — and he looked at me, then sternly, nay, fiercely, into John's steadfast eyes — "remember, thee hast in some measure taken that lad's place. May God deal with thee as thou dealest with my son — Phineas — my only son!"

"Amen!" was the solemn answer.

And God, who sees us both now — ay, *now!* and, perhaps, not so far apart as some may deem — He knows whether or no John Halifax kept that vow.

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Philip, My King.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shall find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified! — Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King:
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God — throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

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CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE, an American artist and poet; born at Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 20, 1892. He graduated at Columbian College, Washington, in 1831; studied afterward at the Harvard Divinity School, and was licensed to preach. In 1842 he became a landscape painter in New York; in 1853 he went to Europe for the second time, and resided for ten years in France and Italy. In 1854 he put forth a volume of poems, and in 1856–67 "The Last of the Huggermuggers" and "Kobboltozo," two tales for children, illustrated by himself. He also published a translation of the "Æneid" in blank verse (1872) and "The Bird and the Bell" (1875); "Ariel and Caliban" (1887).

KNOWING.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

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What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What a wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of Love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world has taught;

Only when our souls are fed
  By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
  Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain,
  Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
  Melting, flowing into one.

Two Singers.

One touched his facile lyre to please the ear
  And win the buzzing plaudits of the town,
And sang a song that carolled loud and clear;
  And gained at once a blazing, brief renown.
Nor he, nor all the crowd behind them, saw
  The ephemeral list of pleasant rhymers dead:
Their verse once deemed a title without flaw
  To fame, whose phantom radiance long had fled.

Another sang his soul out to the stars,
  And the deep hearts of men. The few who passed
Heard a low, thoughtful strain behind his bars,
  As of some captive in a prison cast.
And when that thrilling voice no more was heard,
  Him from his cell in funeral pomp they bore;
Then all that he had sung and written stirred
  The world's great heart with thoughts unknown before.

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STEPHEN CRANE.

CRANE, STEPHEN, an American journalist and novelist, was born in Newark, N. J., November 1, 1871. He studied for a time in Lafayette College, but did not graduate. At sixteen he began journalistic work. His first novel, "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," was printed and published in 1892. The author's next book, "The Red Badge of Courage," was first published serially, It appeared in book form in 1895. "The Black Riders and other Lines" also appeared in 1895; "George's Mother," "Maggie," and "The Little Regiment" in 1896; and "The Third Videt" in 1897. Mr. Crane belongs to the realistic school of writers. In 1897, during the Græco-Turkish war, he went to Greece to act as correspondent for a New York newspaper, and later has served as correspondent in the Spanish-American war.

A GRAY SLEEVE.

(From "The Little Regiment and Other Episodes of the American Civil War," by Stephen Crane; copyrighted, 1896, by D. Appleton and Company, and quoted by special permission of the publishers.)

I.

"IT looks as if it might rain this afternoon," remarked the lieutenant of artillery.

"So it does," the infantry captain assented. He glanced casually at the sky. When his eyes had lowered to the green-shadowed landscape before him, he said fretfully: "I wish those fellows out yonder would quit pelting at us. They 've been at it since noon."

At the edge of a grove of maples, across wide fields, there occasionally appeared little puffs of smoke of a dull hue in this gloom of sky which expressed an impending rain. The long wave of blue and steel in the field moved uneasily at the eternal barking of the far-away sharpshooters, and the men, leaning upon their rifles, stared at the grove of maples. Once a private turned to borrow some tobacco from a comrade in the rear rank, but, with his hand still stretched out, he continued to twist his head and glance at the distant trees. He was afraid the enemy would shoot him at a time when he was not looking.

Suddenly the artillery officer said, "See what 's coming!"

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Along the rear of the brigade of infantry a column of cavalry was sweeping at a hard gallop. A lieutenant, riding some yards to the right of the column, bawled furiously at the four troopers just at the rear of the colors. They had lost distance and made a little gap, but at the shouts of the lieutenant they urged their horses forward. The bugler, careering along behind the captain of the troop, fought and tugged like a wrestler to keep his frantic animal from bolting far ahead of the column.

On the springy turf the innumerable hoofs thundered in a swift storm of sound. In the brown faces of the troopers their eyes were set like bits of flashing steel.

The long line of the infantry regiments standing at ease underwent a sudden movement at the rush of the passing squadron. The foot soldiers turned their heads to gaze at the torrent of horses and men.

The yellow folds of the flag fluttered back in silken, shuddering waves as if it were a reluctant thing. Occasionally a giant spring of a charger would rear the firm and sturdy figure of a soldier suddenly head and shoulders above his comrades. Over the noise of the scudding hoofs could be heard the creaking of leather trappings, the jingle and clank of steel, and the tense, low-toned commands or appeals of the men to their horses. And the horses were mad with the headlong sweep of this movement. Powerful under jaws bent back and straightened so that the bits were clamped as rigidly as vices upon the teeth, and glistening necks arched in desperate resistance to the hands at the bridles. Swinging their heads in rage at the granite laws of their lives, which compelled even their angers and their ardors to chosen directions and chosen faces, their flight was as a flight of harnessed demons.

The captain's bay kept its pace at the head of the squadron with the lithe bounds of a thoroughbred, and this horse was proud as a chief at the roaring trample of his fellows behind him. The captain's glance was calmly upon the grove of maples whence the sharpshooters of the enemy had been picking at the blue line. He seemed to be reflecting. He stolidly rose and fell with the plunges of his horse in all the indifference of a deacon's figure seated plumply in church. And it occurred to many of the watching infantry to wonder why this officer should remain imperturbable and reflective when his squadron was thundering and swarming behind him like the rushing of a flood.

The column swung in a sabre-curve toward a break in a

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fence, and dashed into a roadway. Once a little plank bridge was encountered, and the sound of the hoofs upon it was like the long roll of many drums. An old captain in the infantry turned to his first lieutenant and made a remark which was a compound of bitter disparagement of cavalry in general and soldierly admiration of this particular troop.

Suddenly the bugle sounded, and the column halted with a jolting upheaval amid sharp, brief cries. A moment later the men had tumbled from their horses, and, carbines in hand, were running in a swarm toward the grove of maples. In the road one of every four of the troopers was standing with braced legs, and pulling and hauling at the bridles of four frenzied horses.

The captain was running awkwardly in his boots. He held his sabre low so that the point often threatened to catch in the turf. His yellow hair ruffled out from under his faded cap. "Go in hard now!" he roared, in a voice of hoarse fury. His face was violently red.

The troopers threw themselves upon the grove like wolves upon a great animal. Along the whole front of woods there was the dry crackling of musketry, with bitter, swift flashes and smoke that writhed like stung phantoms. The troopers yelled shrilly and spanged bullets low into the foliage.

For a moment, when near the woods, the line almost halted. The men struggled and fought for a time like swimmers encountering a powerful current. Then with a supreme effort they went on again. They dashed madly at the grove, whose foliage from the high light of the field was as inscrutable as a wall.

Then suddenly each detail of the calm trees became apparent, and with a few more frantic leaps the men were in the cool gloom of the woods. There was a heavy odor as from burned paper. Wisps of gray smoke wound upward. The men halted, and, grimy, perspiring, and puffing, they searched the recesses of the woods with eager, fierce glances. Figures could be seen flitting afar off. A dozen carbines rattled at them in an angry volley.

During this pause the captain strode along the line, his face lit with a broad smile of contentment. "When he sends this crowd to do anything, I guess he'll find we do it pretty sharp," he said to the grinning lieutenant.

"Say, they did n't stand that rush a minute, did they?" said the subaltern. Both officers were profoundly dusty in their uniforms, and their faces were soiled like those of two urchins.

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Out in the grass behind them were three tumbled and silent forms.

Presently the line moved forward again. The men went from tree to tree like hunters stalking game. Some at the left of the line fired occasionally, and those at the right gazed curiously in that direction. The men still breathed heavily from their scramble across the field.

Of a sudden a trooper halted and said: "Hello! there's a house!" Every one paused. The men turned to look at their leader.

The captain stretched his neck and swung his head from side to side. "By George, it is a house!" he said.

Through the wealth of leaves there vaguely loomed the form of a large, white house. These troopers, brown-faced from many days of campaigning, each feature of them telling of their placid confidence and courage, were stopped abruptly by the appearance of this house. There was some subtle suggestion — some tale of an unknown thing — which watched them from they knew not what part of it.

A rail fence girded a wide lawn of tangled grass. Seven pines stood along a driveway which led from two distant posts of a vanished gate. The blue-clothed troopers moved forward until they stood at the fence peering over it.

The captain put one hand on the top rail and seemed to be about to climb the fence, when suddenly he hesitated, and said in a low voice, "Watson, what do you think of it?"

The lieutenant stared at the house. "Derned if I know!" he replied.

The captain pondered. It happened that the whole company had turned a gaze of profound awe and doubt upon this edifice which confronted them. The men were very silent.

At last the captain swore and said: "We are certainly a pack of fools. Derned old deserted house halting a company of Union cavalry, and making us gape like babies!"

"Yes, but there's something — something —" insisted the subaltern in a half stammer.

"Well, if there's 'something — something' in there, I'll get it out," said the captain. "Send Sharpe clean around to the other side with about twelve men, so we will sure bag your 'something — something,' and I'll take a few of the boys and find out what's in the d —— d old thing!"

He chose the nearest eight men for his "storming party," as

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the lieutenant called it. After he had waited some minutes for the others to get into position, he said, "Come ahead" to his eight men, and climbed the fence.

The brighter light of the tangled lawn made him suddenly feel tremendously apparent, and he wondered if there could be some mystic thing in the house which was regarding this approach. The men trudged silently at his back. They stared at the windows and lost themselves in deep speculations as to the probability of there being, perhaps, eyes behind the blinds — malignant eyes, piercing eyes.

Suddenly a corporal in the party gave vent to a startled exclamation, and half threw his carbine into position. The captain turned quickly, and the corporal said: "I saw an arm move the blinds. An arm with a gray sleeve!"

"Don't be a fool, Jones, now!" said the captain sharply.

"I swear t' —" began the corporal, but the captain silenced him.

When they arrived at the front of the house, the troopers paused, while the captain went softly up the front steps. He stood before the large front door and studied it. Some crickets chirped in the long grass, and the nearest pine could be heard in its endless sighs. One of the privates moved uneasily, and his foot crunched the gravel. Suddenly the captain swore angrily and kicked the door with a loud crash. It flew open.

II.

The bright lights of the day flashed into the old house when the captain angrily kicked open the door. He was aware of a wide hallway carpeted with matting and extending deep into the dwelling. There was also an old walnut hat-rack and a little marble-topped table with a vase and two books upon it. Farther back was a great, venerable fireplace containing dreary ashes.

But directly in front of the captain was a young girl. The flying open of the door had obviously been an utter astonishment to her, and she remained transfixed there in the middle of the floor, staring at the captain with wide eyes.

She was like a child caught at the time of a raid upon the cake. She wavered to and fro upon her feet, and held her hands behind her. There were two little points of terror in her eyes, as she gazed up at the young captain in dusty blue, with

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his reddish, bronze complexion, his yellow hair, his bright sabre held threateningly.

These two remained motionless and silent, simply staring at each other for some moments.

The captain felt his rage fade out of him and leave his mind limp. He had been violently angry, because this house had made him feel hesitant, wary. He did not like to be wary. He liked to feel confident, sure. So he had kicked the door open, and had been prepared to march in like a soldier of wrath.

But now he began, for one thing, to wonder if his uniform was so dusty and old in appearance. Moreover, he had a feeling that his face was covered with a compound of dust, grime, and perspiration. He took a step forward and said, "I did n't mean to frighten you." But his voice was coarse from his battle-howling. It seemed to him to have hempen fibres in it.

The girl's breath came in little, quick gasps, and she looked at him as she would have looked at a serpent.

"I did n't mean to frighten you," he said again.

The girl, still with her hands behind her, began to back away.

"Is there any one else in this house?" he went on, while slowly following her. "I don't wish to disturb you, but we had a fight with some rebel skirmishers in the woods, and I thought maybe some of them might have come in here. In fact, I was pretty sure of it. Are there any of them here?"

The girl looked at him and said, "No!" He wondered why extreme agitation made the eyes of some women so limpid and bright.

"Who is here besides yourself?"

By this time his pursuit had driven her to the end of the hall, and she remained there with her back to the wall and her hands still behind her. When she answered this question, she did not look at him but down at the floor. She cleared her voice and then said, "There is no one here."

"No one?"

She lifted her eyes to him in that appeal that the human being must make even to falling trees, crashing bowlders, the sea in a storm, and said, "No, no, there is no one here." He could plainly see her tremble.

Of a sudden he bethought him that she continually kept her hands behind her. As he recalled her air when first discovered, he remembered she appeared precisely as a child detected at one

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of the crimes of childhood. Moreover, she had always backed away from him. He thought now that she was concealing something which was an evidence of the presence of the enemy in the house.

"What are you holding behind you?" he said suddenly.

She gave a little quick moan, as if some grim hand had throttled her.

What are you holding behind you?"

"Oh, nothing — please. I am not holding anything behind me; indeed I 'm not."

"Very well. Hold your hands out in front of you, then."

"Oh, indeed, I 'm not holding anything behind. Indeed, I 'm not."

"Well," he began. Then he paused, and remained for a moment dubious. Finally, he laughed. "Well, I shall have my men search the house, anyhow. I 'm sorry to trouble you, but I feel sure there is some one here whom we want." He turned to the corporal, who with the other men was gaping quietly in at the door, and said, "Jones, go through the house."

As for himself, he remained planted in front of the girl, for she evidently did not dare to move and allow him to see what she held so carefully behind her back. So she was his prisoner.

The men rummaged around on the ground floor of the house. Sometimes the captain called to them, "Try that closet," "Is there any cellar?" But they found no one, and at last they went trooping toward the stairs which led to the second floor.

But at this movement on the part of the men the girl uttered a cry — a cry of such fright and appeal that the men paused. "Oh, don't go up there! Please don't go up there! — ple — ease! There is no one there! Indeed — indeed there is not! Oh, ple — ease!"

"Go on, Jones," said the captain calmly.

The obedient corporal made a preliminary step, and the girl bounded toward the stairs with another cry.

As she passed him, the captain caught sight of that which she had concealed behind her back, and which she had forgotten in this supreme moment. It was a pistol.

She ran to the first step, and standing there, faced the men, one hand extended with perpendicular palm, and the other holding the pistol at her side. "Oh, please, don't go up there! Nobody is there — indeed, there is not! P-l-e-a-s-e!" Then suddenly she sank swiftly down upon the step, and, huddling

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forlornly, began to weep in the agony and with the convulsive tremors of an infant. The pistol fell from her fingers and rattled down to the floor.

The astonished troopers looked at their astonished captain. There was a short silence.

Finally, the captain stooped and picked up the pistol. It was a heavy weapon of the army pattern. He ascertained that it was empty.

He leaned toward the shaking girl, and said gently, "Will you tell me what you were going to do with this pistol?"

He had to repeat the question a number of times, but at last a muffled voice said, "Nothing."

"Nothing!" He insisted quietly upon a further answer. At the tender tones of the captain's voice, the phlegmatic corporal turned and winked gravely at the man next to him.

"Won't you tell me?"

The girl shook her head.

"Please tell me!"

The silent privates were moving their feet uneasily and wondering how long they were to wait.

The captain said, "Please won't you tell me?"

Then this girl's voice began in stricken tones half coherent, and amid violent sobbing; "It was grandpa's. He — he — he said he was going to shoot anybody who came in here — he did n't care if there were thousands of 'em. And — and I know he would, and I was afraid they 'd kill him. And so — and — so I stole away his pistol — and I was going to hide it when you — you — you kicked open the door."

The men straightened up and looked at each other. The girl began to weep again.

The captain mopped his brow. He peered down at the girl. He mopped his brow again. Suddenly he said, "Ah, don't cry like that."

He moved restlessly and looked down at his boots. He mopped his brow again.

Then he gripped the corporal by the arm and dragged him some yards back from the others. "Jones," he said, in an intensely earnest voice, "will you tell me what in the devil I am going to do?"

The corporal's countenance became illuminated with satisfaction at being thus requested to advise his superior officer. He adopted an air of great thought, and finally said: "Well, of

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course, the feller with the gray sleeve must be upstairs, and we must get past the girl and up there somehow. Suppose I take her by the arm and lead her——"

"What!" interrupted the captain from between his clinched teeth. As he turned away from the corporal, he said fiercely over his shoulder, "You touch that girl and I'll split your skull!"

III.

The corporal looked after his captain with an expression of mingled amazement, grief, and philosophy. He seemed to be saying to himself that there unfortunately were times, after all, when one could not rely upon the most reliable of men. When he returned to the group he found the captain bending over the girl and saying, "Why is it that you don't want us to search upstairs?"

The girl's head was buried in her crossed arms. Locks of her hair had escaped from their fastenings and these fell upon her shoulder.

"Won't you tell me?"

The corporal here winked again at the man next to him.

"Because," the girl moaned — "because — there is n't anybody up there."

The captain at last said timidly, "Well, I'm afraid — I'm afraid we'll have to —"

The girl sprang to her feet again, and implored him with her hands. She looked deep into his eyes with her glance, which was at this time like that of the fawn when it says to the hunter, "Have mercy upon me!"

These two stood regarding each other. The captain's foot was on the bottom step, but he seemed to be shrinking. He wore an air of being deeply wretched and ashamed. There was a silence.

Suddenly the corporal said in a quick, low tone, "Look out, captain!"

All turned their eyes swiftly toward the head of the stairs. There had appeared there a youth in a gray uniform. He stood looking coolly down at them. No word was said by the troopers. The girl gave vent to a little wail of desolation, "O Harry!"

He began slowly to descend the stairs. His right arm was in a white sling, and there were some fresh blood stains upon

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the cloth. His face was rigid and deathly pale, but his eyes flashed like lights. The girl was again moaning in an utterly dreary fashion, as the youth came slowly down toward the silent men in blue.

Six steps from the bottom of the flight he halted and said, "I reckon it's me you're looking for."

The troopers had crowded forward a trifle and, posed in lithe, nervous attitudes, were watching him like cats. The captain remained unmoved. At the youth's question he merely nodded his head and said, "Yes."

The young man in gray looked down at the girl, and then, in the same even tone which now, however, seemed to vibrate with suppressed fury, he said, "And is that any reason why you should insult my sister?"

At this sentence, the girl intervened, desperately, between the young man in gray and the officer in blue. "Oh, don't, Harry, don't! He was good to me! He was good to me, Harry — indeed he was!"

The youth came on in his quiet, erect fashion until the girl could have touched either of the men with her hand, for the captain still remained with his foot upon the first step. She continually repeated: "O Harry! O Harry!"

The youth in gray manœuvred to glare into the captain's face, first over one shoulder of the girl and then over the other. In a voice that rang like metal, he said: "You are armed and unwounded, while I have no weapons and am wounded; but —"

The captain had stepped back and sheathed his sabre. The eyes of these two men were gleaming fire, but otherwise the captain's countenance was imperturbable. He said: "You are mistaken. You have no reason to —"

"You lie!"

All save the captain and the youth in gray started in an electric movement. These two words crackled in the air like shattered glass. There was a breathless silence.

The captain cleared his throat. His look at the youth contained a quality of singular and terrible ferocity, but he said in his stolid tone, "I don't suppose you mean what you say now."

Upon his arm he had felt the pressure of some unconscious little fingers. The girl was leaning against the wall as if she no longer knew how to keep her balance, but those fingers —

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held his arm very still. She murmured: "O Harry, don't! He was good to me — indeed he was!"

The corporal had come forward until he in a measure confronted the youth in gray, for he saw those fingers upon the captain's arm, and he knew that sometimes very strong men were not able to move hand nor foot under such conditions.

The youth had suddenly seemed to become weak. He breathed heavily and clung to the rail. He was glaring at the captain, and apparently summoning all his will power to combat his weakness. The corporal addressed him with profound straightforwardness, "Don't you be a derned fool!" The youth turned toward him so fiercely that the corporal threw up a knee and an elbow like a boy who expects to be cuffed.

The girl pleaded with the captain. "You won't hurt him, will you? He don't know what he 's saying. He 's wounded, you know. Please don't mind him!"

"I won't touch him," said the captain, with rather extraordinary earnestness; "don't you worry about him at all. I won't touch him!"

Then he looked at her, and the girl suddenly withdrew her fingers from his arm.

The corporal contemplated the top of the stairs, and remarked without surprise, "There 's another of 'em coming!"

An old man was clambering down the stairs with much speed. He waved a cane wildly. "Get out of my house, you thieves! Get out! I won't have you cross my threshold! Get out!" He mumbled and wagged his head in an old man's fury. It was plainly his intention to assault them.

And so it occurred that a young girl became engaged in protecting a stalwart captain, fully armed, and with eight grim troopers at his back, from the attack of an old man with a walking-stick!

A blush passed over the temples and brow of the captain, and he looked particularly savage and weary. Despite the girl's efforts, he suddenly faced the old man.

"Look here," he said distinctly, "we came in because we had been fighting in the woods yonder, and we concluded that some of the enemy were in this house, especially when we saw a gray sleeve at the window. But this young man is wounded, and I have nothing to say to him. I will even take it for granted that there are no others like him upstairs. We will go away, leaving your d——d old house just as we

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found it! And we are no more thieves and rascals than you are!"

The old man simply roared: "I have n't got a cow nor a pig nor a chicken on the place! Your soldiers have stolen everything they could carry away. They have torn down half my fences for firewood. This afternoon some of your accursed bullets even broke my window panes!"

The girl had been faltering: "Grandpa! O grandpa!"

The captain looked at the girl. She returned his glance from the shadow of the old man's shoulder. After studying her face a moment, he said, "Well, we will go now." He strode toward the door and his men clanked docilely after him.

At this time there was the sound of harsh cries and rushing footsteps from without. The door flew open, and a whirlwind composed of blue-coated troopers came in with a swoop. It was headed by the lieutenant. "Oh, here you are!" he cried, catching his breath. "We thought — Oh, look at the girl!"

The captain said intensely, "Shut up, you fool!"

The men settled to a halt with a clash and a bang. There could be heard the dulled sound of many hoofs outside of the house.

"Did you order up the horses?" inquired the captain.

"Yes. We thought —"

"Well, then, let 's get out of here," interrupted the captain morosely.

The men began to filter out into the open air. The youth in gray had been hanging dismally to the railing of the stairway.

He now was climbing slowly up to the second floor. The old man was addressing himself directly to the serene corporal.

"Not a chicken on the place!" he cried.

"Well, I did n't take your chickens, did I?

"No, maybe you did n't, but —"

The captain crossed the hall and stood before the girl in rather a culprit's fashion. "You are not angry at me, are you?" he asked timidly.

"No," she said. She hesitated a moment, and then suddenly held out her hand. "You were good to me — and I 'm — much obliged."

The captain took her hand, and then he blushed, for he found himself unable to formulate a sentence that applied in any way to the situation.

She did not seem to heed that hand for a time.

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He loosened his grasp presently, for he was ashamed to hold it so long without saying anything clever. At last, with an air of charging an intrenched brigade, he contrived to say, "I would rather do anything than frighten or trouble you."

His brow was warmly perspiring. He had a sense of being hideous in his dusty uniform and with his grimy face.

She said, "Oh, I 'm so glad it was you instead of somebody who might have — might have hurt brother Harry and grandpa!"

He told her, "I would n't have hurt 'em for anything!"

There was a little silence.

"Well, good-bye!" he said at last.

"Good-bye!"

He walked toward the door past the old man, who was scolding at the vanishing figure of the corporal. The captain looked back. She had remained there watching him.

At the bugle's order, the troopers standing beside their horses swung briskly into the saddle. The lieutenant said to the first sergeant:

"Williams, did they ever meet before?"

"Hanged if I know!"

"Well, say —"

The captain saw a curtain move at one of the windows. He cantered from his position at the head of the column and steered his horse between two flower beds.

"Well, good-bye!"

The squadron trampled slowly past.

"Good-bye!"

They shook hands.

He evidently had something enormously important to say to her, but it seems that he could not manage it. He struggled heroically. The bay charger, with his great mystically solemn eyes, looked around the corner of his shoulder at the girl.

The captain studied a pine tree. The girl inspected the grass beneath the window. The captain said hoarsely, "I don't suppose — I don't suppose — I 'll ever see you again!"

She looked at him affrightedly and shrank back from the window. He seemed to have woefully expected a reception of this kind for his question. He gave her instantly a glance of appeal.

She said, "Why, no, I don't suppose we will."

"Never?"

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"Why, no, 'tain't possible. You — you are a — Yankee!"

"Oh, I know it, but —" Eventually he continued, "Well, some day, you know, when there's no more fighting, we might —" He observed that she had again withdrawn suddenly into the shadow, so he said, "Well, good-bye!"

When he held her fingers she bowed her head, and he saw a pink blush steal over the curves of her cheek and neck.

"Am I never going to see you again?"

She made no reply.

"Never?" he repeated.

After a long time, he bent over to hear a faint reply: "Sometimes — when there are no troops in the neighborhood — grandpa don't mind if I — walk over as far as that old oak tree yonder — in the afternoons."

It appeared that the captain's grip was very strong, for she uttered an exclamation and looked at her fingers as if she expected to find them mere fragments. He rode away.

The bay horse leaped a flower bed. They were almost to the drive, when the girl uttered a panic-stricken cry.

The captain wheeled his horse violently and upon his return journey went straight through a flower bed.

The girl had clasped her hands. She beseeched him wildly with her eyes. "Oh, please, don't believe it! I never walk to the old oak tree. Indeed, I don't! I never — never — never walk there."

The bridle drooped on the bay charger's neck. The captain's figure seemed limp. With an expression of profound dejection and gloom he stared off at where the leaden sky met the dark green line of the woods. The long-impending rain began to fall with a mournful patter, drop and drop. There was a silence.

At last a low voice said, "Well — I might — sometimes I might — perhaps — but only once in a great while — I might walk to the old tree — in the afternoons."

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FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

CRAWFORD, FRANCIS MARION, an American novelist, born at the Baths of Lucca, Italy, August 2, 1854. The son of Thomas Crawford, an American sculptor, and a nephew of Julia Ward Howe, as a boy he attended St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and afterward studied at Cambridge (England), Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, and the University of Rome. In 1879 he went to India to more fully study Oriental languages, and while there became editor of a newspaper just established at Allahabad. In 1880 he returned to America and studied for a year at Harvard. During this time he wrote for a number of periodicals on social, economic, and political questions. It was while at Allahabad, India, that he gathered the materials for his first story, "Mr. Isaacs" (1882). His works include: "Dr. Claudius" (1883); "To Leeward" (1883); "A Roman Singer" (1884); "An American Politician" (1884); "Zoroaster" (1885); "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" (1886); "Saracinesca" (1887); "Marzio's Crucifix" (1887); "Paul Patoff" (1887); "With the Immortals" (1888); "Greifenstein" (1889); "Sant' Ilario" (1889); "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" (1890); "The Witch of Prague" (1891); "Khaled" (1891); "The Three Fates" (1892); "Love in Idleness" (1894); "Katharine Lauderdale," and its sequel "The Ralstons" (1895); "Casa Braccio" (1895); "Taquisara" (1896); "A Rose of Yesterday" (1897); "Corleone" (1897); and others at frequent intervals.

DEATH OF CORONA'S HUSBAND.[1]

(From "Saracinesca.)"

CORONA was fast coming to a state of mind in which a kind of passive expectation — a sort of blind submission to fate — was the chief feature. She had shed tears when her husband spoke of his approaching end, because her gentle heart was grateful to him, and by its own sacrifices had grown used to his presence, and because she suddenly felt that she had comprehended the depth of his love for her, as she had never understood it before. In the five years of married life she had spent with him, she had

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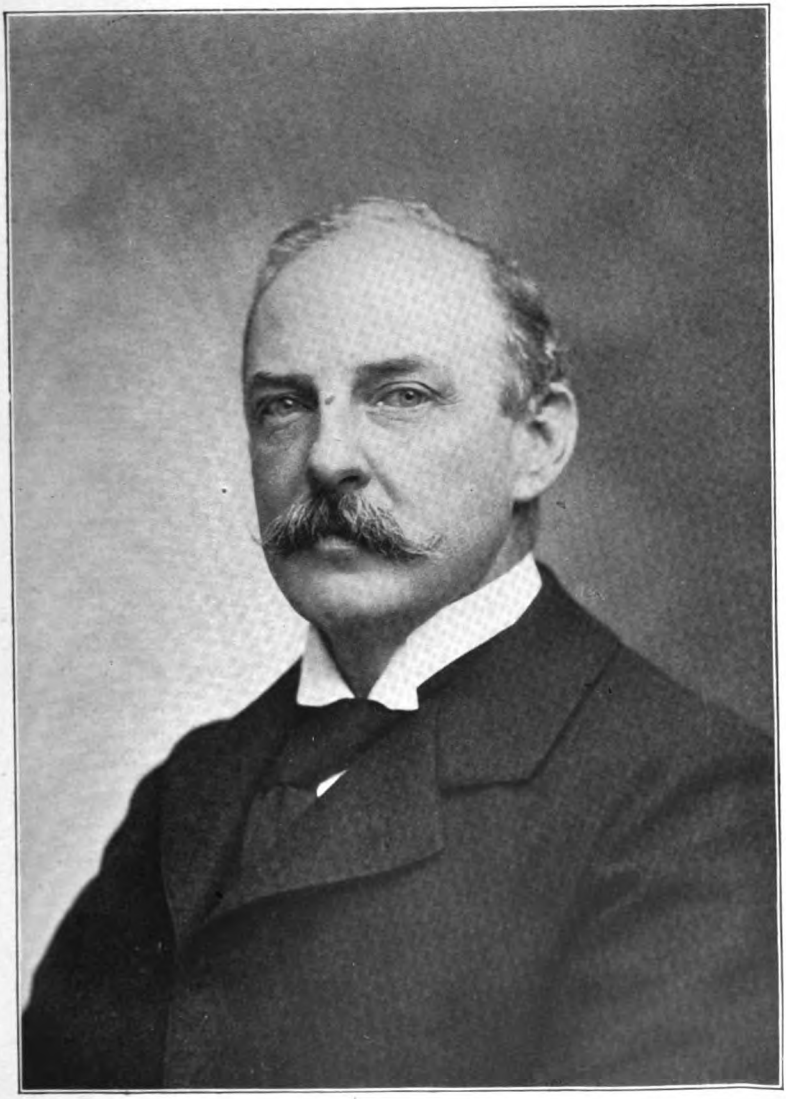

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not allowed herself to think of his selfishness, of his small daily egotism; for, though it was at no great expense to himself, he had been uniformly generous and considerate to her. But she had been conscious that if she should ever remove from her conscience the pressure of a self-imposed censureship, so that her judgment might speak boldly, the verdict of her heart would not have been so indulgent to her husband as was that formal opinion of him which she forced herself to hold. Now, however, it seemed as though the best things she had desired to believe of him were true; and with the conviction that he was not only not selfish, but absolutely devoted to herself, there had come upon her a fear of desolation, a dread of being left alone — of finding herself abandoned by this strange companion, the only person in the world with whom she had the habit of familiarity and the bond of a common past. Astrardente had thought, and had told her, too, that the knowledge of his impending death might lighten her burden — might make the days of self-sacrifice that yet remained seem shorter; he had spoken kindly of her marrying again when he should be dead, deeming perhaps, in his sudden burst of generosity, that she would be capable of looking beyond the unhappy present to the possibilities of a more brilliant future, or at least that the certainty of his consent to such a second union would momentarily please her. It was hard to say why he had spoken. It had been an impulse such as the most selfish people sometimes yield to when their failing strength brings upon them suddenly the sense of their inability to resist any longer the course of events. The vanity of man is so amazing, that when he is past arrogating to himself the attention which is necessary to him as his daily bread, he is capable of so demeaning his manhood as to excite interest in his weaknesses rather than that he should cease to be the object of any interest whatever. The analysis of the feelings of old and selfish persons is the most difficult of all studies; for in proportion as the strength of the dominant passion or passions is quenched in the bitter still waters of the harbor of superannuation, the small influences of life grow in importance. As when, from the breaking surge of an angry ocean, the water is dashed high among the re-echoing rocks, leaving little pools of limpid clearness in the hollows of the storm-beaten cliffs; and as when the anger of the tossing waves has subsided, the hot sun shines upon the mimic seas, and the clear waters that were so transparent grow thick and foul with the motion of a tiny and insignificant insect-life undreamed of

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before in such crystal purity: so also the clear strong sea of youth is left to dry in the pools and puddles of old age, and in the motionless calm of the still places where the ocean of life has washed it, it is dried up and consumed by myriads of tiny parasites — lives within lives, passions within passions — tiny efforts at mimic greatness, — a restless little world, the very parody and infinitesimal reproduction of the mighty flood whence it came, wherein great monsters have their being, and things of unspeakable beauty grow free in the large depths of an unfathomed ocean.

To Corona d'Astrardente in the freshness of her youth the study of her husband's strange littleness had grown to be a second nature from the habit of her devotion to him. But she could not understand him; she could not explain to herself the sudden confession of old age, the quiet anticipation of death, the inexplicable generosity towards herself. She only knew that he must be at heart a man more kindly and of better impulse than he had generally been considered, and she resolved to do her utmost to repay him, and to soothe the misery of his last years.

Since he had told her so plainly, it must be true. It was natural, perhaps — for he was growing more feeble every day — but it was very sad. Five years ago, when she had choked down her loathing for the old man to whom she had sold herself for her father's sake, she would not have believed that she should one day feel the tears rise fast at the thought of his dying and leaving her free. He had said it; she would be free. They say that men who have been long confined in a dungeon become indifferent, and when turned out upon the world would at first gladly return to their prison walls. Liberty is in the first place an instinct, but it will easily grow to be a habit. Corona had renounced all thought of freedom five years ago, and in the patient bowing of her noble nature to the path she had chosen, she had attained to a state of renunciation like that of a man who has buried himself forever in an order of Trappists, and neither dreams of the freedom of the outer world, nor desires to dream of it. And she had grown fond of the aged dandy and his foolish ways — ways which seemed foolish because they were those of youth grafted upon senility. She had not known that she was fond of him, it is true; but now that he spoke of dying, she felt that she would weep his loss. He was her only companion, her only friend. In the loyal

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determination to be faithful to him, she had so shut herself from all intimacy with the world that she had not a friend. She kept women at a distance from her, instinctively dreading lest in their careless talk some hint or comment should remind her that she had married a man ridiculous in their eyes; and with men she could have but little intercourse, for their society was dangerous. No man save Giovanni Saracinesca had for years put himself in the light of a mere acquaintance, always ready to talk to her upon general subjects, studiously avoiding himself in all discussions, and delicately flattering her vanity by his deference to her judgment. The other men had generally spoken of love at the second meeting, and declared themselves devoted to her for life at the end of a week: she had quietly repulsed them, and they had dropped back into the position of indifferent acquaintances, going in search of other game, after the manner of young gentlemen of leisure. Giovanni alone had sternly maintained his air of calmness, had never offended her simple pride of loyalty to Astrardente by word or deed; so that, although she felt and dreaded her growing interest in him, she had actually believed that he was nothing in her life, until at last she had been undeceived and awakened to the knowledge of his fierce passion, and being taken unawares, had nearly been carried off her feet by the tempest his words had roused in her own breast. But her strength had not utterly deserted her. Years of supreme devotion to the right, of honest and unwavering loyalty, neither deceiving her conscience on the one hand with the morbid food of a fictitious religious exaltation, nor, upon the other, sinking to a cynical indifference to inevitable misery; days of quiet and constant effort; long hours of thoughtful meditation upon the one resolution of her life,—all this had strengthened the natural force of her character, so that, when at last the great trial had come, she had not yielded, but had conquered once and forever, in the very moment of sorest temptation. And with her there would be no return of the danger. Having found strength to resist, she knew that there would be no more weakness; her love for Giovanni was deep and sincere, but it had become now the chief cause of suffering in her life; it had utterly ceased to be the chief element of joy, as it had been for a few short days. It was one thing more to be borne, and it outweighed all other cares.

The news of the duel had given her great distress. She believed honestly that she was in no way concerned in it, and

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she had bitterly resented old Saracinesca's imputation. In the hot words that had passed between them, she had felt her anger rise justly against the old Prince; but when he appealed to her on account of his son, her love for Giovanni had vanquished her wrath against the old man. Come what might, she would do what was best for him. If possible, she would induce him to leave Rome at once, and thus free herself from the pain of constantly meeting him. Perhaps she could make him marry — anything would be better than to allow things to go on in their present course, to have to face him at every turn, and to know that at any moment he might be quarrelling with somebody and fighting duels on her account.

She went boldly into the world that night, not knowing whether she should meet Giovanni or not, but resolved upon her course if he appeared. Many people looked curiously at her, and smiled cunningly as they thought they detected traces of care upon her proud face; but though they studied her, and lost no opportunity of talking to her upon the one topic which absorbed the general conversation, no one had the satisfaction of moving her even so much as to blush a little, or to lower the gaze of her eyes that looked them all indifferently through and through.

Giovanni, however, did not appear, and people told her he would not leave his room for several days, so that she returned to her home without having accomplished anything in the matter. Her husband was very silent, but looked at her with an expression of uncertainty, as though hesitating to speak to her upon some subject that absorbed his interest. Neither of them referred to the strange interview of the previous night. They went home early, as has been already recorded, seeing it was only a great and formal reception to which the world went that night; and even the toughest old society jades were weary from the ball of the day before, which had not broken up until half-past six in the morning.

On the next day, at about twelve o'clock, Corona was sitting in her boudoir writing a number of invitations which were to be distributed in the afternoon, when the door opened and her husband entered the room.

"My dear," he cried in great excitement, "it is perfectly horrible! Have you heard?"

"What?" asked Corona, laying down her pen.

"Spicca has killed Casalverde — the man who seconded Del Ferice yesterday, — killed him on the spot — "

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Corona uttered an exclamation of horror.

"And they say Del Ferice is dead, or just dying" — his cracked voice rose at every word; "and they say," he almost screamed, laying his withered hand roughly upon his wife's shoulder, — "they say that the duel was about you — you, do you understand?"

"That is not true," said Corona, firmly. "Calm yourself — I beseech you to be calm. Tell me connectedly what has happened — who told you this story."

"What right has any man to drag your name into a quarrel?" cried the old man, hoarsely. "Everybody is saying it — it is outrageous, abominable —"

Corona quietly pushed her husband into a chair, and sat down beside him.

"You are excited — you will harm yourself, — remember your health," she said, endeavoring to soothe him. "Tell me, in the first place, who told you that it was about me?"

"Valdarno told me; he told me that every one was saying it — that it was the talk of the town."

"But why?" insisted Corona. "You allow yourself to be furious for the sake of a piece of gossip which has no foundation whatever. What is the story they tell?"

"Some nonsense about Giovanni Saracinesca's going away last week. Del Ferice proposed to call him before you, and Giovanni was angry."

"That is absurd," said Corona. "Don Giovanni was not the least annoyed. He was with me afterwards —"

"Always Giovanni! Always Giovanni! Wherever you go, it is Giovanni!" cried the old man, in unreasonable petulance — unreasonable from his point of view, reasonable enough had he known the truth. But he struck unconsciously upon the keynote of all Corona's troubles, and she turned pale to the lips.

"You say it is not true," he began again. "How do you know? How can you tell what may have been said? How can you guess it? Giovanni Saracinesca is about you in society more than any one. He has quarrelled about you, and two men have lost their lives in consequence. He is in love with you, I tell you. Can you not see it? You must be blind!"

Corona leaned back in her chair, utterly overcome by the suddenness of the situation, unable to answer, her hands folded tightly together, her pale lips compressed. Angry at her silence, old Astrardente continued, his rage gradually getting

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the mastery of his sense, and his passion working itself up to the pitch of madness.

"Blind — yes — positively blind!" he cried. "Do you think that I am blind too? Do you think I will overlook all this? Do you not see that your reputation is injured — that people associate your name with his — that no woman can be mentioned in the same breath with Giovanni Saraçinesca and hope to maintain a fair fame? A fellow whose adventures are in everybody's mouth, whose doings are notorious; who has but to look at a woman to destroy her; who is a duellist, a libertine — "

"That is not true," interrupted Corona, unable to listen calmly to the abuse thus heaped upon the man she so dearly loved. "You are mad — "

"You defend him!" screamed Astrardente, leaning far forward in his chair and clenching his hands. "You dare to support him — you acknowledge that you care for him! Does he not pursue you everywhere, so that the town rings with it? You ought to long to be rid of him, to wish he were dead, rather than allow his name to be breathed with yours; and instead, you defend him to me — you say he is right, that you prefer his odious devotion to your good name, to my good name! Oh, it is not to be believed! If you loved him yourself you could not do worse!"

"If half you say were true — " said Corona, in terrible distress.

"True?" cried Astrardente, who would not brook interruption. "It is all true — and more also. It is true that he loves you, true that all the world says it, true — by all that is holy, from your face I would almost believe that you do love him! Why do you not deny it? Miserable woman!" he screamed, springing towards her and seizing her roughly by the arm, as she hid her face in her hands. "Miserable woman! you have betrayed me — "

In the paroxysm of his rage the feeble old man became almost strong; his grip tightened upon his wife's wrist, and he dragged her violently from her seat.

"Betrayed! And by you!" he cried again, shaking with passion. "You whom I have loved! This is your gratitude, your sanctified devotion, your cunning pretence at patience! All to hide your love for such a man as that! You hypocrite, you — "

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By a sudden effort Corona shook off his grasp, and drew herself up to her full height in magnificent anger.

"You shall hear me," she said, in deep commanding tones. "I have deserved much, but I have not deserved this."

"Ha!" he hissed, standing back from her a step, "you can speak now—I have touched you! You have found words. It was time!"

Corona was as white as death, and her black eyes shone like coals of fire. Her words came slowly, every accent clear and strong with concentrated passion.

"I have not betrayed you. I have spoken no word of love to any man alive, and you know that I speak the truth. If any one has said to me what should not be said, I have rebuked him to silence. You know, while you accuse me, that I have done my best to honor and love you; you know well that I would die by my own hand, your loyal and true wife, rather than let my lips utter one syllable of love for any other man."

Corona possessed a supreme power over her husband. She was so true a woman that the truth blazed visibly from her clear eyes; and what she said was nothing but the truth. She had doubted it herself for one dreadful moment; she knew it now beyond all doubting. In a moment the old man's wrath broke and vanished before the strong assertion of her perfect innocence. He turned pale under his paint, and his limbs trembled. He made a step forward, and fell upon his knees before her, and tried to take her hands.

"Oh, Corona, forgive me," he moaned—"forgive me! I so love you!"

Suddenly his grasp relaxed from her hands, and with a groan he fell forward against her knees.

"God knows I forgive you!" cried Corona, the tears starting to her eyes in sudden pity. She bent down to support him; but as she moved, he fell prostrate upon his face before her. With a cry of terror she kneeled beside him; with her strong arms she turned his body and raised his head upon her knees. His face was ghastly white, save where the tinges of paint made a hideous mockery of color upon his livid skin. His parted lips were faintly purple, and his hollow eyes stared wide open at his wife's face, while the curled wig was thrust far back upon his bald and wrinkled forehead.

Corona supported his weight upon one knee, and took his nerveless hand in hers. An agony of terror seized her.

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"Onofrio!" she cried — she rarely called him by his name — "Onofrio! speak to me! My husband!" She clasped him wildly in her arms. "O God, have mercy!"

Onofrio d'Astrardente was dead. The poor old dandy, in his paint and his wig and his padding, had died at his wife's feet, protesting his love for her to the last. The long-averted blow had fallen. For years he had guarded himself against sudden emotions, for he was warned of the disease at his heart, and knew his danger; but his anger had killed him. He might have lived another hour while his rage lasted; but the revulsion of feeling, the sudden repentance for the violence he had done his wife, had sent the blood back to its source too quickly, and with his last cry of love upon his lips he was dead.

Corona had hardly ever seen death. She gently lowered the dead man's weight till he lay at full length upon the floor. Then she started to her feet, and drew back against the fireplace, and gazed at the body of her husband.

For fully five minutes she stood motionless, scarcely daring to draw breath, dazed and stupefied with horror, trying to realize what had happened. There he lay, her only friend, the companion of her life since she had known life; the man who in that very room, but two nights since, had spoken such kind words to her that her tears had flowed — the tears that would not flow now; the man who but a moment since was railing at her in a paroxysm of rage — whose anger had melted at her first word of defence, who had fallen at her feet to ask forgiveness, and to declare once more, for the last time, that he loved her! Her friend, her companion, her husband — had he heard her answer, that she forgave him freely? He could not be dead — it was impossible. A moment ago he had been speaking to her. She went forward again and kneeled beside him.

"Onofrio," she said very gently, "you are not dead — you heard me?"

She gazed down for a moment at the motionless features. Womanly thoughtful, she moved his head a little, and straightened the wig upon his poor forehead. Then, in an instant, she realized all, and with a wild cry of despair fell prostrate upon his body in an agony of passionate weeping. How long she lay, she knew not. A knock at the door did not reach her ears, nor another and another, at short intervals; and then some one entered. It was the butler, who had come to announce the

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mid-day breakfast. He uttered an exclamation and started back, holding the handle of the door in his hand.

Corona raised herself slowly to her knees, gazing down once more upon the dead man's face. Then she lifted her streaming eyes and saw the servant.

"Your master is dead," she said, solemnly.

The man grew pale and trembled, hesitated, and then turned and fled down the hall without, after the manner of Italian servants, who fear death, and even the sight of it, as they fear nothing else in the world.

Corona rose to her feet and brushed the tears from her eyes. Then she turned and rang the bell. No one answered the summons for some time. The news had spread all over the house in an instant, and everything was disorganized. At last a woman came and stood timidly at the door. She was a lower servant, a simple strong creature from the mountains. Seeing the others terrified and paralyzed, it had struck her common-sense that her mistress was alone. Corona understood.

"Help me to carry him," she said, quietly; and the peasant and the noble lady stooped and lifted the dead duke, and bore him to his chamber without a word, and laid him tenderly upon his bed.

"Send for the doctor," said Corona; "I will watch beside him."

"But, Excellency, are you not afraid?" asked the woman.

Corona's lip curled a little.

"I am not afraid," she answered. "Send at once." When the woman was gone, she sat down by the bedside and waited. Her tears were dry now, but she could not think. She waited motionless for an hour. Then the old physician entered softly, while a crowd of servants stood without, peering timidly through the open door. Corona crossed the room and quietly shut it. The physician stood by the bedside.

"It is simple enough, Signora Duchessa," he said, gently. "He is quite dead. It was only the day before yesterday that I warned him that the heart disease was worse. Can you tell me how it happened?"

"Yes, exactly," answered Corona, in a low voice. She was calm enough now. "He came into my room two hours ago, and suddenly, in conversation, he became very angry. Then his anger subsided in a moment, and he fell at my feet."

"It is just as I expected," answered the physician, quietly.

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"They always die in this way. I entreat you to be calm — to consider that all men are mortal — "

"I am calm now," interrupted Corona. "I am alone. Will you see that what is necessary is done quickly? I will leave you for a moment. There are people outside."

As she opened the door the gaping crowd of servants slunk out of her way. With bent head she passed between them, and went out into the great reception-rooms, and sat down alone in her grief.

It was genuine, of its kind. The poor man's soul might rest in peace, for she felt the real sorrow at his death which he had longed for, which he had perhaps scarcely dared to hope she would feel. Had it not been real, in those first moments some thought would have crossed her mind — some faint, repressed satisfaction at being free at last — free to marry Giovanni Saracinesca. But it was not so. She did not feel free — she felt alone, intensely alone. She longed for the familiar sound of his querulous voice — for the expression of his thousand little wants and interests; she remembered tenderly his harmless little vanities. She thought of his wig, and she wept. So true it is that what is most ridiculous in life is most sorrowfully pathetic in death. There was not one of the small things about him she did not recall with a pang of regret. It was all over now. His vanity was dead with him; his tender love for her was dead too. It was the only love she had known, until that other love — that dark and stirring passion — had been roused in her. But that did not trouble her now. Perhaps the unconscious sense that henceforth she was free to love whom she pleased had suddenly made insignificant a feeling which had before borne in her mind the terrible name of crime. The struggle for loyalty was no more, but the memory of what she had borne for the dead man made him dearer than before. The follies of his life had been many, but many of them had been for her, and there was the true ring in his last words. "To be young for your sake, Corona — for your sake!" The phrase echoed again and again in her remembrance, and her silent tears flowed afresh. The follies of his life had been many, but to her he had been true. The very violence of his last moments, the tenderness of his passionate appeal for forgiveness, spoke for the honesty of his heart, even though his heart had never been honest before.

She needed never to think again of pleasing him, of helping

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him, of foregoing for his sake any intimacy with the world which she might desire. But the thought brought no relief. He had become so much a part of her life that she could not conceive of living without him, and she would miss him at every turn. The new existence before her seemed dismal and empty beyond all expression. She wondered vaguely what she should do with her time. For one moment a strange longing came over her to return to the dear old convent, to lay aside forever her coronet and state, and in a simple garb to do simple and good things to the honor of God.

She roused herself at last, and went to her own rooms, dragging her steps slowly as though weighed down by a heavy burden. She entered the room where he had died, and a cold shudder passed over her. The afternoon sun was streaming through the window upon the writing-table where yet lay the unfinished invitation she had been writing, and upon the plants and the rich ornaments, upon the heavy carpet — the very spot where he had breathed his last word of love and died at her feet.

Upon that spot Corona d'Arstrardente knelt down reverently and prayed, — prayed that she might be forgiven for all her shortcomings to the dear dead man; that she might have strength to bear her sorrow and to honor his memory; above all, that his soul might rest in peace and find forgiveness, and that he might know that she had been truly innocent — she prayed for that too, for she had a dreadful doubt. But surely he knew all now: how she had striven to be loyal, and how truly — yes, how truly — she mourned his death.

At last she rose to her feet, and lingered still a moment, her hands clasped as they had been in her prayer. Glancing down, something glistened on the carpet. She stooped and picked it up. It was her husband's seal-ring, engraven with the ancient arms of the Astrardente. She looked long at the jewel, and then put it upon her finger.

"God give me grace to honor his memory as he would have me honor it," she said, solemnly.

Truly, she had deserved the love the poor old dandy had so deeply felt for her.

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SIR EDWARD CREASY.

CREASY, SIR EDWARD, an English jurist and historian; born at Bexley, in Kent, September 12, 1812; died in London, January 27, 1878. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, and was called to the bar in 1837. In 1840 he became Professor of History in the University of London, and in 1860 was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon. Besides many smaller works, one of which was an early volume of "Poems," he wrote "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo" (1851); "History of the Ottoman Turks" (1856); "Rise and Progress of the English Constitution" (1856); "Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire" (1872). He also began a "History of England," which was to be in five volumes; but only two volumes were published (1869–70).

WHAT CONSTITUTES A DECISIVE BATTLE.

(From Preface to "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of The World.")

HALLAM, speaking of the victory over the Saracens at the battle of Tours, gained by Charles Martel, in 732 A. D., says: "It may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the history of the world in all its subsequent scenes: with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic." It was the perusal of this note of Hallam's that first led me to the consideration of my present subject. I certainly differ with that great historian as to the comparative importance of some of the battles which he thus enumerates, and also of some which he omits. It is probable, indeed, that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of the Decisive Battles of the World. But our concurring in our catalogues is of little moment, provided we learn to look on these great historical events in the spirit which Hallam's observations indicate. . . .

I need hardly remark that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance. It is not because only a few hundreds fell in the

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battle by which Joan of Arc captured the Tourelles and raised the siege of Orleans, that the effect of that crisis is to be judged; nor would a full belief in the largest number which Eastern historians state to have been slaughtered in any of the numerous conflicts between Asiatic rulers make me regard the engagement in which they fell as one of paramount importance to mankind. But besides battles of this kind, there are many of great consequence, and attended by circumstances which powerfully excite our feelings and rivet our attention, and which yet appear to me of mere secondary rank, inasmuch as either their effects were limited in area, or they themselves merely confirmed some great tendency or bias which an earlier battle had originated. For example, the encounters between the Greeks and Persians which followed Marathon seem to me not to have been phenomena of primary impulse. Greek superiority had been already asserted, Asiatic ambition had already been checked, before Salamis and Platæa had confirmed the superiority of European free states over Oriental despotism. So Ægospotamos, which finally crushed the maritime power of Athens, seems to me inferior in interest to the defeat before Syracuse, where Athens received her first fatal check, and after which she only struggled to retard her downfall. I think similarly of Zama, with respect to Carthage, as compared to the Metaurus; and, on the same principle, the subsequent great battles of the Revolutionary War appear to me inferior in their importance to Valmy, which first determined the military character and career of the French Revolution.

The Battle of Marathon, 490 B. C.

(From "The Fifteen Decisive Battles.")

Two thousand three hundred and forty years ago, a council of Athenian officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy, outnumbering them at least ten to one, that lay encamped on the shore beneath them. On the result of their deliberation depended not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization. There were eleven members of that council of war: ten were generals who were then annually elected at Athens, one for each of the local *tribes* into which the Athenians

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were divided. Each general led the men of his own tribe, and each was invested with equal military authority. But one of the *archons* was also associated with them in the general command of the army. This magistrate was termed the *Polemarch*, or "War-ruler:" he had the privilege of leading the right wing of the army in battle, and his vote in a council of war was equal to that of any of the generals. The Polemarch for that year was Callimachus. The vote of the generals was equally divided: five being in favor of giving battle, five against it; and Callimachus thus held the casting vote. Among the most earnest of those in favor of battle was Miltiades. He addressed himself to the Polemarch, and urged him to vote for battle. Callimachus was won over; and it was decided to fight. The ten generals waived their rights of taking chief command, each for a day when his turn came, and agreed to act under the orders of Miltiades. He, however, waited until the day came when the command would have devolved upon him in regular course. . . .

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the northeastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it on the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle; but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in the spring and summer, and then offer no obstruction to the horseman; but are commonly flooded with rain, and so rendered impracticable for cavalry, in the autumn — the time of year at which the action took place. The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle when he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis, the

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Persian commander, were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

On the afternoon of a September day Miltiades gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. According to the old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility exerted to the very utmost. The Polemarch, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The line consisted of the heavy-armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breastplate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commmonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practical ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying if broken; and on strengthening his wings, so as to insure advantage at these points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells

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us was afterward heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives — for the shrines of your father's gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires! All — all — are now staked upon the strife!"

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercises of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain-foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and manœuve against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down upon them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the various races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general. They were familiar with victory; and, in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of levelled spears, against which the targets, the short lances and scimetars of the Orientals offered a weak defence. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave

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resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meantime the Greeks wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them, and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian centre, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis's veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their light wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage, with their shorter and feebler weapons, against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearsmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of ten or twelve, upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the spears of the phalanx, and to bring their scimetars and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia turned their backs and fled; and the Greeks followed, striking them down to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians

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attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave Polemarch, Callimachus, the general, Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired, but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find Athens unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides and the troops of his tribe to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium, and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

The number of the Persian dead was 6,400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Platæans who fell is not mentioned; but as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been very large. The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenians slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulchre in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot—one for each of the Athenian tribes; and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of

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liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long perished, but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity, "the Fighters at Marathon," repose.

Consequences of the American Victory at Saratoga, 1777.

It would be impossible to describe the transports of joy which the news of this victory excited among Americans. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European Powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. "There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves." The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga by Burgoyne, and of his victorious march toward Albany — events which seemed decisive in favor of the English — instructions had been immediately despatched to Nantes and the other ports of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity: as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of sea. The American Commissioners at Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French Government, and they even attempted to open communications with the British Ministry. But the British Government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation.

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PROSPER JOLYOT DE CRÉBILLON.

CRÉBILLON, PROSPER JOLYOT DE, French tragic poet, was born in Dijon, in 1674; died at Paris, June 17, 1762. He was educated at the Jesuit school of his native town and at the Collège Mazarin. After leaving college he began the study of law with Prieur, an advocate at Paris, said to be a friend of Scarron. Prieur, thinking he saw in Crébillon promise of great poetic talent, persuaded him to try his skill in tragedy, and he brought out the play "Mort des Enfants de Brutus." But it was so severely criticised by the actors that he destroyed it and abandoned all thought of writing for the stage. Prieur, whose faith in him was not shaken, prevailed upon him to try again, and in 1705 he reproduced "Idoménée." This play was not at first entirely satisfactory, but, after some alterations, it became a success. In 1707 "Atrée et Thyeste" appeared, "Electre" in 1709, and in 1711 his masterpiece, "Rhadamiste et Zénobie." "Xerxes" followed in 1714, and "Sémiramis" in 1717. Of these last two plays, "Xerxes" was played but once, and "Sémiramis" was certainly not a success. "Pyrrhus" was brought out in 1726. This was better received than "Xerxes" or "Sémiramis."

After the production of "Pyrrhus," Crébillon wrote nothing more for twenty years. His next tragedy after "Pyrrhus" was "Catilina," and this was produced in 1748. "Le Triumvirat," his last play, produced when he was eighty years of age, was only fairly successful. He left an unfinished play.

THE RECONCILIATION.

(From "Rhadamistus and Zenobia.")

ZENOBIA. My lord, a hapless woman
Whom Fate has fastened to a tryant's yoke, —
Dare she appeal, disgraced in chains of bondage,
To Romans, masters of the universe?
Ah! yet indeed what better part to play,
For these same masters of the universe,
Than to relieve my great misfortunes? Heaven,
That to their august laws subjected all —

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RHADAMISTUS. What do I see? Ah, wretched man! Those features —
That voice — Just gods! what sight do ye present
Before mine eyes?
ZENOBIA. How comes it that your soul,
My gracious lord, so stirs at sight of me?
RHADAMISTUS. Had not my hand deprived of life —
ZENOBIA. What is it
I see and hear in turn? Sad recollection!
I tremble, shudder! Where and what am I?
My strength fast leaves me. Ah, my lord, dispel
My terror and confusion. All my blood
Runs cold to my heart's core.
RHADAMISTUS. Ah me! the passion
That fills my being leaves no further doubt.
Hast thou, my hand, achieved but half thy crime?
Victim of man's conspiring cruelty,
Sad object of a jealous desperate love
Swept on by rage to fiercest violence, —
After such storm of madness, frenzy, fury —
Zonobia, is it thou?
ZENOBIA. Zenobia!
Ah, gods! O Rhadamistus, thou my husband,
Cruel but yet beloved — after trials
So many and so bitter, is it thou?
RHADAMISTUS. Can it be possible thine eyes refuse
To recognize him? Yes, I am that monster,
That heart inhuman; yes! I am that traitor,
That murderous husband! Would to highest Heaven
That when to-day he stood unknown before thee,
Forgetting him, thou hadst forgot his crimes!
O gods! who to my mortal grief restore her,
Why could ye not return to her a husband
Worthy herself? What happy fate befalls me,
That Heaven, touched to pity by my torments
Of sharp regret, hath granted me to gaze
Once more upon such charms? But yet — alas!
Can it be, too, that at my father's court
I find a wife so dear weighed down with chains?
Gods! have I not bewailed my crimes enow,
That ye afflict my vision with this sight?
O all too gentle victim of despair
Like mine! How all I see but fills afresh
The measure of thy husband's guilt! — How now:
Thou weepest!

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ZENOBIA. Wherefore, thou unhappy being,
Should I not weep, in such a fateful hour?
Ah, cruel one! would Heaven, thy hand of hatred
Had only sought to snatch Zenobia's life!
Then would my heart, unstirred to depths of anger
At sight of thee, beat quickly on beholding
My husband; then would love, to honor lifted
By rage of jealousy, replace thy wife
Within thine arms, fresh filled with happiness.
Yet think not that I feel for thee no pity,
Or turn from thee with loathing.

RHADAMISTUS. Ye great gods!
Far from reproaches such as should o'erwhelm me,
It is Zenobia who fears to hate me,
And justifies herself! Ah, punish me,
Rather than this; for in such fatal kindness,
Such free forgiveness, I am made to taste
Of mine own cruelty! Spare not my blood,
Dear object of my love! be just; deprive me
Of such a bliss as seeing thee again!

[*He falls at her feet.*

Must I, to urge thee, clasp thy very knees?
Remember what the price, and whose the blood,
That sealed me as thy spouse! All, even my love,
Demands that I should perish. To leave crime
Unpunished is to share the culprit's guilt.
Strike! but remember — in my wildest fury
Never wast thou cast down from thy high place
Within my heart; remember, if repentance
Could stand for innocence, I need no longer
Rouse thee to hatred, move thee to revenge.
Ay! and remember too, despite the rage
Which well I know must swell within thy soul,
My greatest passion was my love for thee.

ZENOBIA. Arise! it is too much. Since I forgive thee
What profit in regrets? The gods, believe me,
Deny to us the power of wreaking vengeance
On enemies so dear. But name the land
Where thou wouldst dwell, and I will follow thee
Whithersoe'er thou wilt. Speak! I am ready
To follow, from this moment forth, forever,
Assured that such remorse as fills thy heart
Springs from thy virtues, more than thy misfortune;
And happy, if Zenobia's love for thee
Could some day serve as pattern to Armenia,

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Make her like me thy willing, loyal subject,
And teach her, if no more, to know her duty!

RHADAMISTUS. Great Heaven! can it be that lawful bonds
Unite such virtues to so many crimes?
That Hymen to a madman's lot should link
The fairest, the most perfect of all creatures
To whom the gods gave life? Canst look upon me
After a father's death? My outrages,
My brother's love — that prince so great and generous —
Can they not make thee hate a hapless husband?
And I may tell myself, since thou disdainest
The proffered vows of virtuous Arsames,
Thou to his passion turn'st a heart of ice?
What words are these? too happy might I live
To-day, if duty in that noble heart
Might take for me the place of love!

ZENOBIA. Ah, quiet
Within thy soul the groundless doubts that fill it;
Or hide at least thy unworthy jealousy!
Remember that a heart that can forgive thee
Is not a heart to doubt, — no, Rhadamistus,
Not without crime!

RHADAMISTUS. O thou dear wife, forgive me
My fatal love; forgive me those suspicions
Which my whole heart abhors. The more unworthy
Thy inhuman spouse, the less should thy displeasure
Visit his unjust fears. O dear Zenobia!
Give me thy heart and hand again, and deign
To follow me this day to fair Armenia.
Cæsar hath o'er that province made me monarch:
Come! and behold me henceforth blot my crimes
From thy remembrance with a list of virtues.
Come, here is Hiero, a faithful subject,
Whose zeal we trust to cover o'er our flight.
Soon as the night has veiled the staring sky,
Assured that thou shalt see my face again,
Come and await me in this place. Farewell!
Let us not linger till a barbarous foe,
When Heaven has reunited us, shall part us
Again forever. O ye gods, who gave her
Back to my arms in answer to my longings,
Deign, deign to give to me a heart deserving
Your goodness!

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SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT.

CROCKETT, SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, a Scottish divine and novelist, was born at Little Duchrae, Galloway, in 1859. He was educated at the Edinburgh University; and after making the tour of Europe as travelling tutor he was ordained a minister of the Free Church of Scotland in 1885. Meantime he had published a book of poems entitled "Dulce Cor;" and during his pastorate at Penicuik, which he resigned in 1894 to devote himself entirely to literature, he contributed many short stories and sketches to the newpapers and magazines. A number of tales of Scotch life appeared thus in "The Christian Leader," and were afterward collected into a volume under the title "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men" (1893). This was followed by, in 1894, "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Play Actress," and "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills." In 1895 appeared "Bog-Myrtle and Peat," "The Men of the Moss-Hags," and "A Galloway Herd."

THE PROGRESS OF CLEG KELLY, MISSION WORKER.

(From "The Stickit Minister.")

INQUIRING friends request the latest news of Mr. C. Kelly, of the "Sooth Back." We are most happy to supply them, for Cleg is a favorite of our own. Since we revealed how he began to become a Christian, Cleg has felt himself more or less of a public character; but he is modest, and for several weeks has kept out of our way, apparently lest he should be put into another book. A too appreciative superintendent unfortunately read the plain little story of Cleg's gallant knight-errantry to the senior division of his sometime school, and Cleg blushed to find himself famous. Consequently he left Hunker Court for good. But for all that he is secretly pleased to be in a book, and having received our most fervent assurance that he will not be made into a "tract," he has signified that he is appeased, and that no legal proceedings will be taken. Cleg does not so much mind a book, a book is respectable; but he draws the line at

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TOLBOOTH AND CANNONGATE

Edinburgh

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tracts. He says that he is "doon on them tracks." Even as a reformed character they raise the old Adam in him. A good lady, sweeping by in her carriage the other day, threw one graciously to the ragged lad, who was standing in a moment of meditation pirouetting his cap on the point of his boot, half for the pleasure of seeing that he had actually a boot upon his foot, and half to intimate to all concerned that he has not become proud and haughty because of the fact. The good lady was much surprised by that small boy's action, and has a poorer opinion than ever of the "lower orders."

She is now sure that there must be some very careful grading in heaven before it can be a comfortable place of permanent residence. Her idea of doing good has always been to go through the houses of the poor with the gracious hauteur of a visitant from another and a better world, and to scatter broadcast largess of tracts and good advice. The most pleasant way of doing this, she finds, is from a carriage, for some of the indigent have a way of saying most unpleasant things; but a pair of spanking bays can sweep away from all expressions of opinion. Besides, tracts delivered in this way bring with them a sense of proper inferiority as coming from one who would say, "There, take that, you poor wicked people, and may it do you good!" Cleg Kelly was "again' tracks." But after a single moment of stupefied surprise that this woman should insult him, he rushed for the tract. The lady smiled at his eagerness, and pointed out to her companion, a poor lady whose duty it was to agree with her mistress, the eager twinkling eyes and flushed face of Cleg as he pursued the bays. Cleg at short distances could beat any pair of horses in Edinburgh. He had not raced with bobbies and fire-engines for nothing. He was in fine training, and just as the carriage slackened to turn past the immense conglomerate castle which guards the St. Leonard's Park entrance, Cleg shot up to the side at which his benefactor sat. He swiftly handed her a parcel, and so vanished from the face of the earth. There is no safer hiding-place than the coal-wagons, full and empty, that stand in thousands just over the wall. The good lady opened the little parcel with her usual complaisance. It was her own tract, and it contained a small selection of articles — the staple product, indeed, of the Pleasance ash-backets — *imprimis*, one egg-shell filled with herring bones, *item* — a cabbage top in fine gamey condition, the head of a rat some time deceased, and the tail of some other animal so worn by age as to

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make identification uncertain. On the top lay the dirtiest of all scrawls. It said, "*With thanks for yer traks.*" The lady fell back on her cushions so heavily that the C springs creaked, and the poor companion groped frantically for the smelling-bottle. She knew that she would have a dreadful time of it that night; but her mistress has resolved that she will distribute no more tracts from her carriage. The lower orders may just be left to perish. Their blood be on their own heads; she has once and for all washed her hands of them.

Many people may be of opinion that Cleg Kelly, judging by his first exploit this Friday morning of which we speak, had not advanced very far along the narrow way of righteousness; but this was not Cleg's own opinion. He felt that he had done a good deed, and he said within himself, "Them ould women dae mair ill wi' their tracks than twa penny gaffs an' a side-show!"

Then Cleg Kelly went on to his next business. It had to do with keeping the fifth commandment. He had heard about it the Sunday before, not at the forsaken Hunker Court, but at a little class for boys at the foot of the Pleasance, in a court there, which his teacher, Miss Celie Tennant, was organizing for lads of Cleg's age or a little older. It was a daring undertaking for one so young, and all her friends tried to stop her, and called it foolhardy; but Celie Tennant, being, as Cleg admiringly said, "no' big, but most michty plucky," had found out her power in managing the most rebellious larrikins that walked on hobnails. Moreover, the work had sought her, not she it. Her praises had been so constantly chanted by Cleg that she had been asked to take pity on a number of the "Sooth Back gang," and have a class for them in the evenings. It was manifestly impossible to receive such a number of wild loons at Hunker Court. They were every one upon terms of open war with the Gifford Park train-bands; and had a couple of them shown their faces in the neighborhood at any hour of the day or night, the "Cooee-EE" of the Park would have sounded, and fists and brick-bats would have been going in a couple of shakes. Clearly, then, as they could not come to her without breaking her Majesty's peace, it was her duty to go to them. To do them justice, they were quite willing to risk it; but Celie felt that it would hardly be doing herself justice to sow her seed so very near to the fowls of the air. So Cleg proudly took his friend down to the "Sooth Back," where there was a kind-hearted watchman who had occasionally let Cleg sleep in

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some warm place about the "works" at which he was on night duty. To him Miss Tennant was introduced, and by him was taken into the presence of the junior partner, who was sitting in a very easy attitude indeed, with his back against his desk, and balancing himself precariously on one leg of a stool. He effected a descent successfully, and blushed becomingly, for he was a very junior partner indeed, and he had more than once met Miss Tennant at a West-end evening party. But when Miss Celie, infinitely self-possessed, stated her business in clear-cut accents of maidenly reserve, the Very Junior Partner instantly manifested almost too great an interest in the concern, and offered the use of a disused store-room where there was a good fireplace.

"I shall see to it, Miss Tennant," he said, "that there is a fire for you there whenever you wish to use the room."

"Thank you, Mr. Iverach," returned Celie, with just the proper amount of gratitude, "but I would not dream of troubling you. One of my boys will do that."

The Very Junior would have liked to say that he did not consider it quite the thing for a young lady to be in the purlieus of the "Sooth Back" after nightfall. Indeed, he would have been glad to offer his escort; but he did not say so, for he was a very nice Junior Partner indeed, and his ingenuous blush was worth a fortune to him as a certificate of character. He therefore contented himself with saying: —

"If there is anything that I can do for you, you will always be good enough to let me know."

Celie Tennant thanked him, and gave him her hand. He came as far as the street with her, but did not offer to see her home. He was no fool, though so Very Junior a Partner.

Celie Tennant established her night-school in the Sooth Back with Cleg Kelly as her man Friday. Cleg showed at once a great faculty for organization, and he added the function of police to his other duties. On the principle of "Set a thief," etc., he ought to have made the best of policemen, and so he did. He was not by any means the biggest or the heaviest, but he had far more wild-cat in him than any of his mates. Once he had taken the gully on the Salisbury Crags on his way to safety, when he was too much pressed by force of circumstances to go round the ordinary way; and it was quite an everyday habit of his to call upon his friends by way of the roof and the skylights therein.

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Celie Tennant was opening her night-school this Friday evening, and Cleg Kelly was on his way thither to get the key from the porter, his good friend at most times. He knew where there was an old soap-box which would make rare kindling, and he had a paraffin cask also in his mind, though as yet he had not made any inquiries as to the ownership of this latter. On his way he rushed up to the seldom-visited garret that was the domicile of his parent, Mr. Timothy Kelly, when he came out of gaol. During these intervals Cleg withdrew himself from night quarters, only occasionally reconnoitring the vicinity, if he wanted any of his hid treasures very keenly. He had as many as twenty "hidie-holes" in the floor, walls, eaves, and roof of the wretched dwelling that was his only home. Some of these his father frequently broke into, and scattered his poor horde, confiscating the coppers, and sending the other valuables through the glassless windows, but on the whole Cleg could beat his parent at the game of hide-and-seek. When the evening came, however, Cleg hovered in the neighborhood till he saw whether his father went straight from his lair, growling and grumbling, to Hare's Public, or remained in bed on the floor with certain curious implements around him. If the latter were the case, Cleg vanished, and was seen no more in the neighborhood for some days, because he knew well that his father was again qualifying for her Majesty's hospitality, and that was a business he always declined to be mixed up in. He knew that his father would in all probability be "lagged" by the morrow's morn. Cleg hoped that he would be, and the longer sentence his father got, the better pleased his son was. Once when Timothy Kelly got six months for house-breaking, a small boy was ignominiously expelled from the back benches of the court for saying, "Hip, Hooray." It was Cleg. His father, however, heard, and belted him for it unmercifully when he came out, saying between every stroke and bound, "Take that, ye sorra! Was it for this I brought yez up, ye spalpeen o' the worrld? An' me at all the trubble an' expinse av yer rearin'—you to cry 'hooroosh' when yer own father got a sixer in quod. Be me conscience an' sleeve-buttons, but I'd be dooin' my duty but poorly by Father Brady an' the Tin Commandments if I did n't correct yez!"

So nobody could say that Cleg was not well brought up.

If, however, Cleg saw his father take the straight road for

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the Public, he knew that there was still a shot in the old man's locker, and that there were enough of the "shiners for another booze," as it was expressed classically in these parts. He betook himself to his own devices, therefore, till closing time; but about eleven o'clock he began to haunt the vicinity of Hare's, and to peep within whenever the door opened. On one occasion he opened the door himself, and nearly got his head broken with the pound weight that came towards it. They did not stand on ceremony with small boys in that beershop. They knocked them down, and then inquired their errand afterwards. The landlord came from Jedburgh.

When his father came out of the Public, Cleg saw him home in original fashion. He had a curiously shaped stick which he employed on these occasions. It was the fork of a tree that he had got from a very kind builder of the neighborhood whose name was Younger. This stick was only produced at such times, and the police of the district, men with children of their own, and a kindly blind eye towards Cleg's ploys (when not too outrageous), did not interfere with his manifestations of filial piety. Indeed, it was none such a pleasant job to take Tim Kelly to the lock-up, even with "The Twist" on him, and Cleg harassing the official rear with his crooked stick. So they generally let the father and son alone, though every now and then some energetic young man, new to the district, interfered. He did it just once.

Having seen his father safely into Hare's, Cleg went down the Pleasance with a skip and a jump to light his fire. He found another boy haling off his soap-box. Cleg threw a "paver" to halt him, much as a privateer throws a shot athwart the bows of a prize as a signal to slacken speed. The boy turned instantly, but seeing Cleg coming with the swiftness of the wind, and his conscience telling him that he could make good no claim to the soap-box; knowing, moreover, that Cleg Kelly could "lick him into shivereens," he abandoned his prize and took to his heels, pausing at a safe distance to bandy epithets and information as to ancestors with Cleg. But Cleg marched off without a word, which annoyed the other boy much more than the loss of the box. That was the fortune of war, but what would happen if Cleg Kelly took to getting proud? He stood a moment in thought. A light broke on him. Cleg had a pair of boots with a shine on them. He had it. That was the reason of this aristocratic reserve.

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The lads who came to the class first that night were few and evil. The bulk of the better boys were working in shoe factories in the suburbs, and could not get there at seven. That was a full hour too early for them, and the lads who arrived were there simply "on for a lark." But they did not know Miss Cecilia Tennant, and they had reckoned without Mr. C. Kelly, who had resolved that he would be hawk to their larks. The half-dozen louts sat lowering and leering in the neat and clean storeroom in which the Very Young Partner, Mr. Donald Iverach, had arranged with his own hand a chair, a table, and a good many forms, which he had been at the expense of sending the porter to buy from the founder of a bankrupt sect who lately had had a meeting-house left on his hands. The Very Youngest was prepared to say that he had "found" these lying about the premises, had he been questioned about the matter. And so he had, but the porter had put them there first. But Celie Tennant took what the gods had sent her, and asked no questions; though, not being simpler than other young women of her determination of character, she had her own ideas as to where they came from. Celie asked the company to stand up as she entered, which with some nudging and shuffling they did, whereupon she astounded them by shaking hands with them. This set them rather on their beam-ends for a moment, and they did not recover any power for mischief till Celie asked them to close their eyes during prayer. Standing up at her desk, she folded her little hands and closed her own eyes to ask the God whom she tried to serve (surely a different God from the one whom the tract-scattering woman worshipped) to aid her and help the lads. Cleg Kelly watched her with adoring eyes. He had heard of the angels. She had often told him about them, but he privately backed his teacher against the best of them. When Celie opened her eyes no one was visible save Cleg, who stood with his eyes aflame. The class had vanished.

"The dirty bliggards," said Cleg, the tongue of his father coming back to him in his excitement; "I 'll bring them up to the scratch by the scruff av their impident necks!"

So he darted underneath the forms, and shortly reappeared with a couple of much bigger boys clinging on to him, and belaboring him with all their might. Wresting himself clear for a moment, Cleg dashed up the green blind which covered the small single-pane window in the gable, and turned to bay.

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The two whom he had brought up from the depths made a dash at him as he passed, overturned the teacher's table in their eagerness to prevent him from getting to the door; but it was not the door that Cleg wanted to reach. It was his crook, which he had cunningly hitched to the back of the teacher's chair. With that he turned valiantly to bay, making the table a kind of fortification.

"Sit down, Miss," he said, reassuringly; "I 'll do for them, shure."

At this moment the outer door opened, and his friend, the night-watchman, arrived armed with a formidable stick, the sight of which, and the knowledge that they were trapped, took all the tucker out of these very cowardly young men.

"It was only a bit of fun, Cleg!" they whined.

"Get out av this!" shouted Cleg, dancing in his fury; and out of this they got, the watchman's stick doing its duty as they passed, and his dog hanging determinedly on to their ankles.

. . . . . .

On his return to the yard, Cleg Kelly found that his day's work was not yet done. One of his special chums came to tell him that "Hole i' the Wa'," the biggest of the louts first expelled, was thirsting for his blood, and had dared him to fight that very night. Now, had Cleg been more advanced in reformation, he would of course have refused, and given his voice for peace; but then, you see, he was only a beginner. He sent his friend to tell "Hole i' the Wa'" that he would wait for him in the "Polissman's Yard." This was a court at the back of a police station in the vicinity, which could only be entered by a low "pend" or vaulted passage, though commanded from above by the high windows of the station-house. It had long been a great idea of Cleg's to have a battle royal under the very nose of the constituted authority of the city. Thither he resorted, and in a little a crowd of his friends and his foes followed him, all protesting that he could not mean to fight fair so near to the "bobbies'" abode. But Cleg unfolded his scheme, which instantly placed him on the giddy apex of popularity. He got them to roll a heavy barrel which stood in one corner of the yard into the "pend," which it almost completely blocked up, and he himself fixed it in position with some of the great iron curved shods which the lorrymen used to stop their coal wagons on the steep streets of the south-

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side. It stood so firm that nothing short of dynamite could have shifted it.

The fight proceeded, but into its details we need not enter. It was truly Homeric. Cleg flitted here and there like the active insect from which he got his name, and stung wherever he could get an opening. The shouts of the spectators might have been heard in that still place for the better part of a mile, and in a few minutes all the police who were on duty were thundering on the barrel, and all those who had been in bed manned the windows in dishabille, and threatened the combatants and spectators by name.

Cleg Kelly, dancing ever more wildly round his adversary, revolving his fists like the spokes of a bicycle, shouted defiance.

"Come on, Hole," he cried, "ye 're no' worth a buckie at fechtin!" and as he circled near the "pend," and heard the heaves of the laboring officers of justice, he called out: "You, Langshanks, cast yer coat an' crawl through the bung; ye micht ken that the sergeant 's ower fat. Hae ye nae sense?"

There was laughter aloft in the station windows. But somebody at the outside had brought a sledge hammer, and at the first blow the barrel resolved itself into its component staves, and the police tumbled in, falling headlong over Cleg's wagon clamps.

Then there was a wild scurry of the lads up the piles of casks and rubbish at the back of the yard, and over the outhouses and roofs. Cleg was not first in getting away, but he had studied the locality, and he had his plans cut and dried. He would have been ashamed to have been caught now that he was on his way to be a reformed character. In half an hour he was waiting with crooked stick to "boost" his father home when he was duly cast out of Hare's Public at the stroke of eleven as the completed produce of that establishment.

So in due time, and with many hard words from Timothy, they neared the den which they called home. At the foot of the long stair Timothy Kelly lay down with the grunt of a hog, and refused to move or speak. He would arise for no punchings, however artistic, with the knobbiest portions of the stick, and Cleg paused, for the first time that day, almost in despair. A policeman came round the corner, flashing the light of his bull's-eye right and left. Cleg's heart stood still. It was the lengthy officer whom he had called "Langshanks," and invited to come through the bung. He feared that he was

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too kenspeckle to escape. He went over to him, and taking a tug at his hair, which meant manners, said:—

"Please, officer, will ye gie me a lift up the stair wi' my father?"

The policeman whistled a long, low whistle, and laughed.

"Officer!" says he, "Officer! Be the powers, 't was 'Langshanks' ye called me the last time, ye thief o' the wurrld!" said the man, who was of national kin to Cleg.

So they twain helped their compatriot unsteadily to his den at the head of the stairs.

"Ye 're the cheekiest young shaver I ivver saw," said Longshanks, admiringly, as he turned away; "but there 's some good in yez!"

Cleg Kelly locked the door on the outside, said his prayers like the reformed character that he was, and laid him down on the mat to sleep the sleep of the just. The Junior Partner always saw Miss Tennant home after this. He calls her "Celie" now. She has been meaning to tell him for the last month that he must not do so any more.

The Candid Friend.

The lamp had long been lighted in the manse of Dule — that is, the lamp in the minister's study. The one belonging to the sitting-room was not yet brought in, for the mistress of the manse was teaching the bairns their evening lesson, and the murmur of her voice, broken into by the high treble of children's questions, came fitfully to the minister as he ploughed his way through *Thirdly*. He smiled as he heard the intermittent din, and once he moved as if to leave his work to itself and go into the other room; but a glance at the expanse of unfilled paper changed his purpose, and he proceeded with his dark spider tracks across the white sheet. Men who write chiefly for their own reading write badly — ministers worst of all. The wind was blowing a hurricane about the manse of Dule. The bare branches of the straggling poplars that bordered the walk whipped the window of the study, and the rain volleyed against the panes in single drops the size of shillings. The minister put a lump of coal on the fire, pausing a long time before he put it on, finally letting it drop with a bang as the uncertain joints of the spindle-legged tongs gave way diagonally. 'T is a way that tongs have, and the minister seemed to feel it, for he

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said emphatically, "No; that *will* not do!" But he was referring to *Thirdly*. So he lay back for a long time and cogitated an illustration. Then he took a book of reference down from the shelf, which proved so interesting that he continued to read long after he had passed the limit at which all information germane to his subject ceased. It was another way he had, and he excused the habit to himself by saying that doubtless in this way he gained a good deal of information.

Then to the window there came a roaring gust which bent the frame and thundered among the fir trees at the gable end as if it would have them all down before the morning. The minister hoped that there would be no poor outcast homeless on such a night, and as a sort of *per contra* he remembered that no one could possibly come to interrupt him this evening at least, and that he might even finish one sermon and get well under way with the other.

At this moment he heard the squeak of the bell wire that told him that a visitor was at the outer door. Some Solomon of an architect or bell-hanger had made the bell wire pass through the study on its way to the kitchen, and so the minister was warned of the chance comer while his feet were yet on the threshold. The student under the lamp sighed, lay back in his chair, and waited. He almost prayed that it might merely be a message; but no — the sound of shuffling feet. It was somebody coming in.

There was a knock at the study door, and then the voice of the faithful Marget, saying: —

"Maister Tammas Partan to see ye, sir."

She said this with great distinctness, for the minister had once checked her for saying, "Here 's Tammas Partan!" which was what she longed to say to this day.

"How are you to-night, Thomas?" asked the minister. He tried hard to say, "I 'm glad to see you," but could not manage it, for even a minister has a conscience. Mr. Partan's feet left two muddy marks side by side across the carpet. He made a conscience of stepping over two mats on his way in. This helped (among other things) to make him a popular visitor at the manse.

"Thank you, minister; I 'm no' that unco weel."

"Then are you sure that you should be out such a night?" said the minister, anxious for the welfare of his parishioner.

"But, as ye say yersel', Maister Girmory, 'When duty calls or danger, be never wanting there.'"

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The minister's heart sank within him, as a stone sinks in a deep lake, for he knew that the "candid friend" had found him out once more — and that his tenderest mercies were cruel. But he kept a discreet and resigned silence. If the minister had a fault, said his friends, it was that he was too quiet.

"Weel, minister," said Tammas Partan, "I just cam' up my ways the nicht to see ye, and tell ye what the folk were sayin'. I wadna be a frien' till ye gin I didna. Faithfu', ye ken, are the wounds of a friend!"

The minister looked at the fire. He was not a man inclined to think more highly of himself than he ought to think, and he knew that before Tammas Partan had done with his recital he would be too upset to continue with his Sabbath morning's sermon on "The Fruits of the Spirit," at least for that night. It was not the first time that Tammas had "thocht it his duty" to come in at the critical moment and introduce some sand into the bearings. Had the minister been a stronger or a more emphatic man, he would have told his visitor that he did not want to hear his stories, or at least he would have so received them that they would not have been told a second time. But the minister of Dule was acutely sensitive to blame, and the pain of a cruel word or an intentional slight would keep him sleepless for nights. It is in such parishes as Dule that "Tammas Partans" thrive. He had just tried it once with Mr. Girmory's predecessor, one of the grand old school of farmer clerics now almost extinct. Tammas Partan had once at a Fast Day service on the Thursday before the Sacrament Day, risen to his feet and said to old Mr. M'Gowl, who was standing among his elders ready for the distribution of tokens: —

"Remember the young communicants!"

"Remember your own business!" returned Mr. M'Gowl, instantly, at the same time giving the officious interrupter a sounding "cuff" on the side of the head.

After which Tammas, feeling that his occupation was gone, joined himself to the sect of the Apostolic Brethren, at that time making a stir in the neighborhood, with whom he was just six weeks in communion till they arose in a body and cast him out of the synagogue. So he had been houseless and homeless spiritually till Mr. Girmory came, when Tammas, seeing him to be a man after his own heart, returned back gladly to his old nest.

"They are sayin' that there 's no' eneuch life in yer sermons,

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minister — *nae grup*, so to speak, kind o' wambly an' cauldrife. Noo, that's no' a faut that I wad like to fin' mysel', but that's what they're sayin', and I thocht it my duty to tell ye."

"Also Gashmu saith it!" said the minister.

"What did ye say? Na, it wasna him; it was Rab Flint, the quarryman, and Andrew Banks of Carsewall, that said it — I dinna ken the party that ye name."

"Ay," said the minister.

"An' Lame Sandy, the soutar, thocht that there was an awesome lack o' speerituality in yer discoorse the Sabbath afore last. He asked, 'Hoo could ony minister look for a blessin' efter playin' a hale efternune at the Channel-stanes wi' a' the riff-raff o' the neeborhood?'"

"Were ye not there yersel', Thomas?" queried the minister, quietly, wondering how long this was going to last.

"Ou ay; I'm far frae denyin' it — but it's no' my ain opeenions I'm giein' till ye. I wadna presume to do that; but it's the talk o' the pairish. An' there's Gilbert Loan's auntie; she has been troubled wi' a kin' o' dwaminess in her inside for near three weeks, an' ye've gane by the door mair nor yince, an' never looked the road she was on, sae Gilbert an' a' his folk are thinkin' o' leavin' the kirk."

"But I never heard of it till this minute!" protested the minister, touched at last on a tender spot. "Why did they not send me word?"

"Weel, minister, Gilbert said to me that if ye nad nae better ken o' yer fowk than no' to miss them three Sabbaths oot o' the back gallery, they werena gaun to bemean themsel's to sen' ye nae word."

The minister could just see over the pulpit cushion as far as the bald spot on the precentor's head, but he said nothing.

At this point there was a diversion, for the minister's wife came in. She was not tall in stature, but to Tammas she loomed up now like a Jael among women. The minister rose to give her a seat, but she had not come to sit down.

"Now, I would have you understand once for all, Tammas Partan," she began — ("Weel dune the mistress!" said Marget, low to herself, behind the door) — "that we have had more than enough of this! I've heard every word ye've said to Mr. Girmory, for the door was left open" — ("I saw to that mysel'," said Marget) — "and I want you to carry no more parish clashes into my house."

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"Hush, hush! my dear; Tammas means well!" said the minister, deprecatingly.

But the belligerent little woman did not hear, or at any rate did not heed, for she continued addressing herself directly to Tammas, who sat on the low chair as if he had been dropped there unexpectedly from a great height.

"Take for granted," she said, "that whatever is for the minister's good to hear, that he'll hear without your assistance. And you can tell your friends, Rob Flint and Andrew Banks, that if they were earlier out of the "Red Lion" on Saturday night, and earlier up on the Sabbath morning, they would maybe be able to appreciate the sermon better; and ye can tell Lame Sandy, the soutar, that when he stops wearing his wife into the grave with his ill tongue, he may have some right to find fault with the minister for an afternoon on the ice. And as for Gilbert Loan's auntie, just ask her if she let the doctor hear about her trouble, or if she expects him to look in and ask her if there's anything the matter with her little finger every time he passes her door!"

She paused for breath.

"I think I'll hae to be gaun; it's a coorse nicht!" said the Object on the chair, staggering to its feet.

"Now, Thomas, no offence is meant, and I hope you'll remember that I'm only speaking for your good," said the minister's wife, taking a parting shot at a venture, and scoring a bull's-eye.

"Guid-nicht, Tammas Partan," said Marget, as she closed the door. "Haste ye back again."

But Tammas has not yet revisited the manse of Dule.

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GEORGE CROLY.

Croly, George, a British clergyman, poet, and novelist; born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1780; died in London in 1860. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; went to London, where he became noted as an eloquent preacher, and about 1833 was presented to the rectorship of St. Stephens, Walbrook, London. Croly's literary activity was very great for many years, up nearly to the close of his active life. Besides Sermons and other writings of a strictly professional character, he wrote numerous Poems; "Pride shall have a Fall," a comedy; "Catiline," a tragedy (1825); "Personal History of George IV." (1830); "Political Life of Burke" (1840); "Historical Sketches" (1842). He wrote three novels: "Salathiel" (1827); "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," and "Marston, or the Soldier and Statesman" (1846).

The Lily of the Valley.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean
  Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
  An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou 'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,
  The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
  To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

Jacob's Dream.

[*A Painting by Washington Allston.*]

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone
  That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
  Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
  Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.

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Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
  A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air: —
The summit gained, he knelt and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered. Darkness fell
  Upon the twilight hills: a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;
  Clouds heavy with the tempests gathered round;
  Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
  Gigantic volume upon volume wound:
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky;
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard — a choir of golden strings,
  Low winds whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot wheels — the nearer rush of wings;
  Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows;
  It thunders: — the resplendent gates unclose.
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
  Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
  Like Cherub Kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command.
  They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;
  Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea;
  Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given, whom angels long to see;
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

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MARIA SUSANNA CUMMINS.

CUMMINS, MARIA SUSANNA, an American novelist, was born at Salem, Mass., April 9, 1827; died at Dorchester, October 1, 1866. She was educated at Lenox, and turned her attention to literature very early in life. In 1854 she issued her first novel, "The Lamplighter," the work upon which her literary fame chiefly rests. So great was the popularity of this book that in eight weeks no less than 40,000 copies were sold, nor did the furor cease until the sale had reached 119,000 copies. "Mabel Vaughn," a novel, appeared in 1857. "El Fureidis," a story of the East, was published in 1860; and "Haunted Hearts" in 1863. In 1856 a German translation of "The Lamplighter" was published at Leipsic; and in France two translations appeared: "L'Allumeur de Réverbères" and "Gerty" — the latter version named from the heroine.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.[1]

(From "The Lamplighter.")

IT was growing dark in the city. Out in the open country it would be light for half an hour or more; but in the streets it was already dusk. Upon the wooden doorstep of a low-roofed, dark, and unwholesome-looking house, sat a little girl, earnestly gazing up the street. The house-door behind her was close to the sidewalk; and the step on which she sat was so low that her little unshod feet rested on the cold bricks. It was a chilly evening in November, and a light fall of snow had made the narrow streets and dark lanes dirtier and more cheerless than ever.

Many people were passing, but no one noticed the little girl, for no one in the world cared for her. She was clad in the poorest of garments; her hair was long, thick, and uncombed, and her complexion was sallow, and her whole appearance was unhealthy. She had fine dark eyes; but so large did they seem, in contrast to her thin, puny face that they increased its peculiarity without increasing its beauty. Had she had a mother

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(which, alas! she had not), those friendly eyes would have found something in her to praise. But the poor little thing was told, a dozen times a day, that she was the worst-looking child in the world, and the worst-behaved. No one loved her, and she loved no one; no one tried to make her happy, or cared whether she was so. She was but eight years old, and alone in the world.

She loved to watch for the coming of the old man who lit the street-lamp in front of the house where she lived; to see his bright torch flicker in the wind; and then when he so quickly ran up his ladder, lit the lamp, and made the place cheerful, a gleam of joy was shed on a little desolate heart, to which gladness was a stranger; and though he had never seemed to see, and had never spoken to her, she felt, as she watched for the old lamplighter, as if he were a friend.

"Gerty," exclaimed a harsh voice within, "have you been for the milk?"

The child made no answer, but gliding off the doorstep, ran quickly round the corner of the house, and hid a little out of sight. "What's become of that child?" said the woman who spoke, and who now showed herself at the door.

A boy who was passing, and had seen Gerty run, and who looked upon her as a spirit of evil, laughed aloud, pointed to the corner which concealed her, and walking off with his head over his shoulders, to see what would happen next, said to himself, "She'll catch it!"

Gerty was dragged from her hiding-place, and with one blow for her ugliness and another for her impudence (for she was making faces at Nan Grant), was despatched down a neighboring alley for the milk.

She ran fast, fearing the lamplighter would come and go in her absence, and was rejoiced, on her return, to catch a sight of him just going up his ladder. She stood at the foot of it, and was so engaged in watching the bright flame, that she did not observe the descent of the man; and, as she was directly in his way, he struck against her, and she fell upon the pavement. "Hallo, my little one!" exclaimed he, "how's this?" as he stooped to lift her up. She was on her feet in an instant; for she was used to hard knocks, and did not mind a few bruises. But the milk was all spilt.

"Well! now, I declare!" said the man, "that's too bad! — what'll mammy say?" and looking into Gerty's face, he exclaimed, "My, what an odd-faced child! — looks like a witch!"

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Then, seeing that she looked sadly at the spilt milk, he kindly said, "She won't be hard on such a mite as you are, will she? Cheer up, my ducky! never mind if she does scold you a little. I'll bring you something to-morrow that you'll like; you're such a lonely-looking thing. And if the old woman makes a row, tell her I did it. — But did n't I hurt you? What were you doing with my ladder?"

"I was seeing you light the lamp," said Gerty, "and I ain't hurt a bit; but I wish I had n't spilt the milk."

Just then Nan Grant came to the door, saw what had happened, and pulled the child into the house, amidst blows and profane, brutal language. The lamplighter tried to appease her, but she shut the door in his face. Gerty was scolded, beaten, deprived of her usual crust for her supper, and shut up in her dark attic for the night. Poor little child! Her mother had died in Nan Grant's house five years before; and she had been tolerated there since, not so much because when Ben Grant went to sea he bade his wife to keep the child until his return — he had been gone so long that no one thought he would ever come back — but because Nan had reasons of her own for doing so, and, though she considered Gerty a dead weight upon her hands, she did not care to excite inquiries by trying to dispose of her elsewhere.

When Gerty found herself locked up for the night in the dark garret — Gerty hated and feared the dark — she stood for a minute perfectly still, then suddenly began to stamp and scream, tried to beat open the door, and shouted, "I hate you, Nan Grant! Old Nan Grant, I hate you!" But nobody came near her; and she grew more quiet, lay down on her miserable bed, covered her face with her little thin hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She wept until she was exhausted; and then gradually she became still. By and by she took her hands from her face, clasped them together convulsively, and looked up at a little glazed window near the bed. It was but three panes of glass unevenly stuck together. There was no moon; but as Gerty looked up, she saw shining upon her *one* bright star. She thought she had never seen anything half so beautiful. She had often been out of doors when the sky was full of stars and had not noticed them much; but this one, all alone, so large, so bright, and yet so soft and pleasant-looking, seemed to speak to her; to say, "Gerty! Gerty! *poor* little Gerty!" She thought it seemed like a kind face, such as she had a long

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time ago seen or dreamt about. Suddenly she asked herself, "Who lit it? Somebody lit it! Some good person I know. Oh! how could he get up so high?" And Gerty fell asleep, wondering who lit the star.

Poor little, untaught, benighted soul! Who shall enlighten thee? Thou art God's child, little one! Christ died for thee. Will he not send man or angel to light up the darkness within, to kindle a light that shall never go out, the light that shall shine through all eternity!

Gerty awoke the next morning, not as children wake who are roused by merry voices, or by a parent's kiss, who have kind hands to help them dress, and knowing that a nice breakfast awaits them; but she heard harsh voices below; Nan's son and two or three boarders had come in to breakfast, and Gerty's only chance of obtaining any share of the meal was to be on the spot when they had finished, to take that portion of what remained which Nan might shove towards her. So she crept downstairs, waited a little till they had all gone out, and then she slid into the room. She met with a rough greeting from Nan, who told her she had better drop that ugly, sour look; eat some breakfast, if she wanted it, but keep out of her way, and not come near the fire, where she was at work, or she'd get another dressing, worse than she had last night. Gerty had not looked for any other treatment, so she was not disappointed; but, glad of the miserable food left for her on the table, she swallowed it eagerly, and she took her little old hood, threw on a ragged shawl, which had belonged to her mother, and ran out of the house.

Back of Nan Grant's house was a large wood and coal yard, and beyond that a wharf, and the thick, muddy water of a dock. Gerty might have found many playmates in this place. She sometimes did mingle with the boys and girls, ragged like herself, who played in the yard; but not often — there was a league against her among the children of the place. Poor, ragged, and miserably cared for, as they were, they knew that Gerty was more neglected and abused. They had often seen her beaten, and daily heard her called an ugly, wicked child; told that she belonged to nobody, and had no business in any one's house. Thus they felt their advantage, and scorned the little outcast. Perhaps this would not have been the case if Gerty had mingled freely with them, and tried to be on friendly terms; but, while her mother lived, she did her best to keep her little girl away

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from the rude herd. Perhaps that habit of avoidance, but still more a something in the child's nature, kept her from joining in their rough sports, after her mother's death had left her to do as she liked. She seldom had any intercourse with them. Nor did they abuse her except in words; for, singly, they dared not cope with her — spirited, sudden, and violent, she had made herself feared as well as disliked. Once a band of them had united to vex her; but, Nan Grant coming up just when one of the girls was throwing the shoes, which she had pulled from Gerty's feet, into the dock, had given the girl a sound whipping, and put them all to flight. Gerty had not had a pair of shoes since; but Nan Grant, for once, had done her a good service, and the children now left her in peace.

It was a sunshiny, though a cold day, when Gerty sought shelter in the wood-yard. There was an immense pile of timber in one corner of the yard, almost out of sight of any of the houses. Of different lengths, the planks formed, on one side, a series of irregular steps. Near the top was a little sheltered recess, overhung by some long planks, and forming a miniature shed, protected by the wood on all sides but one, and from that looking out upon the water.

This was Gerty's haven of rest, and the only place from which she never was expelled. Here, during the long summer days, the little lonesome child sat brooding over her griefs, her wrongs, and her ugliness; sometimes weeping for hours. Now and then she would get a little more cheerful, and enjoy watching the sailors as they labored on board their vessels, or rowed to and fro in little boats. The warm sunshine was so pleasant, and the men's voices so lively, that the poor little thing sometimes forgot her woes.

But summer was gone, and the schooner and the sailors were gone too. The weather was cold, and for a few days had been so stormy that Gerty had to stay in the house. Now, however, she made the best of her way to her little hiding-place; and, to her joy, the sunshine had dried up the boards, so that they felt warm to her bare feet, and was still shining so bright and pleasant that Gerty forgot Nan Grant, forgot how cold she had been, and how much she dreaded the long winter. Her thoughts rambled about sometime; but, at last, fixed upon the kind look and voice of the old lamplighter; and then, for the first time since the promise was made, it came into her mind that he had engaged to bring her something the next time he came. She

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could not believe he would remember it; but still he might — he seemed to be so sorry for her fall.

What would he bring? Would it be something to eat? Oh, if it were only some shoes! Perhaps he did not notice that she had none?

Gerty resolved to go for her milk in season to be back before it was time to light the lamp, so that nothing should prevent her seeing him. The day seemed very long, but darkness came at last; and with it came True — or rather Trueman Flint, for that was the lamplighter's name. Gerty was on the spot, though she took good care to elude Nan Grant's observation.

True was late about his work that night, and in a great hurry. He had only time to speak a few words to Gerty; but they were words coming straight from a good and honest heart. He put his great, smutty hand on her head in the kindest way, told her how sorry he was she got hurt, and said, "It was a plaguy shame she should have been whipped, too, and all for a spill o' milk, that was a misfortin', and no crime."

"But here," added he, diving into one of his huge pockets, "here's the critter I promised you. Take good care on 't; don't 'buse it; and I'm thinking, if it's like the mother I've got at home, 't won't be a little ye'll be likin' it, 'fore you're done. Good-bye, my little gal;" and he shouldered his ladder and went off, leaving in Gerty's hands a little gray-and-white kitten.

Gerty was so taken by surprise on finding in her arms a live kitten, something so different from what she had anticipated, that she stood irresolute what to do with it. There were a many cats, of all sizes and colors, inhabitants of the neighboring houses and yard; frightened-looking creatures, which, like Gerty herself, ran about, and hid themselves among the wood and coal, seeming to feel, as she did, great doubts about their having a right to be anywhere. Gerty had often felt a sympathy for them, but never thought of trying to catch one, and carry it home; for she knew that food and shelter were grudgingly accorded to herself, and would not be extended to her pets. Her first thought, therefore, was to throw the kitten down, and let it run away. But while she was hesitating, the little animal pleaded for itself in a way she could not resist. Frightened by its long journey in True Flint's pocket, it crept from Gerty's arms up to her neck, clung there, and, with feeble cries, seemed to ask her to take care of it. Its eloquence prevailed over all

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fear of Nan Grant's anger. She hugged pussy to her bosom, and resolved to love and feed it, and keep it out of Nan's sight.

How much she came in time to love that kitten no words can tell. Her little, fierce, untamed, impetuous nature had hitherto expressed itself only in angry passion, sullen obstinacy, and hatred. But there were in her soul fountains of warm affection, a depth of tenderness never yet called out, and a warmth and devotion of nature that wanted only an object upon which to expend themselves.

So she poured out such wealth of love on the poor kitten as only such a desolate little heart has to spare. She loved the kitten all the more for the care she was obliged to take of it, and the trouble it gave her. She kept it, as much as possible, out among the boards, in her favorite haunts. She found an old hat, in which she placed her hood, to make a bed for pussy. She carried it a part of her scanty meals; she braved for it what she would not have done for herself — for almost every day she abstracted from the kettle, when she returned with the milk for Nan Grant, enough for pussy's supper, at the risk of being discovered and punished, the only risk of harm the poor ignorant child knew or thought of, in connection with the theft; for her ideas of abstract right and wrong were utterly undeveloped. So she would play with the kitten for hours among the boards, talk to it, and tell it how much she loved it. But in very cold days she was puzzled to know how to keep herself warm out of doors, and the risk of bringing the kitten into the house was great. She would then hide it in her bosom, and run with it into her little garret. Once or twice, when she had been off her guard, her little playful pet had escaped from her, and scampered through the lower room and passage. Once Nan drove it out with a broom; but there cats and kittens were not so uncommon as to excite inquiry.

How was it that Gerty had leisure to spend all her time at play? Most children of the poorer class learn to be useful while they are young. Nan Grant had no babies; and being a very active woman, with but a poor opinion of children's services, she never tried to find employment for Gerty, much better satisfied for her to keep out of her sight; so that, except her daily errand for the milk, Gerty was always idle — a fruitful source of unhappiness and discontent.

Nan was a Scotchwoman, not young, and with a temper which never good, became worse as she grew older. She had

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seen life's roughest side, and had always been a hard-working woman. Her husband was a carpenter, but she made his house so uncomfortable, that for years he had followed the sea. She took in washing, and had a few boarders; by which she earned what might have been an ample support for herself, had it not been for her son, a disorderly young man, spoilt in early life by his mother's management, and who, though a skilful workman, squandered his own and a large part of his mother's earnings. Nan had reason for keeping Gerty, though they were not so strong as to prevent her often being inclined to get rid of the encumbrance.

COMFORT AND AFFLICTION.

Gerty had had her kitten about a month, when she took a violent cold from exposure to damp and rain; and Nan, fearing she should have trouble with her if she became seriously ill, bade her stay in the house, and keep in the warm room. Gerty's cough was fearful; and she would have sat by the fire all day, had it not been for her anxiety about the kitten. Toward night the men were heard coming in to supper. Just as they entered the door of the room where Nan and Gerty were, one of them stumbled over the kitten, which had slyly come in with them.

"Cracky! what's this 'ere?" said the man whom they called Jemmy; "a cat, I vow! Why, Nan, I thought you hated cats!"

"Well, 't an't none o' mine; drive it out," said Nan.

Jemmy tried to do so; but puss, making a circuit round his legs, sprang forward into the arms of Gerty.

"Whose kitten's that, Gerty?" said Nan.

"Mine!" said Gerty, bravely.

"Well, how long have you kept cats?" asked Nan. "Speak! how came you by this?"

Gerty was afraid of the men. She did not like to confess to whom she was indebted for the kitten; she knew it would only make matters worse, for Nan had never forgiven True Flint's rough expostulation against her cruelty in beating the child for spilling the milk, and Gerty could not think of any other source to which she could ascribe the kitten's presence, or she would not have hesitated to tell a falsehood; for her limited education had not taught her a love or habit of truth where a lie would better serve her turn, and save her from punishment. She was silent, and burst into tears.

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"Come," said Jemmy, "give us some supper, Nan, and let the gal alone." Nan complied, ominously muttering, however.

The supper just finished, an organ-grinder began to play at the door. The men stepped out to join the crowd, who were watching the motions of a monkey that danced to the music. Gerty ran to the window to look out. Delighted with the gambols of the creature, she gazed until the man and monkey moved off — so intently, that she did not miss the kitten which had crept down from her arms, and, springing upon the table, began to devour the remnants of the repast. The organ-grinder was not out of sight when Gerty saw the old lamplighter coming up the street. She resolved to watch him light his lamp, when she was startled by a sharp and angry exclamation from Nan, and turned just in time to see her snatch her darling kitten from the table. Gerty sprang to the rescue, jumped into a chair, and caught Nan by the arm; but she firmly pushed her back, and threw the kitten half across the room. Gerty heard a sudden splash and a piercing cry. Nan had flung the poor creature into a large vessel of steaming hot water. The poor animal writhed an instant, then died in torture.

Gerty's anger was aroused. Without hesitation, she lifted a stick of wood, and violently flung it at Nan, and it struck the woman on the head. The blood started from the wound; but Nan hardly felt the blow, so great was she excited against the child. She sprang upon her, caught her by the shoulder, and opening the house-door, thrust her out. "Ye'll never darken my doors again, yer imp of wickedness!" said she, leaving the child alone in the cold night.

When Gerty was angry, she always cried aloud — uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, until she sometimes quite exhausted her strength. When she found herself in the street she commenced screaming — not from fear of being turned away from her only home, and left alone at nightfall to wander about the city, and perhaps freeze before morning — she did not think of herself for a moment. Horror and grief at the dreadful fate of the only thing she loved in the world entirely filled her little soul. So she crouched down against the side of the house, her face hid in her hands, unconscious of the noise she was making. Suddenly she found herself placed on Trueman Flint's ladder, which leaned against the lamp-post. True held her high enough to bring her face opposite his, and saw his old acquaintance, and kindly asked her what was the matter.

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But Gerty could only gasp and say, "Oh, my kitten, my kitten!"

"What! the kitten I gave you? Well, have you lost it? Don't cry! there — don't cry!"

"Oh, no! not lost! Oh, poor kitty!" and Gerty cried louder and coughed so dreadfully that True was frightened for the child. Making every effort to soothe her, he told her she would catch her death o' cold, and she must go into the house.

"Oh, she won't let me in!" said Gerty, "and I would n't go if she would."

"Who won't let you in? — your mother?"

"No! Nan Grant."

"Who 's Nan Grant?"

"She 's a horrid, wicked woman, that drowned my kitten in bilin' water."

"But where 's your mother?"

"I ha'n't got none."

"Who do you belong to, you poor little thing?"

"Nobody; and I've no business anywhere!"

"With whom do you live, and who takes care of you?"

"Oh, I lived with Nan Grant; but I hate her. I threw a stick of wood at her head, and I wish I had killed her!"

"Hush! hush! you must n't say that! I'll go and speak to her."

True moved to the door, trying to draw Gerty in; but she resisted so forcibly that he left her outside, and, walking into the room, where Nan was binding up her head with a handkerchief, told her she had better call her little girl in, for she would freeze to death out there.

"She 's no child of mine," said Nan; "she 's the worst little creature that ever lived; it's a wonder I've kept her so long; and now I hope I'll never lay eyes on her agin — and, what's more, I don't mean. She ought to be hung for breaking my head! I believe she 's got an ill spirit in her!"

"But what 'll become of her?" said True. "It's a fearful cold night. How 'd you feel, marm, if she were found to-morrow morning all *friz* up on your doorstep!"

"How 'd I feel! That 's your business, is it? S'posen you take care on her yourself! Yer make a mighty deal o' fuss about the brat. Carry her home, and try how yer like her. Yer've been here a talkin' to me about her once afore, and I won't hear a word more. Let other folks see to her, I say; I've had more 'n

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my share, and as to her freezin', or dyin' anyhow, I'll risk her. Them children that comes into the world nobody knows how, don't go out of it in a hurry. She 's the city's property — let 'em look out for her; and you 'd better go, and not meddle with what don't consarn you."

True did not wait to hear more. He was not used to an angry woman, who was the most formidable thing to him in the world. Nan's flashing eyes and menacing attitude warned him of the coming tempest, and he hastened away. Gerty had ceased crying when he came out, and looked into his face with the greatest interest.

"Well," said he, "she says you shan't come back."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Gerty.

"But where 'll you go to?"

"I don't know! p'raps I'll go with you, and see you light the lamps."

"But where 'll you sleep to-night?"

"I don't know where; I have n't got any home. I'll sleep out where I can see the stars. But it 'll be cold, won't it?"

"My goodness! You 'll freeze to death, child."

"Well, what 'll become of me, then?"

"The Lord only knows!"

True looked at Gerty in perfect wonder. He could not leave her there on such a cold night; but he hardly knew what he could do with her at home, for he lived alone, and was poor. But another violent coughing decided him to share with her his shelter, fire, and food, for one night, at least. "Come," said he, "with me;" and Gerty ran along by his side, never asking whither.

True had a dozen lamps to light before his round was finished. Gerty watched him light each with as keen an interest as if that were the only object for which she was in his company; and it was only after they had walked on for some distance without stopping, that she inquired where they were going.

"Going home," said True.

"Am I going to your home?" said Gerty.

"Yes," said True, "and here it is."

He opened a little gate leading into a small yard, which stretched along the whole length of a two-storied house. True lived in the back part of it; and both went in. Gerty was trembling with the cold; her little bare feet were quite blue with walking on the pavements. There was a stove in the room, but

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no fire in it. True immediately disposed of his ladder, torch, etc., in an adjoining shed, and bringing in a handful of wood, he lit a fire. Drawing an old wooden settle up to the fire, he threw his great-coat over it, and lifting little Gerty up, he placed her gently upon the seat. He then prepared supper; for True was an old bachelor, and did everything for himself. He made tea; then, mixing a great mugful for Gerty, with plenty of sugar and all his milk, he brought a loaf of bread, cut her a large slice, and pressed her to eat and drink as much as she could; for he concluded, from her looks, that she had not been well fed; and so much pleased did he feel in her enjoyment of the best meal she had ever had, that he forgot to partake of it himself, but sat watching her with a tenderness which proved that he was a friend to everybody, even to the most forlorn little girl in the world.

Trueman Flint was born in New Hampshire; but, when fifteen years old, being left an orphan, he had made his way to Boston, where he supported himself by whatever employment he could obtain; having been a newspaper-carrier, a cab-driver, a porter, a wood-cutter, indeed a jack-at-all-trades; and so honest, capable, and good-tempered had he always shown himself, that he everywhere won a good name, and had sometimes continued for years in the same employ. Previous to his entering upon the service in which we find him, he had been a porter in a large store, owned by a wealthy and generous merchant. Being one day engaged in removing some casks, he was severely injured by one of them falling upon his chest. For a long time no hope was entertained of his recovery; and when he began to mend, his health returned so gradually that it was a year before he was able to be at work again. This sickness swallowed up the savings of years; but his late employer never allowed him to want for any comforts, provided an excellent physician, and saw that he was well taken care of.

But True had never been the same man since. He rose from his sick-bed debilitated, and apparently ten years older, and his strength so much enfeebled, that he was only fit for some comparatively light employment. It was then that his kind master obtained for him the situation of lamplighter; and he frequently earned considerable sums by sawing wood, shovelling snow, and other jobs. He was now between fifty and sixty years old, a stoutly-built man, with features cut in one of nature's rough moulds, but expressive of much good nature. He was naturally

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reserved, lived much by himself, was little known, and had only one crony, the sexton of a neighboring church.

But we left Gerty finishing her supper, and now she is stretched upon the wide settle, sound asleep, covered up with a warm blanket, and her head resting upon a pillow. True sits beside her; her little, thin hand lies in his great palm — occasionally he draws the blanket closer around her. She breathes hard; suddenly she gives a nervous start, then speaks quickly; her dreams are evidently troubled. True listens intently to her words, as she exclaims eagerly, "Oh, don't! don't drown my kitty!" and then, again, in a voice of fear, "Oh, she 'll catch me! she 'll catch me!" once more; and now her tones are touchingly plaintive and earnest — "Dear, dear, good old man! let me stay with you; do let me stay!"

Tears are in Trueman Flint's eyes; he lays his great head on the pillow and draws Gerty's little face close to his; at the same time smoothing her long, uncombed hair with his hand. He, too, is thinking aloud — what does *he* say? "Catch you! no, she *shan't!* Stay with *me!* — so you shall, I promise you, poor little birdie! All alone in this big world — and so am I. Please God, we 'll bide together."

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

Little Gerty had found a friend and a protector; and it was well she had, for neglect and suffering had well-nigh cut short her sad existence. The morning after True took her home, she woke in a high fever. She looked around, and found she was alone in the room; but there was a good fire, and preparation for breakfast. For a moment or too she was puzzled to know where she was, and what had happened to her; for the room seemed quite strange, it now being daylight. A smile passed over her face when she recalled the events of the previous night, and thought of kind old True, and the new home she had found with him. She went to the window to look out, though her head was giddy, and she could hardly walk. The ground was covered with snow, and which dazzled Gerty's eyes, for she suddenly found herself quite blinded — her head grew dizzy, she staggered and fell.

Trueman came in a moment after, and was frightened at seeing Gerty stretched upon the floor, and was not surprised that she had fainted in trying to walk. He placed her in bed,

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and soon succeeded in restoring her to consciousness; but for three weeks she never sat up, except when True held her in his arms. True was a rough and clumsy man about most things; but not so in the care of his little charge. He was something of a doctor and nurse in his simple way; and, though he had never had much to do with children, his warm heart taught him all that was necessary for Gerty's comfort.

Gerty was patient; but would lie awake whole nights suffering from pain and weariness through long confinement to a sick-bed, without uttering a groan, lest she might waken True, who slept on the floor beside her, when he could so far forget his anxiety about her as to sleep at all. Sometimes, when in great pain, True carried her in his arms for hours; but Gerty would try to appear relieved before she was so, and feign sleep that he might put her to bed again and take some rest himself. Her little heart was full of love and gratitude to her kind protector, and she spent much time in thinking what she could do for him when she got well. True was often obliged to leave her to attend to his work; and during the first week she was much alone, though everything she could possibly want was put within her reach. At last she became delirious, and for some days had no knowledge how she was taken care of. One day, after a long sleep, she woke restored to consciousness, and saw a woman sitting by her bedside sewing. She sprang up in bed to look at the stranger, who had not observed her open her eyes, but who started when she heard her move, and exclaimed, "Oh, lie down, my child! lie down!" laying her hand gently upon her.

"I don't know you," said Gerty; where's my uncle True?" for that was the name by which True had told her to call him.

"He's gone out, dear; he'll be home soon. How do you feel — better?"

"Oh, yes! much better. Have I been asleep long?"

"Some time; lie down now, and I'll fetch you some gruel — it will be good for you."

"Does Uncle True know you are here?"

"Yes. I came in to sit with you while he was away."

"Come in? — From where?"

"From my room. I live in the other part of the house."

"I think you're very good," said Gerty. "I like you. I wonder why I did not see you when you came in."

"You were too sick, dear, to notice; but I think you'll soon be better now."

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The woman prepared the gruel, and, after Gerty had taken it, reseated herself at her work. Gerty laid down in bed, with her face towards her new friend, and, fixing her large eyes upon her, watched her while she sat sewing. At last the woman looked up, and said, "Well, what do you think I am making?"

"I don't know," said Gerty; "what are you?"

The woman held up her work, so that Gerty could see that it was a dark calico frock for a child.

"Oh! what a nice gown!" said Gerty. "Who is it for?—your little girl?"

"No," said the woman, "I have n't got any little girl; I 've only got one child, my boy Willie."

"Willie; that 's a pretty name," said Gerty. "Is he a good boy?"

"Good? He 's the best boy in the world, and the handsomest!" answered the woman.

Gerty turned away, and a look so sad came over her countenance, that the woman thought she was getting tired, and ought to be kept very quiet. She told her so, and bade her go to sleep again. Gerty lay still, and then True came in.

"Oh, Mrs. Sullivan," said he, "you 're here still! I 'm very much obleeged to you for stayin'; I had n't calkerlated to be gone so long. And how does the child seem to be, marm?"

"Much better, Mr. Flint. She 's come to her reason, and I think, with care, will do well now. Oh, she 's awake," she added, seeing Gerty open her eyes.

True came to the bedside, stroked back her hair, now cut short, and felt her pulse, and nodded his head satisfactorily. Gerty caught his great hand between both of hers and held it tight. He sat down on the side of the bed, and said, "I should n't be surprised if she needed her new clothes sooner than we thought of, marm. It 's my opinion we 'll have her up and about afore many days."

"So I was thinking," said Mrs. Sullivan; "but don't be in too great a hurry. She 's had a very severe sickness, and her recovery must be gradual. Did you see Miss Graham to-day?"

"Yes, I did see her, poor thing! The Lord bless her sweet face! She axed a sight o' questions about little Gerty here, and gave me this parcel of *arrer-root*, I think she called it. She says it 's excellent in sickness. Did you ever fix any, Mrs. Sullivan, so that you can jist show me how, if you 'll be so good;

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for I declare I don't remember, though she took a deal o' pains to tell me."

"Oh, yes; it's very easy. I'll come in and prepare some by and by. I don't think Gerty'll want any at present; she's just had some gruel. But father has come home, and I must be seeing about our tea. I'll come in again this evening, Mr. Flint."

"Thank you, marm, thank you; you're very kind."

During the few following days Mrs. Sullivan came in and sat with Gerty several times. She was a gentle woman, with a placid face, very refreshing to a child that had long lived in fear, and suffered a great deal of abuse. One evening, when Gerty had nearly recovered, she was sitting in True's lap by the fire, carefully wrapped in a blanket. She had been talking to him about her new acquaintance and friend, when suddenly she said, "Uncle True, do you know what little girl she's making a gown for?"

"For a little girl," said True, "that needs a frock and a many other things; for she has n't got any clothes, except a few old rags. Do you know any such little girl, Gerty?"

"I guess I do," said Gerty, with a very knowing look.

"Well, where is she?"

"An't she in your lap?"

"What, you!—Why, do you think Mrs. Sullivan would spend her time making clothes for you?"

"Well," said Gerty, hanging her head, "I should n't *think* she would, but then you *said*—"

"Well, what did I say?"

"Something about new clothes for me."

"So I did," said True; "they *are* for you—two whole suits, with shoes and stockings."

Gerty opened her large eyes in amazement, and clapped her hands, and True laughed too.

"Did she buy them, Uncle True? Is she rich?" asked Gerty.

"Mrs. Sullivan?—no, indeed!" said True. "Miss Graham bought 'em, and is going to pay Mrs. Sullivan for making them."

"Who is Miss Graham?"

"She's a lady too good for this world—that's sartin. I'll tell you about her some time; but better not now, for it's time you were abed and asleep."

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One Sabbath, after Gerty was nearly well, she was so much fatigued that she went to bed before dark, and for three hours slept soundly. On awaking, she saw that True had company. An old man, much older than True, was sitting on the opposite side of the stove, smoking a pipe. His dress, though ancient and homely, was neat; and his hair was white. He had sharp features, and Gerty thought from his looks he could say sharp things. She rightly conjectured that he was Mrs. Sullivan's father, Mr. Cooper; and she did not widely differ from most other people who knew the old church-sexton. But both his own face and public opinion somewhat wronged him. His nature was not a genial one. Domestic trials, and the fickleness of fortune, had caused him to look on the dark side of life — to dwell upon its sorrows, and frown upon the bright hopes of the young and the gay. His occupation did not counteract a disposition to melancholy; his duties in the church were solitary, and in his old age he had little intercourse with the world, had become severe toward its follies, and unforgiving toward its crimes. There was much that was good and benevolent in him, however; and True Flint knew it. True liked the old man's sincerity; and many a Sabbath evening had they sat by that same fireside, and discussed questions of public policy, national institutions, and individual rights. Trueman Flint was the reverse of Paul Cooper in disposition and temper, being very sanguine, always disposed to look upon the bright side of things, and ever averring that it was his opinion 't would all come out right at last. On this evening they had been talking on several of such topics; but when Gerty awoke she found herself the subject of conversation.

"Where," asked Mr. Cooper, "did you say you picked her up?"

"At Nan Grant's," said True. "Don't you remember her? she 's the same woman whose son you were called up to witness against, at the time the church-windows were broken. You can't have forgotten her at the trial, Cooper; for she blew you up with a vengeance, and did n't spare his honor the judge either. Well, 't was just such a rage she was in with this 'ere child the first time I saw her; and the *second* time she 'd just turned her out o' doors."

"Ah, yes, I remember the she-bear. I should n't suppose she 'd be any too gentle to her own child, much less a stranger's; but what are you going to do with the foundling, Flint?"

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"Do with her? — Keep her, to be sure, and take care on her."

Cooper laughed rather sarcastically.

"Well, now, I s'pose, neighbor, you think it's rather freakish in me to be adoptin' a child at my time o' life; and p'rhaps it is; but I'll explain. She'd a died that night I tell yer on, if I had n't brought her home with me; and many times since, what's more, if I, with the help o' your darter, had n't took good care on her. Well, she took on so in her sleep, the first night ever she came, and cried out to me all as if she never had a friend afore (and probably she never had), that I resolved then she should stay, at any rate, and I'd take care on her, and share my last crust with the wee thing, come what might. The Lord's been very marciful to me, Mr. Cooper, very marciful! He's raised me up friends in my deep distress. I knew, when I was a little shaver, what a lonesome thing it was to be fatherless and motherless; and when I see this little sufferin' human bein' I felt as if, all friendless as she seemed, she was more specially the Lord's, and as if I could not sarve Him more, and ought not to sarve Him less, than to share with her the blessings He had bestowed on me. You look round, neighbor, as if you thought 't wan't much to share with any one; and 't an't much there is here, to be sure; but it's a *home*, — yes, a *home;* and that's a great thing to her that never had one. I've got my hands yet, and a stout heart, and a willin' mind. With God's help, I'll be a father to the child; and the time may come when she'll be God's embodied blessin' to me."

Mr. Cooper shook his head doubtfully, and muttered something about children, even one's own, not being apt to prove blessings.

Trueman added, "Oh, neighbor Cooper, if I had not made up my mind the night Gerty came here, I would n't have sent her away after the next day; for the Lord, I think, spoke to me by the mouth of one of his holy angels, and bade me persevere in my resolution. You've seen Miss Graham. She goes to your church regular, with the fine old gentleman her father. I was at their house shovelling snow, after the great storm three weeks since, and she sent for me to come into the kitchen. Well may I bless her angel face, poor thing! — if the world is dark to her she makes it light to other folks. She cannot see heaven's sunshine outside, but she's better off than most people, for she's got it in her, I do believe, and when she smiles it lets the glory

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out, and looks like God's rainbow in the clouds. She 's done me many a kindness since I got hurt so bad in her father's store, now five years gone; and she sent for me that day, to ask how I did, and if there was anything I wanted that she could speak to the master about. So I told her all about little Gerty; and, I tell you, she and I both cried 'fore I 'd done. She put some money into my hand, and told me to get Mrs. Sullivan to make some clothes for Gerty; more than that, she promised to help me if I got into trouble with the care of her; and when I was going away, she said, 'I 'm sure you 've done quite right, True; the Lord will bless and reward your kindness to that poor child.'"

True was so excited that he did not notice what the Sexton had observed. Gerty had risen from her bed and was standing beside True, her eyes fixed upon his face, breathless with the interest she felt in his words. She touched his shoulder; he looked round, saw her, and stretched out his arms. She sprang into them, buried her face in his bosom, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Shall I stay with you always?"

"Yes, just as long as I live," said True, "you shall be my child."

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ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, a Scottish poet and biographer; born in Dumfriesshire in 1784; died in London in 1842. He was apprenticed to a stone-mason, but early showed a decided literary capacity. At the age of twenty-five he went to London, and for four years supported himself by manual and literary work. In 1814 he became connected with Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor. This connection remained unbroken until the death of Chantrey in 1841; and Cunningham lived only a few months longer.

During these years with Chantrey Cunningham found time to write much in various departments of literature. His principal works, with their dates, are: "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem (1822); "Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects" (1829–33); "Biographical and Critical History of the Last Fifty Years" (1833); an edition, with a Memoir, of "The Works of Robert Burns;" and "The Life of Sir David Wilkie," completed only two days before his death. An edition of "The Poems and Songs" of Allan Cunningham was in 1847 prepared by his son, Peter Cunningham. These "Poems and Songs" are mainly, but not wholly, in the Scottish dialect.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
  And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
  I heard a fair one cry;—
But give to me the snorting breeze
  And white waves heaving high;

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And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship tight and free:
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners, —
  The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashes free, —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

The Spring of the Year.

Gone were but the winter cold,
  And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
  Where primroses blow.

Cold 's the snow at my head,
  And cold at my feet;
And the finger of Death 's at my een.
  Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
  Or my mother so dear: —
I 'll meet them both in heaven,
  At the Spring of the year.

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GEORGE CUPPLES.

CUPPLES, GEORGE, a Scottish journalist, critic, and novelist, was born in Legerwood, near Lauder, Berwickshire, August 2, 1822; died October 7, 1891. He was educated at Edinburgh; where, after a sea voyage of about two years' duration, he "finished his education" and went into literature. He was a contributor to several magazines, notably "Blackwood" and "Macmillan's;" in the former of which first appeared his most famous work, "The Green Hand, a Sea Story, being the Adventures of a Naval Lieutenant." This was published in London in book form in 1856. "Kyloe Jock" and "The Weird of Wanton-Walls" were published serially in "Macmillan's" in 1860. Other tales are, "Hinchbridge Haunted" (1859); "The Two Frigates" (1859); and many essays and critiques, of which his "Essay on Emerson" is one of the most noted.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

(From "The Green Hand.")

I HAD to get fairly off the saddle, — rather sore, I must say, with riding up St. Helena roads after so many weeks at sea, — and flung myself down on the grass, with little enough fear of the hungry little beast getting far adrift. This said crag, by the way, drew my eye to it by the queer colors it showed — white, blue, gray, and bright red — in the hot sunlight; and being too far off to make out clearly, I slung off the ship's glass I had across my back, just to overhaul it better. The hue of it was to be seen running all down the deep rift between, that seemingly wound away into some glen toward the coast; while the lot of plants and trailers half covering the steep front of it would no doubt, I thought, have delighted my old friend the Yankee, if he *was* the botanizing gentleman in question. By this time it was a lovely afternoon far and wide to Diana's Peak, the sky glowing clearer deep blue at that height than you 'd have thought sky could do, even in the tropics — the very peaks of bare red rock being softened into a purple tint, far off

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around you. One saw into the rough bottom of the huge Devil's Punch Bowl, and far through without a shadow down the green patches in the little valleys, and over Deadwood Camp, — there was *nothing*, as it were, between the grass, the ground, the stones, and leaves, and the empty hollow of the air; while the sea spread far round underneath, of a softer blue than the sky over you. You 'd have thought all the world was shrunk into St. Helena, with the Atlantic lying three-quarters round it in one's sight, like the horns of the bright new moon round the dim old one; which St. Helena pretty much resembled, if what the star-gazers say of its surface be true, all peaks and dry hollows — if indeed you were n't lifting up out of the world, so to speak, when one looked through his fingers right into the keen blue overhead!

If I lived a thousand years I could n't tell half what I felt lying there; but as you may imagine, it had somewhat in it of the late European war by land and sea. Not that I could have said so at the time, but rather a sort of half-doze, such as I 've known one have when a schoolboy, lying on the green grass the same way, with one's face turned up into the hot summer heavens; half of it flying glimpses, as it were, of the French Revolution, the battles we used to hear of when we were children — then the fears about the invasion, with the channel full of British fleets, and Dover Cliffs — Trafalgar and Nelson's death, and the battle of Waterloo, just after we heard *he* had got out of Elba. In the terrible flash of the thing all together, one almost fancied them all gone like smoke; and for a moment I thought I was falling away off, *down* into the wide sky, so up I started to sit. From that, suddenly I took to guessing and puzzling closely again how I should go to work myself, if I were the strange Frenchman I saw in the brig at sea, and wanted to manage Napoleon's escape out of St. Helena. And first, there was how to get into the island and put *him* up to the scheme — why, sure enough, I could n't have laid it down better than they seemed to have done all along: what could one do but just dodge about that latitude under all sorts of false rig, then catch hold of somebody fit to cover one's landing. No Englishman *would* do it, and no foreigner but would set Sir Hudson Lowe on his guard in a moment. Next we should have to get put on the island — and really a neat enough plan it was, to dog one of the very cruisers themselves, knock up a mess of planks and spars in the night-time, set them all ablaze with

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NAPOLEON'S GRAVE, ST. HELENA

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tar, and pretend we were fresh from a craft on fire; when even Captain Wallis of the "Podargus," as it happened, was too much of a British seaman not to carry us straight to St. Helena! Again, I must say it was a touch beyond me — but to hit the governor's notions of a hobby, and go picking up plants around Longwood, was a likely enough way to get speech of the prisoner, or at least let him see one was there!

How should I set about carrying him off to the coast, though? That was the prime matter. Seeing that even if the schooner — which was no doubt hovering out of sight — were to make a bold dash for the land with the trade-wind, in a night eleven hours long, — there were sentries close round Longwood from sunset, the starlight shining mostly always in the want of a moon; and at any rate there was rock and gully enough betwixt here and the coast to try the surest foot aboard the "Hebe," let alone an emperor. With plenty of woods for a cover, one might steal up close to Longwood, but the bare rocks showed you off to be made a mark of. Whew! but why were those same blacks on the island, I thought: just strip them stark naked, and let them lie in the Devil's Punch Bowl, or somewhere beyond military hours, when I warrant me they might slip up, gully by gully, to the very sentries' backs! Their color would n't show them, and savages as they seemed, could n't they settle as many sentries as they needed, creep into the very bedchamber where Bonaparte slept, and manhandle him bodily away down through some of the nearest hollows, before any one was the wiser? The point that still bothered me was, why the fourth of the blacks was wanting at present, unless he had his part to play elsewhere. If it was chance, then the *whole* might be a notion of mine, which I knew I was apt to have sometimes. If I could only make out the fourth black, so as to tally with the scheme, on the other hand, then I thought it was all sure; but of course this quite pauled me, and I gave it up, to work out my fancy case by providing signals betwixt us plotters inside and the schooner, out of sight from the telegraphs. There was no use for her to run in and take the risk, without good luck having turned up on the island; yet any sign she could profit by must be both sufficient to reach sixty miles or so, and hidden enough not to alarm the telegraphs or the cruisers. Here was a worse puzzle than all, and I only guessed at it for my own satisfaction — as a fellow can't help doing when he hears a question he can't answer — till my

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eye lighted on Diana's Peak, near three thousand feet above the sea. There it was, by Jove! 'T was quite clear at the time; but by nightfall there was always more or less cloud near the top, and if you set a fire on the very peak 't would only be seen leagues off: a notion that brought to mind a similar thing which I told you saved the Indiaman from a lee-shore one night on the African coast — and again, by George! I saw *that* must have been meant at first by the negroes as a smoke to help the French brig easier in! Putting that and that together, why it struck me at once what the fourth black's errand might be — namely, to watch for the schooner, and kindle his signal as soon as he could n't see the island for mist. I was sure of it; and as for a dark night coming on at sea, the freshening of the breeze there promised nothing more likely; a bright white haze was softening out the horizon already, and here and there the egg of a cloud could be seen to break off the sky to windward, all of which would be better known afloat than here.

The truth was, I was on the point of tripping my anchor to hurry down and get aboard again; but on standing up, the head of a peak fell below the sail I had noticed in the distance, and seeing she loomed large on the stretch of water, I pretty soon found she must be a ship of the line. The telegraph over the Alarm House was hard at work again, so I e'en took down my glass and cleaned it to have a better sight, during which I caught sight, for a minute, of some soldier officer or other on horseback, with a mounted redcoat behind him, riding hastily up the gully a good bit from my back, till they were round the red piece of crag, turning at times as if to watch the vessel. Though I could n't have a better spy at him for want of my glass, I had no doubt he was the governor himself, for the sentries in the distance took no note of him. There was nobody else visible at the time, and the said cliff stood fair up like a look-out place, so as to shut them out as they went higher. Once or twice after, I fancied I made out a man's head or two lower down the gully than the cliff was; which, it occurred to me, might possibly be the botanists, as they called themselves, busy finding out how long St. Helena had been an island; however, I soon turned the glass before me upon the ship, by this time right opposite the ragged opening of Prosperous Bay, and heading well up about fourteen miles or so off the coast, as I reckoned to make James Town harbor. The moment I had the sight of the glass right for her, — though you 'd have thought

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she stood still on the smooth soft blue water, — I could see her whole beam rise off the swells before me, from the dark side and white band, checkered with a double row of ports, to the hamper of her lofty spars, and the sails braced slant to the breeze; the foam gleaming under her high bows, and her wake running aft in the heave of the sea. She was evidently a seventy-four; I fancied I could make out her men's faces peering over the yards toward the island, as they thought of "Boney-part;" a white rear-admiral's flag was at the mizzenroyal masthead, leaving no doubt she was the "Conqueror" at last, with Admiral Plampin, and in a day or two at farthest the "Hebe" would be bound for India.

I had just looked over my shoulder toward Longwood, letting the "Conqueror" sink back again into a thing no bigger than a model on a mantelpiece, when all at once I saw some one standing near the brow of the cliff I mentioned, apparently watching the vessel, with a long glass at his eye like myself. 'T was farther than I could see to make out anything, save so much; and ere I had screwed the glass for such a near sight, there were seven or eight figures more appearing half over the slope behind; while my hand shook so much with holding the glass so long, that at first I brought it to bear full on the cracks and blocks in the front of the crag, with the large green leaves and trailers on it flickering idly with the sunlight against my eyes, till I could have seen the spiders inside, I daresay. Next I held it too high, where the admiral and Lord Frederick were standing by their horses, a good way back; the governor, as I supposed, sitting on his, and two or three others along the rise. At length, what with kneeling down to rest it on one knee, I had the glass steadily fixed on the brow of the rocks, where I plainly saw a tall dark-whiskered man in a rich French uniform, gazing to seaward. I knew him I sought too well by pictures, however, not to be sadly galled. Suddenly a figure came slowly down from before the rest, with his hands behind his back, and his head a little drooped. The officer at once lowered the telescope and held it to him, stepping upward as if to leave him alone — what dress he had on I scarce noticed; but there he was standing, single in the round bright field of the glass I had hold of like a vise — his head raised, his hands hiding his face, as I kept the telescope fixed fair in front of me — only I saw the smooth broad round of his chin. I knew, as if I'd seen him in the Tuileries at Paris

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or known him by sight since I was a boy, — I *knew* it was Napoleon.

During that minute the rest of them were out of sight, so far as the glass went — you 'd have supposed there was no one there but himself, as still as a figure in iron; watching the same thing, no doubt, as I 'd done myself five minutes before, where the noble seventy-four was beating slowly to windward. When I *did* glance to the knot of officers twenty yards back, 't was as if one saw a ring of his generals waiting respectfully while he eyed some field of battle or other, with his army at the back of the hill; but next moment the telescope fell in his hands, and his face, as pale as death, with his lip firm under it, seemed near enough for me to touch it — his eyes shot stern into me from below his wide white forehead, and I started, dropping my glass in turn. That instant the whole wild lump of St. Helena, with its ragged brim, the clear blue sky and the sea, swung round about the dwindled figures above the crag, till they were nothing but so many people together against the slope beyond.

'T was a strange scene to witness, let me tell you; never can I forget the sightless, thinking sort of gaze from that head of his, after the telescope sank from his eye, when the "Conqueror" must have shot back with all her stately hamper into the floor of the Atlantic again! Once more I brought my spy-glass to bear on the place where he had been, and was almost on the point of calling out to warn him off the edge of the cliff, forgetting the distance I was away. Napoleon had stepped, with one foot before him, on the very brink, his two hands hanging loose by his side with the glass in one of them, till the shadow of his small black cocked hat covered the hollows of his eyes, and he stood as it were looking down past the face of the precipice. What he thought of, no mortal tongue can say: whether he was master at the time over a wilder battle than any he 'd ever fought; but just then, what was the surprise it gave me to see the head of a man, with a red tasselled cap on it, raised through among the ivy from below, while he seemed to have his feet on the cracks and juts of the rock, hoisting himself by one hand round the tangled roots till no doubt he must have looked right aloft into the French Emperor's face; and perhaps he whispered something — though for my part it was all dumb show to me, where I knelt peering into the glass. I saw even *him* start at the suddenness of the thing — he raised

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his head upright, still glancing down over the front of the crag, with the spread hand lifted, and the side of his face half turned toward the party within earshot behind, where the governor and the rest apparently kept together out of respect, no doubt watching both Napoleon's back and the ship of war far beyond. The keen sunlight on the spot brought out every motion of the two in front — the *one* so full in my view, that I could mark his look settle again on the other below, his firm lips parting and his hand out before him like a man seeing a spirit he knew; while a bunch of leaves on the end of a wand came stealing up from the stranger's post to Napoleon's very fingers. The head of the man on the cliff turned round seaward for one moment, ticklish as his footing must have been; then he looked back, pointing with his loose hand to the horizon, — there was one minute between them without a motion, seemingly — the captive Emperor's chin was sunk on his breast, though you 'd have said his eyes glanced up out of the shadow on his forehead; and the stranger's red cap hung like a bit of the bright colored cliff, under his two hands holding among the leaves. Then I saw Napoleon lift his hand calmly, he gave a sign with it — it might have been refusing, it might have been agreeing, or it might be farewell, I never expect to know; but he folded his arms across his breast, with the bunch of leaves in his fingers, and stepped slowly back from the brink toward the officers. I was watching the stranger below it, as he swung there for a second or two, in a way like to let him go dash to the bottom; his face sluing wildly seaward again. Short though the glance I had of him was, — his features set hard in some bitter feeling or other, his dress different too, besides the mustache being off, and his complexion no doubt purposely darkened, — it served to prove what I 'd suspected: he was no other than the Frenchman I had seen in the brig; and mad or sensible, the very look I caught was more like that he faced the thunder-squall with, than aught beside. Directly after, he was letting himself carefully down with his back to my glass; the party above were moving off over the brow of the crags, and the governor riding round, apparently to come once more down the hollow between us. In fact, the seventy-four had stood by this time so far in that the peaks in the distance shut her out; but I ran the glass carefully along the whole horizon in my view, for signs of the schooner. The haze was too bright, however, to make sure either way; though, dead to

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windward, there were some streaks of cloud risen with the breeze, where I once or twice fancied I could catch the gleam of a speck in it. The "Podargus" was to be seen through a notch in the rocks, too, beating out in a different direction, as if the telegraph had signalled her elsewhere; after which you heard the dull rumble of the forts saluting the "Conqueror" down at James Town as she came in: and being late in the afternoon, it was high time for me to crowd sail downward, to fall in with my shipmates.

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GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM, an American journalist, orator, and publicist; born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824; died on Staten Island, N. Y., August 31, 1892. In 1842, he went with an elder brother to the Brook Farm Institution at Roxbury, Mass., where they remained a year and a half.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis, then being twenty-two years old, started upon a foreign tour. About three years were passed in Italy and Germany, when he set out for the East, going up the Nile as far as the Cataracts; then visited Syria, the entire absence being about four years. The impressions of this Eastern journey were given in two works, "Nile Notes of a Howadji" (1851), and "The Howadji in Syria" (1852). Upon the establishment of "Putnam's Monthly," in 1852, Mr. Curtis became one of its editors and a frequent contributor. Many of the contributions of Mr. Curtis to "Putnam's Monthly" have been published in volumes, under the titles, "The Potiphar Papers" (1853) and "Prue and I" (1856). In 1853 he began the publication in "Harper's Magazine" of the series of papers entitled "The Editor's Easy Chair," which appeared monthly until his death. For "Harper's Weekly" he wrote (1858–59) "Trumps," his only regular novel. To "Harper's Bazar" Mr. Curtis furnished weekly a series of papers entitled "Manners upon the Road," which were continued until 1873. Mr. Curtis became Editor-in-Chief of "Harper's Weekly" about 1875. In 1864 he became one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. The "Easy Chair" papers were published in 1891–94; "Washington Irving" in 1891.

MY CHATEAUX.

(From "Prue and I.")

I AM the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes at least, from any part

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of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a supercargo), if I fell homesick, or sank into a reverie of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished as if to salute and welcome me.

So, in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty hurrying to the congress of fashion, — or if I observe that years are deepening their tracks around the eyes of my wife, Prue, I go quietly up to the house-top towards evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates. It is as dear to me as that of Eton to the poet Gray; and, if I sometimes wonder at such moments whether I shall find those realms as fair as they appear, I am suddenly reminded that the night air may be noxious, and descending, I enter the little parlor where Prue sits stitching, and surprise that precious woman by exclaiming with the poet's pensive enthusiasm, —

> "Thought would destroy their Paradise,
> No more; —where ignorance is bliss,
> 'T is folly to be wise."

Columbus, also, had possessions in the West; and as I read aloud the romantic story of his life, my voice quivers when I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odors of the land mingled with the sea-air, as the admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous promises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps with blossoms not all decayed, floated out to welcome the strange wood from which the craft were hollowed. Then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions I have seen before I have even undertaken the journey to the West, and I cry aloud to Prue, —

"What sun-bright birds, and gorgeous blossoms, and celestial odors will float out to us, my Prue, as we approach our western possessions!"

The placid Prue raises her eyes to mine with a reproof so delicate that it could not be trusted to words; and after a moment, she resumes her knitting and I proceed.

These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in

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Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions, and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travellers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. And, after I had heard this said, I verified it, by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

One day as I raised my head from entering some long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance-sheet, I observed my subordinate, in office but not in years, (for poor old Titbottom will never see sixty again!) leaning on his hand, and much abstracted.

"Are you not well, Titbottom?" asked I.

"Perfectly, but I was just building a castle in Spain," said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye, and white hair for a moment in great surprise, and then inquired,

"Is it possible that you own property there too?"

He shook his head silently; and still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye as if he were looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans; laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber.

"What a singular whim," thought I, as I watched Titbottom and filled up a cheque for four hundred dollars, my quarterly salary, "that a man who owns castles in Spain should be deputy book-keeper at nine hundred dollars a year!"

When I went home I ate my dinner silently, and afterward sat for a long time upon the roof of the house, looking at my western property, and thinking of Titbottom.

It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go, I am too much engaged. So is Titbottom. And I find it is the case with all

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the proprietors. We have so much to detain us at home that we cannot get away. But it is always so with rich men. Prue sighed once as she sat at the window and saw Bourne, the millionaire, the President of innumerable companies, and manager and director of all the charitable societies in town, going by with wrinkled brow and hurried step. I asked her why she sighed.

"Because I was remembering that my mother used to tell me not to desire great riches, for they occasioned great cares," said she.

"They do indeed," answered I, with emphasis, remembering Titbottom, and the impossibility of looking after my Spanish estates.

Prue turned and looked at me with mild surprise; but I saw that her mind had gone down the street with Bourne. I could never discover if he held much Spanish stock. But I think he does. All the Spanish proprietors have a certain expression. Bourne has it to a remarkable degree. It is a kind of look, as if, in fact, a man's mind were in Spain. Bourne was an old lover of Prue's, and he is not married, which is strange for a man in his position.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscape, that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Coliseum, and of seeing the shattered arches of the Aqueducts stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched. The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travellers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon

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their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand, also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden-Horn is my fish-preserve; my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna — all in my Spanish domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone, glance at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The bands I have never collected, play all night long, and enchant the brilliant company, that was never assembled, into silence.

In the long summer mornings the children that I never had, play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling "Father! Father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawny slopes on which, when a child, I played, in my father's old country place, which was sold when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded, nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years, among the trees I remember.

Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now, but those with which I used to prick my fingers when gathering them in New Hampshire woods are exquisite as ever to my taste, when I think of eating them in Spain. I never ride horseback now at home; but in Spain, when I think of it, I bound over all the fences in the country, bare-backed upon the wildest horses. Sermons I am apt to find a little soporific in this country; but in Spain I should listen as reverently as ever, for proprietors must set a good example on their estates.

Plays are insufferable to me here — Prue and I never go. Prue, indeed, is not quite sure it is moral; but the theatres in my Spanish castles are of a prodigious splendor, and when I think of going there, Prue sits in a front box with me — a kind

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of royal box — the good woman attired in such wise as I have never seen her here, while I wear my white waistcoat, which in Spain has no appearance of mending, but dazzles with immortal newness, and is a miraculous fit.

Yes, and in those castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid, breeches-patching helpmate, with whom you are acquainted, but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and her movement a grace which my Spanish swans emulate, and her voice a music sweeter than those that orchestras discourse. She is always there what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her, many and many years ago. The neighbors called her then a nice, capable girl; and certainly she did knit and darn with a zeal and success to which my feet and my legs have testified for nearly half a century. But she could spin a finer web than ever came from cotton, and in its subtle meshes my heart was entangled, and there has reposed softly and happily ever since. The neighbors declared she could make pudding and cake better than any girl of her age; but stale bread from Prue's hand was ambrosia to my palate.

"She who makes everything well, even to making neighbors speak well of her, will surely make a good wife," said I to myself when I knew her, and the echo of a half century answers, "a good wife."

So, when I meditate my Spanish castles, I see Prue in them as my heart saw her standing by her father's door. "Age cannot wither her." There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes Time. He glides by, unnoticed and unnoticing. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain; I am glad to drink sherbet in Damascus, and fleece my flocks on the plains of Marathon; but I would resign all these forever rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day. Nay, have I not resigned them all forever, to live with that portrait's changing original?

I have often wondered how I should reach my castles. The desire of going comes over me very strongly sometimes, and I endeavor to see how I can arrange my affairs, so as to get away. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure of the route, — I mean, to that particular part of Spain in which my estates lie.

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I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seems to know precisely. One morning I met young Aspen, trembling with excitement.

"What 's the matter?" asked I, with interest, for I knew that he held a great deal of Spanish stock.

"Oh!" said he, "I 'm going out to take possession. I have found the way to my castles in Spain."

"Dear me!" I answered, with the blood streaming into my face; and, heedless of Prue, pulling my glove until it ripped — "what is it?"

"The direct route is through California," answered he.

"But then you have the sea to cross afterward," said I, remembering the map.

"Not at all," answered Aspen, "the road runs along the shore of the Sacramento River."

He darted away from me, and I did not meet him again. I was very curious to know if he arrived safely in Spain, and was expecting every day to hear news from him of my property there, when, one evening, I bought an extra, full of California news, and the first thing upon which my eye fell was this: "Died, in San Francisco, Edward Aspen, Esq., aged 35." There is a large body of the Spanish stockholders who believe with Aspen, and sail for California every week. I have not yet heard of their arrival out at their castles, but I suppose they are so busy with their own affairs there, that they have no time to write to the rest of us about the condition of our property.

There was my wife's cousin, too, Jonathan Bud, who is a good, honest youth from the country, and, after a few weeks' absence, he burst into the office one day, just as I was balancing my books, and whispered to me, eagerly, —

"I 've found my castle in Spain."

I put the blotting-paper in the leaf deliberately, for I was wiser now than when Aspen had excited me, and looked at my wife's cousin, Jonathan Bud, inquiringly.

"Polly Bacon," whispered he, winking.

I continued the interrogative glance.

"She 's going to marry me, and she 'll show me the way to Spain," said Jonathan Bud, hilariously.

"She 'll make you walk Spanish, Jonathan Bud," said I.

And so she does. He makes no more hilarious remarks. He never bursts into a room. He does not ask us to dinner

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He says that Mrs. Bud does not like smoking. Mrs. Bud has nerves and babies. She has a way of saying "Mr. Bud!" which destroys conversation, and casts a gloom upon society.

It occurred to me that Bourne, the millionaire, must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain; so I stole a few minutes one afternoon, and went into his office. He was sitting at his desk, writing rapidly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes, everything that covers the tables of a great merchant. In the outer rooms clerks were writing. Upon high shelves over their heads, were huge chests, covered with dust, dingy with age, many of them, and all marked with the name of the firm in large black letters — "Bourne & Dye." They were all numbered also with the proper year; some of them with a single capital B, and dates extending back into the last century, when old Bourne made the great fortune, before he went into partnership with Dye. Everything was indicative of immense and increasing prosperity.

There were several gentlemen in waiting to converse with Bourne (we all call him so, familiarly, down town), and I waited until they went out. But others came in. There was no pause in the rush. All kinds of inquiries were made and answered. At length I stepped up.

"A moment, please, Mr. Bourne."

He looked up hastily, wished me good-morning, which he had done to none of the others, and which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

"What is it, sir?" he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

"Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?" said I, without preface.

He looked at me for a few moments without speaking, and without seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed, and his eyes, apparently looking into the street, were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

"Too many, too many," said he at length musingly, shaking his head, and without addressing me.

I suppose he felt himself too much extended — as we say in Wall Street. He feared, I thought, that he had too much impracticable property elsewhere, to own so much in Spain; so I asked, —

"Will you tell me what you consider the shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? for, of course, a man who drives

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such an immense trade with all parts of the world, will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he, wearily, "I have been trying all my life to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there — none of my captains have any report to make. They bring me, as they brought my father, gold dust from Guinea; ivory, pearls, and precious stones from every part of the earth; but not a fruit, not a solitary flower, from one of my castles in Spain. I have sent clerks, agents, and travellers of all kinds, philosophers, pleasure-hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles, except one young poet, and he died in a mad-house."

"Mr. Bourne, will you take five thousand at ninety-seven?" hastily demanded a man, whom, as he entered, I recognized as a broker. "We 'll make a splendid thing of it."

Bourne nodded assent, and the broker disappeared.

"Happy man!" muttered the merchant, as the broker went out; "he has no castles in Spain."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I am glad you came," returned he; "but I assure you, had I known the route you hoped to ascertain from me, I should have sailed years and years ago. People sail for the North-west Passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't the English Admiralty fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

He sat lost in thought.

"It 's nearly post-time, sir," said the clerk.

Mr. Bourne did not heed him. He was still musing; and I turned to go, wishing him good-morning. When I had nearly reached the door, he called me back, saying, as if continuing his remarks —

"It is strange that you, of all men, should come to ask me this question. If I envy any man, it is you, for I sincerely assure you that I supposed you lived altogether upon your Spanish estates. I once thought I knew the way to mine. I gave directions for furnishing them, and ordered bridal bouquets, which were never used, but I suppose they are there still."

He paused a moment, then said slowly — "How is your wife?"

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I told him that Prue was well — that she was always remarkably well. Mr. Bourne shook me warmly by the hand.

"Thank you," said he. "Good-morning."

I knew why he thanked me; I knew why he thought that I lived altogether upon my Spanish estates; I knew a little bit about those bridal bouquets. Mr. Bourne the millionaire was an old lover of Prue's. There is something very odd about these Spanish castles. When I think of them, I somehow see the fair-haired girl whom I knew when I was not out of short jackets. When Bourne meditates them, he sees Prue and me quietly at home in their best chambers. It is a very singular thing that my wife should live in another man's castle in Spain.

At length I resolved to ask Titbottom if he had ever heard of the best route to our estates. He said that he owned castles, and sometimes there was an expression in his face, as if he saw them. I hope he did. I should long ago have asked him if he had ever observed the turrets of my possessions in the West, without alluding to Spain, if I had not feared he would suppose I was mocking his poverty. I hope his poverty has not turned his head, for he is very forlorn.

One Sunday I went with him a few miles into the country. It was a soft, bright day, the fields and hills lay turned to the sky, as if every leaf and blade of grass were nerves, bared to the touch of the sun. I almost felt the ground warm under my feet. The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon farther away. As we strolled along, picking wild flowers, for it was in summer, I was thinking what a fine day it was for a trip to Spain, when Titbottom suddenly exclaimed:

"Thank God! I own this landscape."

"You?" returned I.

"Certainly," said he.

"Why," I answered, "I thought this was part of Bourne's property?"

Titbottom smiled.

"Does Bourne own the sun and sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden lustre of the grain, or the motion of the wood, or those ghosts of hills, that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain?"

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That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever.

"Do you know," said he, after a long pause, "that I fancy my castles lie just beyond those distant hills. At all events, I can see them distinctly from their summits."

He smiled quietly as he spoke, and it was then I asked:

"But, Titbottom, have you never discovered the way to them?"

"Dear me! yes," answered he, "I know the way well enough; but it would do no good to follow it. I should give out before I arrived. It is a long and difficult journey for a man of my years and habits — and income," he added slowly.

As he spoke he seated himself upon the ground; and while he pulled long blades of grass, and, putting them between his thumbs, whistled shrilly, he said, —

"I have never known but two men who reached their estates in Spain."

"Indeed!" said I, "how did they go?"

"One went over the side of a ship, and the other out of a third story window," said Titbottom, fitting a broad blade between his thumbs and blowing a demoniacal blast.

"And I know one proprietor who resides upon his estates constantly," continued he.

"Who is that?"

"Our old friend Slug, whom you may see any day at the asylum, just coming in from the hunt, or going to call upon his friend the Grand Lama, or dressing for the wedding of the Man in the Moon, or receiving an ambassador from Timbuctoo. Whenever I go to see him, Slug insists that I am the Pope, disguised as a journeyman carpenter, and he entertains me in the most distinguished manner. He always insists upon kissing my foot, and I bestow upon him, kneeling, the apostolic benediction. This is the only Spanish proprietor in possession, with whom I am acquainted."

And, so saying, Titbottom lay back upon the ground, and making a spy-glass of his hand, surveyed the landscape through it. This was a marvellous book-keeper of more than sixty!

"I know another man who lived in his Spanish castle for two months, and then was tumbled out head first. That was young Stunning who married old Buhl's daughter. She was all smiles, and mamma was all sugar, and Stunning was all bliss, for two months. He carried his head in the clouds, and felicity absolutely foamed at his eyes. He was drowned in love; seeing,

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as usual, not what really was, but what he fancied. He lived so exclusively in his castle, that he forgot the office down town, and one morning there came a fall, and Stunning was smashed."

Titbottom arose, and stooping over, contemplated the landscape, with his head down between his legs.

"It's quite a new effect, so," said the nimble book-keeper.

"Well," said I, "Stunning failed?"

"Oh, yes, smashed all up, and the castle in Spain came down about his ears with a tremendous crash. The family sugar was all dissolved into the original cane in a moment. Fairy-times are over, are they? Heigh-ho! the falling stones of Stunning's castle have left their marks all over his face. I call them his Spanish scars."

"But, my dear Titbottom," said I, "what is the matter with you this morning, your usual sedateness is quite gone?"

"It's only the exhilarating air of Spain," he answered. "My castles are so beautiful that I can never think of them nor speak of them without excitement; when I was younger I desired to reach them even more ardently than now, because I heard that the philosopher's stone was in the vault of one of them."

"Indeed," said I, yielding to sympathy, "and I have good reason to believe that the fountain of eternal youth flows through the garden of one of mine. Do you know whether there are any children upon your grounds?"

"'The children of Alice call Bartrum father!'" replied Titbottom, solemnly, and in a low voice, as he folded his faded hands before him, and stood erect, looking wistfully over the landscape. The light wind played with his thin white hair, and his sober, black suit was almost sombre in the sunshine. The half bitter expression, which I had remarked upon his face during part of our conversation, had passed away, and the old sadness had returned to his eye. He stood in the pleasant morning, the very image of a great proprietor of castles in Spain.

"There is wonderful music there," he said; "sometimes I awake at night, and hear it. It is full of the sweetness of youth, and love, and a new world. I lie and listen, and I seem to arrive at the great gates of my estates. They swing open upon noiseless hinges, and the tropic of my dreams receives me. Up the broad steps, whose marble pavement mingled light and shadow print with shifting mosaic, beneath the boughs

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of lustrous oleanders, and palms, and trees of unimaginable fragrance, I pass into the vestibule, warm with summer odors, and into the presence-chamber beyond, where my wife awaits me. But castle, and wife, and odorous woods, and pictures, and statues, and all the bright substance of my household, seem to reel and glimmer in the splendor, as the music fails.

"But when it swells again I clasp the wife to my heart, and we move on with a fair society, beautiful women, noble men, before whom the tropical luxuriance of that world bends and bows in homage; and, through endless days and nights of eternal summer, the stately revel of our life proceeds. Then, suddenly, the music stops. I hear my watch ticking under the pillow. I see dimly the outline of my little upper room. Then I fall asleep, and in the morning some one of the boarders at the breakfast-table says, —

"'Did you hear the serenade last night, Mr. Titbottom?'"

I doubted no longer that Titbottom was a very extensive proprietor. The truth is, that he was so constantly engaged in planning and arranging his castles, that he conversed very little at the office, and I had misinterpreted his silence. As we walked homeward, that day, he was more than ever tender and gentle. "We must all have something to do in this world," said he, "and I, who have so much leisure — for you know I have no wife nor children to work for — know not what I should do, if I had not my castles in Spain to look after."

When I reached home, my darling Prue was sitting in the small parlor, reading. I felt a little guilty for having been so long away, and upon my only holiday, too. So I began to say that Titbottom invited me to go to walk, and that I had no idea we had gone so far, and that —

"Don't excuse yourself," said Prue, smiling as she laid down her book; "I am glad you have enjoyed yourself. You ought to go out sometimes, and breathe the fresh air, and run about the fields, which I am not strong enough to do. Why did you not bring home Mr. Titbottom to tea? He is so lonely, and looks so sad. I am sure he has very little comfort in this life," said my thoughtful Prue, as she called Jane to set the tea-table.

"But he has a good deal of comfort in Spain, Prue," answered I.

"When was Mr. Titbottom in Spain?" inquired my wife.

"Why, he is there more than half the time," I replied.

Prue looked quietly at me and smiled. "I see it has done

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you good to breathe the country air," said she. "Jane, get some of the blackberry jam, and call Adoniram and the children."

So we went in to tea. We eat in the back parlor, for our little house and limited means do not allow us to have things upon the Spanish scale. It is better than a sermon to hear my wife Prue talk to the children; and when she speaks to me it seems sweeter than psalm singing; at least, such as we have in our church. I am very happy.

Yet I dream my dreams, and attend to my castles in Spain. I have so much property there, that I could not, in conscience, neglect it. All the years of my youth, and the hopes of my manhood, are stored away, like precious stones, in the vaults, and I know that I shall find everything convenient, elegant, and beautiful, when I come into possession.

As the years go by, I am not conscious that my interest diminishes. If I see that age is subtly sifting his snow in the dark hair of my Prue, I smile, contented, for her hair, dark and heavy as when I first saw it, is all carefully treasured in my castles in Spain. If I feel her arm more heavily leaning upon mine, as we walk around the squares, I press it closely to my side, for I know that the easy grace of her youth's motion will be restored by the elixir of that Spanish air. If her voice sometimes falls less clearly from her lips, it is no less sweet to me, for the music of her voice's prime fills, freshly as ever, those Spanish halls. If the light I love fades a little from her eyes, I know that the glances she gave me, in our youth, are the eternal sunshine of my castles in Spain.

I defy time and change. Each year laid upon our heads is a hand of blessing. I have no doubt that I shall find the shortest route to my possessions as soon as need be. Perhaps, when Adoniram is married, we shall all go out to one of my castles to pass the honeymoon.

Ah! if the true history of Spain could be written, what a book were there! The most purely romantic ruin in the world is the Alhambra. But of the Spanish castles, more spacious and splendid than any possible Alhambra, and forever unruined, no towers are visible, no pictures have been painted, and only a few ecstatic songs have been sung. The pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan, which Coleridge saw in Xanadu (a province with which I am not familiar), and a fine Castle of Indolence belonging to Thomson, and the Palace of art which Tennyson built as a "lordly pleasure-house" for his soul, are among the best statistical ac-

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counts of those Spanish estates. Turner, too, has done for them much the same service that Owen Jones has done for the Alhambra. In the vignette to Moore's Epicurean you will find represented one of the most extensive castles in Spain; and there are several exquisite studies from others, by the same artists, published in Rogers's Italy.

But I confess I do not recognize any of these as mine, and that fact makes me prouder of my own castles, for, if there be such boundless variety of magnificence in their aspect and exterior, imagine the life that is led there, a life not unworthy such a setting.

If Adoniram should be married within a reasonable time, and we should make up that little family party to go out, I have considered already what society I should ask to meet the bride. Jephthah's daughter and the Chevalier Bayard, I should say — and Fair Rosamond with Dean Swift — King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would come over, I think, from his famous castle — Shakespeare and his friend the Marquis of Southampton might come in a galley with Cleopatra; and, if any guest were offended by her presence, he should devote himself to the Fair One with Golden Locks. Mephistophiles is not personally disagreeable, and is exceedingly well-bred in society, I am told; and he should come *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Spenser should escort his Faerie Queen, who would preside at the tea-table.

Mr. Samuel Weller I should ask as Lord of Misrule, and Dr. Johnson as the Abbot of Unreason. I would suggest to Major Dobbin to accompany Mrs. Fry; Alcibiades would bring Homer and Plato in his purple-sailed galley; and I would have Aspasia, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Mrs. Battle, to make up a table of whist with Queen Elizabeth. I shall order a seat placed in the oratory for Lady Jane Grey and Joan of Arc. I shall invite General Washington to bring some of the choicest cigars from his plantation for Sir Walter Raleigh; and Chaucer, Browning, and Walter Savage Landor should talk with Goethe, who is to bring Tasso on one arm and Iphigenia on the other.

Dante and Mr. Carlyle would prefer, I suppose, to go down into the dark vaults under the castle. The Man in the Moon, the Old Harry, and William of the Wisp would be valuable additions, and the Laureate Tennyson might compose an official ode upon the occasion: or I would ask "They" to say all about it.

Of course there are many other guests whose names I do not at the moment recall. But I should invite, first of all, Miles

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Coverdale, who knows everything about these places and this society, for he was at Blithedale, and he has described "a select party" which he attended at a castle in the air.

Prue has not yet looked over the list. In fact, I am not quite sure that she knows my intention. For I wish to surprise her, and I think it would be generous to ask Bourne to lead her out in the bridal quadrille. I think that I shall try the first waltz with the girl I sometimes seem to see in my fairest castle, but whom I very vaguely remember. Titbottom will come with old Burton and Jaques. But I have not prepared half my invitations. Do you not guess it, seeing that I did not name, first of all, Elia, who assisted at the "Rejoicings upon the new year's coming of age"?

And yet, if Adoniram should never marry? — or if we could not get to Spain? — or if the company would not come?

What then? Shall I betray a secret? I have already entertained this party in my humble little parlor at home; and Prue presided as serenely as Semiramis over her court. Have I not said that I defy time, and shall space hope to daunt me? I keep books by day, but by night books keep me. They leave me to dreams and reveries. Shall I confess that sometimes, when I have been sitting, reading to my Prue, Cymbeline, perhaps, or a Canterbury Tale, I have seemed to see clearly before me the broad highway to my castles in Spain; and as she looked up from her work, and smiled in sympathy, I have even fancied that I was already there.

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ERNST CURTIUS.

CURTIUS, ERNST, a German archæologist and historian, born at Lübeck, September 2, 1814. He studied at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and in 1837 went to Greece to prosecute archæological studies. In 1850 he became a professor in the University of Berlin, and in 1856 was called to Göttingen. This position he resigned in 1865 for a professorship at Berlin. In 1874 he was sent by the German Government to Greece to obtain permission for making the excavations begun at Olympia in the following year. The principal works of Curtius are: "The Acropolis of Athens" (1844); "Peloponnesus" (1851–52); "Die Ionier vor der Ionischen Wanderung" (1855); "History of Greece" (1857–67); "Attic Studies" (1863–64); and "History and Topography of Asia Minor" (1872).

SOCRATES AS AN INFLUENCE AND AS A MAN.

(From the "History of Greece.")

IF we contemplate Socrates in his whole way of living and being (and in truth no other personage of Greek antiquity is so distinctly brought before our eyes), it seems to us in the first place as if at Athens he were not in his natural place; so foreign to Athens are his ways, and so dissociated from it is his whole individuality. He cannot be fitted into any class of Athenian civil society, and is to be measured by no such standard as we apply to his fellow-citizens. He is one of the poorest of all the Athenians, and yet he passes with a proud step through the streets of the city and confronts the richest and best born as their equal; his ungainly and neglected exterior makes him an object of public derision, and yet he exercises an unexampled influence upon high and low, upon learned and unlearned alike. He is a master both of thought and of speech, yet at the same time an opponent on principle of those who were the instructors of the Athenians in both; he is a man of free thought, who allows nothing to remain untested, and yet he is more diligent in offering sacrifices than any of his neighbors,

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he venerates the oracles, and reposes a simple faith in many things which the age laughs at as nursery tales; he blames without reticence the dominion of the multitude, and yet is an adversary of oligarchs. Entirely his own master, he thinks differently from all other Athenians; he goes his own path without troubling himself about public opinion; and so long as he remains in harmony with himself, no contradiction, no hostile attack, no derision vexes his soul. Such a man as this seemed in truth to have been transplanted into the midst of Athens as it were from some other world.

And yet, unique in his kind as this Socrates was, we are unable on closer examination to mistake him for aught but a genuine Athenian. Such he was in his whole intellectual tendency, in his love of talk and skill in talk, — growths impossible in any but Athenian air, — in the delicate wit with which he contrived to combine the serious and the sportive, and in his unflagging search after a deep connection between action and knowledge. He was a genuine Athenian of the ancient stamp, when with inflexible courage he stood forth as the champion of the laws of the State against all arbitrary interference, and in the field shrank from no danger or hardship. He knew and loved the national poets; but above all it is in his indefatigable impulse towards culture that we recognize the true son of his native city. Herein lay a spiritual affinity between him and the noblest among the Athenians, a Solon and a Pericles. Socrates, like Solon, thought that no man is too old to learn; that to learn and to know is not a schooling for life, but life itself, and that which alone gives to life its value. To become by knowledge better from day to day, and to make others better, appeared to both to be the real duty of man. Both found the one true happiness in the health of the soul, whose greatest unhappiness they held to lie in wrong and ignorance.

Thus with all his originality Socrates most decidedly stood on the basis of Attic culture; and if it is taken into consideration that the most celebrated representatives of Sophistry and the tendencies akin to it all came from abroad, — *e. g.*, Protagoras from Abdera, Prodicus from Ceos, Diagoras from Melos, — it may fairly be affirmed that as against these foreign teachers the best principles of Attic wisdom found their representative in Socrates. Far, however, from merely recurring to the ancient foundations of patriotic sentiment, — fallen into neglect to the great loss of the State, — and from opposing himself on an inflexible defensive

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to the movement of the age, he rather stood in the very midst of it; and merely sought to lead it to other and higher ends. What he desired was not a turning back, but a progress in knowledge beyond that which the most sagacious teachers of wisdom offered. For this reason he was able to unite in himself elements which seemed to others irreconcilably contradictory; and upon this conception was based what most distinguished him above all his fellow countrymen, the lofty freedom and independence of his mind. Thus, without becoming disloyal to his home, he was able to rise above the restrictions of customary ideas; which he most notably achieved by making himself perfectly independent of all external things, in the midst of a people which worshipped the beauty of outward appearance, and by attaching value exclusively to the possessions which are within, and to moral life. For this reason too his personal ugliness — the broad face with the snub nose, thick lips and prominent eyes — was a characteristic feature of his individuality; because it testified against the traditional assumption of a necessary union between physical and intellectual excellence; because it proved that even in a form like that of Silenus there might dwell a spirit like that of Apollo, and thus conduced to a loftier conception of the being of man. Thus he belonged to his people and to his age, but stood above both; and such a man the Athenians needed, in order to find the path whereon it was possible to penetrate through the conflict of opinions to a moral assurance, and to reach a happiness containing its own warrant.

Socrates appears before us as an individuality complete and perfect, of which the gradual development continues to remain a mystery. Its real germ, however, doubtless lies in the desire for knowledge, which was innate in him with peculiar strength. This desire would not allow him to remain under pupilage to his father: it drove him forth out of the narrow workshop into the streets and the open places of the city, where in those days every kind of culture, art, and science was offered in rich abundance; for at the time when Socrates was in his twentieth year, Pericles stood at the height of his splendid activity, which the son of a sculptor might be supposed to have had occasion fully to appreciate. The youthful Socrates however brought with him out of his father's house a certain one-sided and so to speak *bourgeois* tendency, — *i. e.*, a sober homely sense for the practically useful, which would not allow itself to be dazzled by splendor and magnificence. Accordingly he passed by with tol-

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erable indifference the much-admired works of art with which the city was at that time filled; for the ideal efforts of the Periclean age he lacked comprehension; nor do the tragedies of a Sophocles appear to have exercised much attraction upon him. If there was one-sidedness in this, on the other hand it bore good fruit in so far as it confirmed the independence of his judgment, and enabled him to recognize and combat the defects and diseases from which Athens suffered even in the midst of her glories.

But although the son of Sophroniscus carried the idea of the practically useful into the domain of science, he gave to it in this so deep and grand a significance that for him it again became an impulse towards searching with unflagging zeal for all real means of culture offered by Athens; for he felt the impossibility of satisfactorily responding to the moral tasks which most immediately await man, without the possession of a connected knowledge. Thus he eagerly associated with men and women esteemed as highly cultured; he listened to the lectures of the Sophists; acquainted himself with the writings of the earlier philosophers, which he found to be still of vital effect upon his contemporaries; thoroughly studied with friends desirous of self-improvement the works of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras; and in this constant intercourse he gradually became himself another man, — *i. e.*, he grew conscious of the unsatisfactory standpoint of the wisdom of the teachers of the day, as well as conscious of his own aims and mission. For in putting questions of a kind which could meet with no reply, and in searching for deeper things than could be offered to him by his hearers, he gradually became himself the person from whom the impulse proceeded, and from whom in the end was expected an answer to the questions which had remained unsolved. He, the seeker after instruction, became the centre of a circle of younger men who were enthusiastically attached to him. In how high a degree that which he endeavored to supply corresponded to the deeply felt needs of the age, is evident from the fact that men of the most utterly different dispositions and stations in life gave themselves up to him: youths of the highest class of society, full of self-consciousness, buoyancy, and reckless high spirits, such as Alcibiades; and again, men of a melancholy and timid turn of mind, such as the well-known eccentric Apollodorus of Phalerus, who, perpetually discontented with himself and others, led a miserable existence until in Socrates he found the sole individu-

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ality appeasing his wants, and in intercourse with him the satisfaction for which he had longed. To him Socrates was all in all, and every hour during which he was away from Socrates he accounted as lost. Thus Socrates was able to re-awaken among the Athenians — among whom personal intercourse between those of the same age, as well as between men and youths, was disturbed or desecrated either by party interests or by impure sensuality — the beneficent power of pure friendship and unselfish devotion. Sober and calm himself, he excited the noblest enthusiasm, and by the simplest means obtained a far-reaching influence such as before him no man had possessed at Athens; even before the Peace of Nicias, when Aristophanes made him the principal character in his "Clouds," he was one of the best known and most influential personages at Athens.

As Socrates gradually became a teacher of the people, so his mode and habits of life, too, formed themselves in indissoluble connection with his philosophical development. For this was the most pre-eminent among his qualities; that his life and his teachings were formed in the same mould, and that none of his disciples could say whether he had been more deeply affected by the words or by the example of his master. And this was connected with the fact that from the first his philosophy directed itself to that which might make man better and more pleasing to Heaven, freer and happier at once. To this tendency he could not devote himself without rising in his own consciousness to a continuously loftier clearness and purity, and without subjecting to reason the elements inborn in him, of sensual impulses, of inertia and passion. Thus he became a man in whom the world found much to smile and mock at, but whom even these who could not stomach his wisdom were obliged to acknowledge as a morally blameless and just citizen. He was devoted with absolute loyalty to his native city, and without desiring offices and dignities, he was from an inner impulse indefatigably active for her good.

. . . . . .

For the rest, Socrates, with all his dislike of the pursuit of profit and pleasure, was anything but a morose eccentric like Euripides; from this he was kept by his love of humankind. He was merry with the merry, and spoilt no festive banquet to which he had been bidden. In the friendly circle he sat as a man brave at his cups, and herein likewise offered an example to his friends how the truly free can at one time suffer depriva-

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tion, and at another enjoy abundance, without at any time losing his full self-control. After a night of festivity his consciousness was as clear and serene as ever; he had after a rare fashion made his body an ever ready servant of his mind; even physically he could do things impossible to others, and as if protected by some magic charm, he passed unhurt through all the pestilences of Athens without ever timidly keeping out of the way of danger. Fully assured of the inner mission which animated him, he allowed nothing to derange or to confound him. Hostile attacks and derision touched him not; nay, he was known to laugh most heartily of all the spectators when that sinner Aristophanes exhibited him as a dreamer, abstracted from the world and hanging in a hammock between heaven and earth; and when the other comic poets made the public merry with his personal appearance. For the same reason, lastly, he was inaccessible to all the offers made to him by foreign princes, who would have given much to attract the most remarkable man of the age to their courts. The Thessalian grandees in particular, Scopas at Crannon and Eurylochus at Larissa, emulated one another in their endeavors to secure him. But he was no more tempted by their gold than by that of Archelaus, the splendor of whose throne, obtained by guile and murder, failed to dazzle Socrates. He replied with the pride of a genuine republican that it ill befitted any man to accept benefits which he had no power of returning.

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SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC

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SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC, a French writer of literary extravaganzas (1619–1655), born at Paris. He was a famous duelist, and there is a fable that he fought more than a thousand single combats, most of them provoked by comments on his enormously overgrown nose. In style and composition he is without taste or judgment; but he is always sprightly and fanciful, often witty and ingenious. Boileau noted his "daring burlesque." He wrote: "Letters," amorous or satirical; a "Comic History of the States and Empire of the Moon," and another "Of the Sun," both full of metaphysical and satirical passages in the vein later made famous by Swift, to whom they are thought to have suggested "Gulliver." His one tragedy, "Agrippina," evinces great dramatic power; he wrote also a clever comedy, "The Pedant Laughing-Stock." Special interest in his life and work has been recently aroused by Rostand's popular play in which his semi-mythical deeds are portrayed.

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

(Translated by Alice Duff.)

THE moon was at its full — the sky cloudless, when returning from Clanard, where M. de Cingy, our proprietor, had been entertaining myself and several friends, the various thoughts to which the sight of that golden orb gave rise, made the subject of conversation during our homeward walk. One said that to him it was like a skylight in the heavens. Another that it was the sun himself, who with his rays darkened, was looking out through a hole to see what was going on in the world when he himself was absent. But I declared, that for me, without wishing to criticise the amusing theories of others, the moon is a world like our own, to which our own serves as a moon. Some of the company received this idea with a great burst of laughter. "Even so, perhaps," I said, "they are laughing in the moon at some one who maintains that our globe is a world." Notwithstanding my efforts to show them that many wise men had been of this opinion, they only laughed the more.

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This train of thought, strengthened by contradiction, so engrossed me that I was oblivious to all else. My mind was filled with a thousand wild fancies as to the moon, until by force of trying to support them by serious reasons, I had arrived at a pass little short of utter confusion. Then, a miracle or accident, Providence, chance, vision, chimera, or madness, what you will, furnished me the occasion leading to my story.

Arrived at my house I found upon the table in my study, an open book which I had not placed there. It was Cardan's, and although I had no intention of reading in it, my eyes fell, as if by force, upon a certain history of this philosopher, who tells, that while studying one evening by candle light, he saw enter through closed doors two tall old men. To his repeated interrogations, they at last replied, that they were inhabitants of the Moon, and at the same time disappeared. Surprised to find such a book open at such a page at such a time, what could I do but use the chain of circumstances as an inspiration to make known to men, that the Moon is a world!

"Wonderful," I said to myself, "after having talked all day on a certain subject, a book, perhaps the only one in the world which treats the matter so thoroughly, flies from my book-shelves to my table, becomes capable of reasoning, enough to open itself at the precise page where this marvelous adventure is recited: forces my eyes thereupon, furnishes my fancy with images, and my plans with the necessary designs. Doubtless the two old men who appeared to Cardan are the same who have disturbed my books and opened to this page to spare themselves the speech made to him. But how clear up the mystery without rising to the heights themselves! And why not? Did not Prometheus mount to the sky to steal the sacred fire? Am I less bold than he? have I less reason to hope for success?" This excitement was followed by a strong desire to realize something from my brilliant idea. I next shut myself up in a country house, and from there, having reduced my reveries to realities, this is how I mounted to the sky.

I had fastened about me a quantity of bottles filled with dew, upon which the sun darted its rays so powerfully that the heat which attracted them, as it does the clouds, raised me so high that I soon found myself above the middle region. But as this attraction made me mount too rapidly, and as instead of approaching the moon it seemed farther away than at my setting out, I broke several of my bottles until I felt my weight over-

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coming the attraction, and I began to descend towards the earth. My idea was correct, as I found afterwards. Counting from the time I set out, it must now be midnight, but the sun was higher above the horizon than it was at noon. Imagine my astonishment! Not knowing to what else to attribute this miracle, I had the insolence to imagine that in recognition of my daring, God had once more made the sun to stand still in the heavens to heighten the effect of such a brilliant enterprise.

I was surprised not to recognize the country about me, since, having mounted in a direct line, I should have descended to the same place whence I started. Equipped, however, as I was, I moved towards a sort of hut, where I noticed smoke rising, and was only a pistol shot distant when I was surrounded by a number of naked men. They seemed greatly surprised at my appearance as it was doubtless the first time they had ever seen anyone dressed in bottles. To make the situation still more curious they saw that in walking, my feet scarcely touched the ground, but they could not know that at the least motion I gave my body, the heat of the southern rays lifted me with my dew, and that if I had not lost some of my bottles, I would be raised up out of sight before their very eyes. I would have spoken to them, but as if fright had changed them into birds, in a moment they were lost from sight in a neighboring wood. I caught one, however, whose legs were even worse than his spirit, and asked him how far I was from Paris, and since when in France, people stalked about without clothing; and why they fled from me in such terror. The old man threw himself at my feet and, joining his hands high behind his head, opened his mouth and shut his eyes; then mumbled a long time between his teeth, but as I could not discover that he articulated at all, I decided that his language was only the harsh effort of the mute.

. . . . . .

The two professors, whom we were awaiting, entered almost immediately, and we proceeded to put ourselves at table, where the young man was already seated. They greeted him most solemnly, with the profound deference of a slave to his master. On asking the reason of this, I was told it was on account of the man's youth, because in this world the old pay every respect to the young, the fathers obeying their children as soon as by the decree of the Senate of the Philosophers, these chil-

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dren have attained the age of reason. "You are astonished," he continued "at a custom so contrary to any of your own country, but it is reasonable. Tell me, is not a man in the freshness and vigor of youth more capable of governing a family than an infirm sexagenarian, poor old dolt, whose imagination is chilled by the snows of sixty winters; who is led only by what you call experience; itself the simple effect of chance against all rules of the economy of human prudence. As to judgment, he has little enough also, although the vulgar of your world make it an attribute of age. For be it known, that what is called prudence in an old man is nothing but a panicky apprehension, a mad fear of undertaking anything which possesses him. So when he has not risked a danger where a young man is lost, it is not that he foresaw the catastrophe, but that he had not the necessary fire to kindle those noble enthusiasms which make us dare: while, on the contrary, the boldness of the young man was an earnest of his success, because the ardor which makes for promptness and ease of execution was also what pushed him to undertake."

State and Empire of the Sun.

(Translated by Alice Duff.)

We find that these spots on the Sun, which the ancients had not discovered, grow larger day by day; now what is it that takes place, if not that a crust is forming on its surface, its body dying as the light is taken away: and will it not become, when all the moving particles shall have abandoned it, an opaque globe, like the earth? There are far distant centuries, beyond which no vestige of man appears: perhaps the earth was formerly a sun, peopled with animals suited to the climate which had produced them, and perhaps these animals were the demons of which antiquity relates so many tales. Why not? May it not be that these animals, after the extinction of the earth, still lived there a certain time, and that the alteration of their globe did not entirely destroy the race? In fact, they were living up to the time of Augustus, as Plutarch has testified. It even seems that the sacred and prophetic Testament of our early patriarchs has wished to lead us to this truth; for we read of the revolt of the angels, before anything is said of men. Is not this period, observed by Scripture, a semi-proof that the

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angels dwelt on earth before we came? And that these proud beings, who had inhabited our world when it was a sun, disdaining, perhaps, after its extinction, to remain longer on it, and knowing that God had set His throne on the Sun, dared undertake to occupy it? But God, who wished to punish their audacity, chased them even from the earth and created man, less perfect, but, in consequence, less vainglorious, to fill their empty places.

After a journey of about five months, as nearly as one can tell, when there is no night to distinguish from day, I came to one of those little worlds (called Mamlae by the ancients), that revolve about the Sun. There, on account of the clouds interposed, my mirrors, no longer reuniting so much heat, and the air, in consequence, no longer pushing my cabin with such force, what remained of the wind sufficed only to sustain me in my fall, and I descended towards the top of a high mountain, where I landed gently. . . . After some time I reached a quagmire, where I found a little man, quite naked, resting on a stone. I do not remember if I spoke to him first, or if it was he who questioned me, but I remember perfectly, as if listening to him now, that he conversed with me during three full hours in a language that I had never heard, that has no likeness to anything of this earth, and which, however, I understood more quickly and clearly than that of my nurse. He explained to me, when I inquired concerning this marvel, that in science there is one truth, outside of which are only intricacies; that the farther an idiom is removed from this truth, the farther it falls below the thought, and the less easy it becomes to understand. "In the same way," continued he, "in music, this truth is never encountered, that a soul sufficiently elevated does not rush blindly to meet it. We do not see it, but we feel that Nature sees it, and without our comprehending in what way we are absorbed, it does not fail to enchant us: even though we cannot tell what it is. It is the same with languages; whoever meets this truth in words, letters, and so forth, can never, in expression, fall below his conception; he will always speak according to his thought, and it is because you have not the knowledge of this perfect idiom, that you are at a loss, and know neither the order nor the words that might express what you have imagined."

I said to him, that the first man of our world had undoubtedly used this language, because every name that he had given

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expressed the nature of its object. He interrupted me and continued, "This idiom is not only necessary to express all that the mind conceives, but without it, you cannot be understood everywhere. As it is the instinct or voice of nature, it ought to be understood by all who come under the influence of nature; that is why, if you had this knowledge, you could communicate all your thoughts to the beasts, and they could tell you theirs, because this is the language of nature herself, by which she makes herself understood by all animals." "Ah," cried I, "it was doubtless by the use of this idiom that our first father talked with the animals, and was understood by them, for as he had received dominion over all races, they obeyed him, because he spoke to them in a language they knew; and it is also for that (the mother-tongue being lost) that they do not come to us to-day, as formerly, when we call them, because they no longer understand us."

. . . . . .

Suspended thus in the empty heavens and already terrified at the death I expected from my fall, I turned my sad eyes toward the sun; my sight carried thither my thought, and my gaze, fixed on his globe, marked a way which my will could follow and so transport my body. . . . I will be silent as to the rest of my journey lest it should be as long in the telling as in the doing. Let it suffice that at the end of twenty-two months I landed very happily on the great plains of Light. This ground is like flakes of snow lit by a fire, so luminous is it. And here is something incredible enough; that after the fall of my box, I have never been able to understand whether I mounted or descended to the sun. I remember only that I arrived. I walked lightly, I touched the ground only with one spot, and I often rolled like a ball, finding it no more difficult to walk with my head than with my feet. Even when I sometimes had my feet in the air and my shoulders on the ground, I felt as much at my ease in this position as if I had had my feet on earth and my head in the air. On whatever part of the body I poised myself, on the back, on an elbow, or on an ear, I found myself standing there. I recognized from this fact that the sun is a world with no center of gravity and that as I was so far removed from the active sphere of our own and of all those that I had encountered, it was consequently impossible that I should still weigh anything, as weight is

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only an attraction to the center of gravity in the sphere of its activity.

The respect with which I imprinted my steps on this luminous country, suspended for a moment the ardor with which I burned to continue my journey. I felt ashamed to walk on the light: my body, astonished, wished to help itself by my eyes, and this transparent earth which they penetrated, not being able to sustain them, my instinct became, in spite of myself, master of my thought, and carried it farther and farther into the depths of a light without bottom. My reason, however, little by little disabused my instinct, and I trod the plain with steps so firm and proud, that could men have seen me from their world, they would have taken me for that great God who walks on the clouds. . . .

After walking, I should think about fifteen days, I came to a part of the Sun less resplendent than that I have described. I was quite overcome with joy, and imagined that this feeling proceeded from a secret sympathy that my body had retained for its denseness. This knowledge did not, however, cause me to desist from my enterprise; for I resembled those old men, who, knowing that sleep is harmful to them, and having given orders to their servants to keep them from napping, are yet very angry at being aroused. Thus while my body, becoming opaque in proportion as I advanced farther into these darker provinces, recontracted the weaknesses occasioned by this infirmity of matter, I felt weary and overcome with sleep. Those delicate languors that caress us at the approach of sleep, ran through my veins so pleasurably, that my conquered senses forced upon my soul a feeling of gratitude to the tyrant who chained his servitors; for sleep, that ancient tyrant of half our days, who, on account of old age, can neither support the light, nor even look at it without fainting, had been obliged to leave me at the entrance of the brilliant climates of the Sun, and had lain in wait for me here, on the borders of these dark regions, where, having caught me, he held me prisoner, inclosed my eyes, his declared enemies, under the black vault of my eyelids, and for fear lest my other senses, betraying him as they had betrayed me, should disturb him in the peaceful possession of his conquest, he bound them firmly to their places. All this signifies in two words, that I lay down on the sand and went to sleep. It was a bare, flat country, so open that my sight, direct it where I would, met not even a bush, and, nevertheless, on awak-

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ening, I found myself under a tree in comparison with which the highest cedar would seem like a blade of grass. Its trunk was of pure gold, its branches silver, and the leaves emeralds, the brilliant green of their sparkling surfaces reflecting like a mirror the fruits hanging above them. But judge if these fruits owed aught to the leaves. The flaming scarlet of a great carbuncle composed one-half of each; it was hard to tell if the other half were of chrysolite or a piece of golden amber; the wide-open flowers were roses of enormous diamonds and the buds, huge pear-shaped pearls.

A nightingale, most beautiful in his shining plumage, was perched high on a branch, and seemed, with his melodious lay, to wish to force the ears to confess to the eyes that he was not unworthy the throne on which he sat.

I remained a long time stupefied at such a marvelous spectacle, and could not look at it enough; but as all my thoughts were concentrated in admiration before one apple of a garnet hue, extraordinarily beautiful, made of several large rubies together, I noticed a movement in the little crown that made its head, which lengthened enough to form a neck. I then saw something, I could not tell what, of white, which, after having thickened itself, grown larger, came forward, pushed itself back in certain spots, appeared finally as the face of a little bust in flesh and blood. This little bust terminated in a ball at the waist, that is to say, below the waist it was still like an apple. It stretched itself, however, little by little, and the stem having formed two legs, each leg separated at the end into five toes. Being now humanized the apple detached itself from the stem, and with a light bound landed exactly at my feet. Certainly I admit that when I saw marching proudly before me this reasoning apple, this tiny dwarf no bigger than my thumb, and yet strong enough to create himself, I was seized with a feeling of veneration. "Human animal," said he, (in that mother-tongue of which I have told you elsewhere,) "having carefully considered you for a long time from the branch where I was hanging, I thought I read in your face that you were not a native of this world; therefore I came down that you might explain matters to me." When I had satisfied his curiosity on all the subjects about which he questioned me, "But you," I asked, "tell me who you are . . ." "You will not take it amiss," said he, "if I call about me my people, for I am king over all who compose this tree . . ."

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"For the rest, now that I see this little bird resolved to return to his own country, we, my subjects and I, will resume our own form and continue our journey. But it is only reasonable that I should first explain to you who we are: animals native to the sun in its lighted parts, for there is a great difference between the people who live in the luminous regions and those of the opaque countries. It is we, whom you on the earth call spirits, and your stupid presumption has given us this name, because, being unable to imagine any animal more perfect than man, seeing that things quite beyond your human power are done by certain creatures, you thought these animals were spirits. You are wholly wrong. We are animals like you, for, although, when we so wish we can give to our substance, (as you have just seen,) the form and figure of the things into which we wish to change ourselves, that does not prove that we are spirits. But listen, and I will explain how all these metamorphoses which seem to you so many miracles are nothing more than purely natural effects. You must know that, being born in the light part of this great world, where the principle of all matter is to be in action, our imagination is much more active than that of the inhabitants of the opaque regions, and the substance of our bodies is also much more delicate. Now, that being granted, it is infallible that our imagination, meeting no obstacle in the matter of which we are composed, it arranges it as it wishes and becomes mistress of all our substance, makes it pass by moving all the particles in the order necessary to constitute in a large way what it had formed in a small one. Thus each one of us, having imagined the place and part of this precious tree to which he wished to change himself, and having by this effort of the imagination excited our substance to the necessary movements, we became transformed. Thus my eagle, with his eyes put out, had only to imagine that he saw, in order to have his sight return, for all our transformations are made by movement. That is why, when from leaves, fruit, flowers that we were, we turned into men, you saw us dance for sometime afterward; because we were not yet recovered from the shock it had been necessary to give our systems to make ourselves into men. . . . You men cannot do these things on account of the heaviness of your substance, and the coldness of your imaginations."

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RICHARD HENRY DANA.

DANA, RICHARD HENRY, the elder, an American poet and prose-writer; born at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787; died there February 2, 1879. He entered Harvard College in 1808, but did not complete the course. He was admitted to the Boston bar in 1811. Literature pleased him better than law, and when, in 1818, Edward Tyrrell Channing became the editor of the "North American Review," Dana was associated with him. His literary criticisms, dissenting in various instances from received opinion, excited attention. Later Dana withdrew from the "Review," and in 1821 began the publication of "The Idle Man," to which he contributed the tales entitled "Tom Thornton," "Edward and Mary," and "Paul Fenton." It was not a financial success, and in 1822 it was discontinued. Dana's poems, "The Dying Raven" and "The Husband and Wife's Grave," appeared in 1825, in "The New York Review," then edited by Mr. Bryant. "The Buccaneer and Other Poems" was published in 1827. In 1823 Mr. Dana published a larger volume containing additional poems and the papers from "The Idle Man," and in 1850 "Poems and Prose Writings" in two volumes, which contain, besides the poems and articles already published, contributions to several periodicals. In 1839–40 Mr. Dana delivered a course of "Lectures on Shakespeare."

THE ISLAND.

(From "The Buccaneer.")

THE Island lies nine leagues away,
  Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
  No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home.
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
  And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck with her glossy breast
  Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

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And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men:
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear.
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done —
Come, listen how from crime this Isle was won.

The Doom of Lee.

(From "The Buccaneer.")

Who 's sitting on that long black ledge
Which makes so far out in the sea,
Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge?
Poor idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale? A year and little more,
And bravely did he lord it round this shore!

And on the shingles now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands;
Now walks the beach; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth wet sands;
Then tries each cliff and cove and jut that bounds
The isles; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand?
"I wish, I wish that I might go!
But I would go by land;
And there 's no way that I can find — I 've tried
All day and night!" — He seaward looked, and sighed.

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It brought the tear to many an eye
That once his eye had made to quail.
"Lee, go with us; our sloop is nigh;
Come! help us hoist her sail."
He shook. — "You know the Spirit Horse I ride!
He 'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O! 't is a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air, then rush to mimic strife:
Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life! —

But not to Lee. He sits alone;
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by woe, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye — oh, how his worn thoughts crave —
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

. . . . . .

To-night the charmèd number 's told.
"Twice have I come for thee," it said.
"Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one, to the dead!" —
So hears his soul, and fears the coming night;
Yet sick and weary of the soft calm light.

Again he sits within that room;
All day he leans at that still board;
None to bring comfort to his gloom,
Or speak a friendly word.
Weakened with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
Poor shattered wretch, there waits he that pale Horse.

Not long he waits. Where now are gone
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
Beautiful, while the west sun shone

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And bathed them in his flood
Of airy glory! — Sudden darkness fell;
And down they went, — peak, tower, citadel.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
Seals up the heavens. 'T is hush as death —
All but the ocean's dull low moan.
How hard Lee draws his breath!
He shudders as he feels the working Power.
Arouse thee, Lee! up! man thee for thine hour!

'T is close at hand; for there, once more,
The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
And shafted fire she showed before; —
Twice thus she hither came; —
But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A wasting light; then, settling, down she goes.

And where she sank, up slowly came
The Spectre Horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
He 'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor:
He 's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

They 're met. "I know thou com'st for me."
Lee's spirit to the Spectre said;
"I know that I must go with thee —
Take me not to the dead.
It was not I alone that did the deed!"
Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral Steed!

Lee cannot turn. There is a force
In that fixed eye which holds him fast.
How still they stand! — the man and horse.
"Thine hour is almost past."
"Oh, spare me," cries the wretch, "thou fearful one!"
"My time is full — I must not go alone."

"I 'm weak and faint. Oh let me stay!"
"Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!"
The horse and man are on their way;
He bears him to the sea.
Hark! how the Spectre breathes through this still night!
See, from his nostrils streams a deathly light!

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He 's on the beach, but stops not there;
  He 's on the sea! that dreadful horse!
Lee flings and writhes in wild despair!
  In vain! The spirit-corse
Holds him by fearful spell; he cannot leap.
Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

It lights the sea around their track —
  The curling comb, and dark steel wave:
There yet sits Lee the Spectre's back —
  Gone! gone! and none to save!
They 're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain;
  The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again,
  From the far south and north;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea. —
Oh, whither on its waters rideth Lee?

The Past.

It is not in connection with the eternal alone, that the past awakens reverence in us. So long as we suffer our minds to have their natural play, that which existed long before we came into being will call out something of filial respect; the Past will be reverenced as our great ancestor. Nor is this an unmeaning emotion. For whatever has been touches on whatever is; the Present would not be as it is, had the Past been different from what it was. As the peculiar gestures of the father are acted over again in the child, and as on the lip of the little one is still playing the mother's own smile, though she herself be gone, so the Past, by wonderful communication, infuses something of its own character into whatever follows it. He who has no reverence for the Past is an unnatural son, mocking at age, and forswearing his own father. And should this reverential feeling die out, and the children of this or the coming time make light of it, we may depend upon it, in its stead, passions will break into their social state, which shall rend them like the "two she-bears out of the wood. . . ."

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RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

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RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

DANA, RICHARD HENRY, JR., an American lawyer and politician: born at Cambridge, Mass., August 1, 1815; died at Rome, Italy, January 6, 1882. Compelled by an affection of the eyes to suspend his collegiate course at Harvard, he shipped in 1837 as a sailor, on a voyage to California. Of this voyage he gave an account in "Two Years Before the Mast," published in 1840. In that year he completed his course at Harvard; began the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1840, and entered upon practice. In 1861 he was appointed United States Attorney for Massachusetts, and in conjunction with Mr. Evarts he argued the prize cases before the Supreme Court in regard to the belligerent powers of the Government in time of rebellion. He was one of the United States Counsel for the trial of Jefferson Davis for treason, and in 1867–68 was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Besides the popular "Two Years Before the Mast," he published in 1841 "The Seaman's Friend," and in 1859, "To Cuba and Back." He also contributed articles to the "North American Review," and to legal periodicals.

DOUBLING THE CAPE.

(From "Two Years Before the Mast.")

IN our first attempt to double the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward, but, in running for the straits of Magellan we stood so far to the eastward, that we made our second at a distance of not more than four or five hundred miles; and we had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice, thinking that the easterly gales, which had prevailed for a long time, would have driven it to the westward. With the wind about two points free, the yards braced in a little, and two close-reefed topsails and a reefed fore-sail on the ship, we made great way toward the southward; and, almost every watch, when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sea to run higher. Still, we saw no ice, and had great hopes of going clear

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of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, while we were taking a *siesta* during our watch below, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice. "Tumble up here, men! — tumble up! — don't stop for your clothes — before we're upon it!" We sprang out of our berths and hurried upon deck. The loud, sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost. The helm was hard up, the after yards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing. Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced rigging, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard and with a creaking and rending sound, like pulling up a plank which has been frozen into the ice. The ship wore round fairly, the yards were steadied, and we stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the mist, and reaching high above our tops, while astern; and on either side of the island, large tracts of field-ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea. We were now safe, and standing to the northward; but, in a few minutes more, had it not been for the sharp look-out of the watch, we should have been fairly upon the ice, and left our ship's old bones adrift in the Southern ocean. After standing to the northward a few hours, we wore ship, and, the wind having hauled, we stood to the southward and eastward. All night long, a bright look-out was kept from every part of the deck; and whenever ice was seen on the one bow or the other, the helm was shifted and the yards braced, and by quick working of the ship she was kept clear. The accustomed cry of "Ice ahead!" — "Ice on the lee bow!" — "Another island!" in the same tones, and with the same orders following them, seemed to bring us directly back to our old position of the week before. During our watch on deck, which was from twelve to four, the wind came out ahead, with a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and we lay hove-to under a close-reefed fore top-sail, the whole watch. During the next watch it fell calm, with a drenching rain, until daybreak, when the wind came out to the westward, and the weather cleared up, and showed us the whole ocean, in the course which we should have steered, had it not been for the head wind and calm, completely blocked up with ice. Here then our progress was stopped, and we wore ship, and once more stood to the northward and eastward; not for the straits of Magellan, but to make another attempt to double the Cape, still farther to the eastward; for the

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captain was determined to get round if perseverance could do it, and the third time, he said, never failed.

With a fair wind we soon ran clear of the field-ice, and by noon had only the stray island floating far and near upon the ocean. The sun was out bright, the sea of a deep blue, fringed with the white foam of the waves which ran high before a strong southwester; our solitary ship tore on through the water as though glad to be out of her confinement; and the ice islands lay scattered upon the ocean here and there, of various sizes and shapes, reflecting the bright rays of the sun, and drifting slowly northward before the gale. It was a contrast to much that we had lately seen, and a spectacle not only of life; for it required but little fancy to imagine these islands to be animate masses which had broken loose from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," and were working their way by wind and current, some alone, and some in fleets, to milder climes. No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture, they are huge, uncouth masses, stuck in the sea, while their chief beauty and grandeur, — their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and cracking of their parts, — the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

From a northeast course we gradually hauled to the eastward, and after sailing about two hundred miles, which brought us as near to the western coast of Terra del Fuego as was safe, and having lost sight of the ice altogether, — for the third time we put the ship's head to the southward, to try the passage of the Cape. The weather continued clear and cold, with a strong gale from the westward, and we were fast getting up with the latitude of the Cape, with a prospect of soon being round. One fine afternoon, a man who had gone into the foretop to shift the rolling tackles, sung out, at the top of his voice, and with evident glee, — "Sail ho!" Neither land nor sail had we seen since leaving San Diego; and anyone who has traversed the length of a whole ocean alone can imagine what an excitement such an announcement produced on board. "Sail ho!" shouted the cook, jumping out of his galley; "Sail ho!" shouted a man, throwing back the slide of the scuttle, to the watch below, who were soon out of their berths and on deck; and "Sail ho!" shouted the captain down the companion way to the passenger

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in the cabin. Beside the pleasure of seeing a ship and human beings in so desolate a place, it was important for us to speak a vessel, to learn whether there was ice to the eastward, and to ascertain the longitude; for we had no chronometer, and had been drifting about so long that we had nearly lost our reckoning, and opportunities for lunar observation are not frequent or sure in such a place as Cape Horn. For these various reasons, the excitement in our little community was running high, and conjectures were made, and everything thought of for which the captain would hail, when the man aloft sung out — "Another sail large on the weather bow!" This was a little odd, but so much the better, and did not shake our faith in their being sails. At length the man in the top hailed, and said he believed it was land, after all. "Land in your eye!" said the mate, who was looking through the telescope; "they are ice islands, if I can see a hole through a ladder;" and a few moments showed the mate to be right; and all our expectations fled; and instead of what we most wished to see, we had what we most dreaded, and what we hoped we had seen the last of. We soon, however, left these astern, having passed within about two miles of them; and at sundown the horizon was clear in all directions.

Having a fine wind, we were soon up with and passed the latitude of the Cape, and having stood far enough to the southward to give it a wide berth, we began to stand to the eastward, with a good prospect of being round and steering to the northward on the other side, in a very few days. But ill luck seemed to have lighted upon us. Not four hours had we been standing on in this course, before it fell dead calm; and in half an hour it clouded up; a few straggling blasts, with spits of snow and sleet, came from the eastward; and in an hour more, we lay hove-to under a close-reefed main top-sail, drifting bodily off to leeward before the fiercest storm that we had yet felt, blowing dead ahead, from the eastward. It seemed as though the genius of the place had been roused at finding that we had nearly slipped through his fingers, and had come upon us with tenfold fury. The sailors said that every blast, as it shook the shrouds, and whistled through the rigging, said to the old ship, "No, you don't!" — "No, you don't!"

For eight days we lay drifting about in this manner. Sometimes, — generally towards noon, — it fell calm; once or twice a round copper ball showed itself for a few moments in the place where the sun ought to have been; and a puff or two came

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from the westward, giving some hope that a fair wind had come at last. During the first two days, we made sail for these puffs, shaking the reefs out of the top-sails and boarding the tacks of the courses; but finding that it only made work for us when the gale set in again, it was soon given up, and we lay-to under our close-reefs. We had less snow and hail than when we were farther to the westward, but we had an abundance of what is worse to a sailor in cold weather — drenching rain. Snow is blinding, and very bad when coming upon a coast, but, for genuine discomfort, give me rain with freezing weather. A snow-storm is exciting, and it does not wet through the clothes (which is important to a sailor); but a constant rain there is no escaping from. It wets to the skin, and makes all protection vain. We had long ago run through all our dry clothes, and as sailors have no other way of drying them than by the sun, we had nothing to do but to put on those which were the least wet. At the end of each watch, when we came below, we took off our clothes and wrung them out; two taking hold of a pair of trowsers, — one at each end, — and jackets in the same way. Stockings, mittens, and all, were wrung out also, and then hung up to drain and chafe dry against the bulkheads. Then, feeling of all our clothes, we picked out those which were the least wet, and put them on so as to be ready for a call, and turned-in, covered ourselves up with blankets, and slept until three knocks on the scuttle and the dismal sound of "All starbowlines ahoy! Eight bells, there below! Do you hear the news?" drawled out from on deck, and the sulky answer of "Aye, aye!" from below, sent us up again.

On deck, all was as dark as a pocket, and either a dead calm, with the rain pouring steadily down, or, more generally, a violent gale dead ahead with rain pelting horizontally, and occasional variations of hail and sleet; — deck afloat with water swashing from side to side, and constantly wet feet; for boots could not be wrung out like drawers, and no composition could stand the constant soaking. In fact, wet and cold feet are inevitable in such weather, and are not the least of those little items which go to make up the grand total of the discomforts of a winter passage round the Cape. Few words were spoken between the watches as they shifted, the wheel was relieved, the mate took his place on the quarter-deck, the look-outs in the bows; and each man had his narrow space to walk fore and aft in, or, rather, to swing himself forward and back in, from one belaying

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pin to another, — for the decks were too slippery with ice and water to allow of much walking. To make a walk, which is absolutely necessary to pass away the time, one of us hit upon the expedient of sanding the deck; and afterwards, whenever the rain was not so violent as to wash it off, the weatherside of the quarter-deck and a part of the waist and forecastle were sprinkled with the sand which we had on board for holystoning; and thus we made a good promenade, where we walked fore and aft, two and two, hour after hour, in our long, dull, and comfortless watches. The bells seemed to be an hour or two apart, instead of half an hour, and an age to elapse before the welcome sound of eight bells. The sole object was to make the time pass on. Any change was sought for, which would break the monotony of the time; and even the two hours' trick at the wheel, which came round to each of us, in turn, once in every other watch, was looked upon as a relief. Even the never-failing resource of long yarns, which eke out many a watch, seemed to have failed us now; for we had been so long together that we had heard each other's stories told over and over again, till we had them by heart; each one knew the whole history of each of the others, and we were fairly and literally talked out. Singing and joking we were in no humor for, and, in fact, any sound of mirth or laughter would have struck strangely upon our ears, and would not have been tolerated, any more than whistling, or a wind instrument. The last resort, that of speculating upon the future, seemed now to fail us, for our discouraging situation, and the danger we were really in (as we expected every day to find ourselves drifted back among the ice) "clapped a stopper" upon all that. From saying — "*when* we get home" — we began insensibly to alter it to — "*if* we get home" — and at last the subject was dropped by a tacit consent. In this state of things, a new light was struck out, and a new field opened, by a change in the watch. One of our watch was laid up for two or three days by a bad hand (for in cold weather the least cut or bruise ripens into a sore), and his place was supplied by the carpenter. This was a windfall, and there was quite a contest, who should have the carpenter to walk with him. As "Chips" was a man of some little education, and he and I had had a good deal of intercourse with each other, he fell in with me in my walk. He was a Fin, but spoke English very well, and gave me long accounts of his country; — the customs, the trade, the towns, what little he knew of the gov-

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ernment (I found he was no friend to Russia), his voyages, his first arrival in America, his marriage and courtship; — he had married a country woman of his, a dressmaker, whom he met with in Boston. I had very little to tell him of my quiet, sedentary life at home; and in spite of our best efforts, which had protracted these yarns through five or six watches, we fairly talked one another out, and I turned him over to another man in the watch, and put myself upon my own resources.

I commenced a deliberate system of time-killing, which united some profit with a cheering up of the heavy hours. As soon as I came on deck, and took my place and regular walk, I began with repeating over to myself a string of matters which I had in my memory, in regular order. First, the multiplication table and the tables of weights and measures; then the states of the Union, with their capitals; the counties of England with their shire towns; the kings of England in their order; and a large part of the peerage, which I committed from an almanac that we had on board; and then the Kanaka numerals. This carried me through my facts, and being repeated deliberately with long intervals, often eked out the two first bells. Then came the ten commandments; the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, and a few other passages from Scripture. The next in the order, that I never varied from, came Cowper's Castaway, which was a great favorite with me; the solemn measure and gloomy character of which, as well as the incident that it was founded upon, made it well suited to a lonely watch at sea. Then his lines to Mary, his address to the jackdaw, and a short extract from Table Talk (I abounded in Cowper, for I happened to have a volume of his poems in my chest); "Ille et nefasto" from Horace, and Gœthe's Erl King. After I had got through these, I allowed myself a more general range among everything that I could remember, both in prose and verse. In this way, with an occasional break by relieving the wheel, heaving the log, and going to the scuttle-butt for a drink of water, the longest watch was passed away; and I was so regular in my silent recitations, that if there was no interruption by ship's duty, I could tell very nearly the number of bells by my progress.

Our watches below were no more varied than the watch on deck. All washing, sewing, and reading was given up; and we did nothing but eat, sleep, and stand our watch, leading what might be called a Cape Horn life. The forecastle was too un-

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comfortable to sit up in; and whenever we were below, we were in our berths. To prevent the rain, and the sea-water which broke over the bows, from washing down, we were obliged to keep the scuttle closed, so that the forecastle was nearly air-tight. In this little, wet, leaky hole, we were all quartered in an atmosphere so bad that our lamp, which swung in the middle from the beams, sometimes actually burned blue, with a large circle of foul air about it. Still, I was never in better health than after three weeks of this life. I gained a great deal of flesh, and we all ate like horses. At every watch, when we came below, before turning-in, the bread barge and beef kid were overhauled. Each man drank his quart of hot tea night and morning; and glad enough we were to get it, for no nectar and ambrosia were sweeter to the lazy immortals, than was a pot of hot tea, a hard biscuit, and a slice of cold salt beef, to us after a watch on deck. To be sure, we were mere animals, and had this life lasted a year instead of a month, we should have been little better than the ropes in the ship. Not a razor, nor a brush, nor a drop of water, except the rain and the spray, had come near us all the time; for we were on an allowance of fresh water; and who would strip and wash himself in salt water on deck, in the snow and ice, with the thermometer at zero?

After about eight days of constant easterly gales, the wind hauled occasionally a little to the southward, and blew hard, which, as we were well to the southward, allowed us to brace in a little and stand on, under all the sail we could carry. These turns lasted but a short while, and sooner or later it set in again from the old quarter; yet at each time we made something, and were gradually edging along to the eastward. One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck, with the main-sail hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set if necessary. It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being as dark and thick as night could make it. The mainsail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck, and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out if they were called up so often; that as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly, we went upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of

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work. Our watch had been so reduced by sickness, and by some having been left in California, that, with one man at the wheel, we had only the third mate and three beside myself to go aloft; so that, at most, we could only attempt to furl one yard-arm at a time. We manned the weather yard-arm, and set to work to make a furl of it. Our lower masts being short and our yards very square, the sail had a head of nearly fifty feet, and a short leach, made still shorter by the deep reef which was in it, which brought the clue away out on the quarters of the yard, and made a bunt nearly as square as the mizzen royal-yard. Beside this difficulty, the yard over which we lay was cased with ice, the gaskets and rope of the foot and leach of the sail as stiff and hard as a piece of suction-hose, and the sail itself about as pliable as though it had been made of sheets of sheathing copper. It blew a perfect hurricane, with alternate blasts of snow, hail, and rain. We had to *fist* the sail with bare hands. No one could trust himself to mittens, for if he slipped, he was a gone man. All the boats were hoisted in on deck, and there was nothing to be lowered for him. We had need of every finger God had given us. Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it. It required men to lie over the yard to pass each turn of the gasket, and when they were passed, it was almost impossible to knot them so that they would hold. Frequently we were obliged to leave off altogether and take to beating our hands upon the sail, to keep them from freezing. After some time, — which seemed forever, — we got the weather side stowed after a fashion, and went over to leeward for another trial. This was still worse, for the body of the sail had been blown over to leeward, and as the yard was a-cock-bill by the lying over of the vessel, we had to light it all up to windward. When the yard-arms were furled, the bunt was all adrift again, which made more work for us. We got all secure at last, but we had been nearly an hour and half upon the yard, and it seemed an age. It had just struck five bells when we went up, and eight were struck soon after we came down. This may seem slow work; but considering the state of everything, and that we had only five men to a sail with just half as many square yards of canvas in it as the main-sail of the Independence, sixty-gun ship, which musters seven hundred men at her quarters, it is not wonderful that we were no quicker about it. We were glad enough to get on deck, and still more, to go below. The oldest sailor in

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the watch said, as he went down, — "I shall never forget that main yard; — it beat all my going a fishing. Fun is fun, but furling one yard-arm of a course, at a time, off Cape Horn, is no better than man-killing."

During the greater part of the next two days, the wind was pretty steady from the southward. We had evidently made great progress, and had good hope of being soon up with the Cape, if we were not there already. We could put but little confidence in our reckoning, as there had been no opportunities for an observation, and we had drifted too much to allow of our dead reckoning being anywhere near the mark. If it would clear off enough to give a chance for an observation, or if we could make land, we should know where we were; and upon these, and the chances of falling in with a sail from the eastward, we depended almost entirely.

Friday, July 22d. This day we had a steady gale from the southward, and stood on under close sail, with the yards eased a little by the weather braces, the clouds lifting a little, and showing signs of breaking away. In the afternoon, I was below with Mr. H——, the third mate, and two others, filling the bread locker in the steerage from the casks, when a bright gleam of sunshine broke out and shone down the companion-way and through the skylight, lighting up everything below, and sending a warm glow through the hearts of every one. It was a sight we had not seen for weeks, — an omen, a god-send. Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence. Just at that moment we heard a loud shout from all parts of the deck, and the mate called out down the companion-way to the captain who was sitting in the cabin. What he said, we could not distinguish, but the captain kicked over his chair, and was on deck at one jump. We could not tell what it was; and, anxious as we were to know, the discipline of the ship would not allow of our leaving our places. Yet, as we were not called, we knew there was no danger. We hurried to get through with our job, when, seeing the steward's black face peering out of the pantry, Mr. H—— hailed him, to know what was the matter. "Lan' o, to be sure, sir! No you hear 'em sing out, 'Lan' o?' De cap'em say 'im Cape Horn!"

This gave us a new start, and we were soon through our work, and on deck; and there lay the land, fair upon the larboard beam, and slowly edging away upon the quarter. All hands were busy looking at it, — the captain and mates from the

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quarter-deck, the cook from his galley, and the sailors from the forecastle; and even Mr. N., the passenger, who had kept in his shell for nearly a month, and hardly been seen by anybody, and who we had almost forgotten was on board, came out like a butterfly, and was hopping round as bright as a bird.

The land was the island of Staten Land, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate-looking spot I never wish to set eyes upon, — bare, broken, and girt with rocks and ice, with here and there, between the rocks and broken hillocks, a little stunted vegetation of shrubs. It was a place well suited to stand at the junction of the two oceans, beyond the reach of human cultivation, and encounter the blasts and snows of a perpetual winter. Yet, dismal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us; not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us that we had passed the Cape, — were in the Atlantic, — and that, with twenty-four hours of this breeze, might bid defiance to the Southern ocean. It told us, too, our latitude and longitude better than any observation; and the captain now knew where we were, as well as if we were off the end of Long wharf.

In the general joy, Mr. N. said he should like to go ashore upon the island and examine a spot which probably no human being had ever set foot upon; but the captain intimated that he would see the island — specimens and all — in another place, before he would get out a boat or delay the ship one moment for him.

We left the land gradually astern; and at sundown had the Atlantic Ocean clear before us.

It is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but as it had now set in a strong, steady, and clear southwester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail. In a moment, the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert, and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due southwest, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed

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sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the top-sails, and the reefed fore-sail set. When we came to mast-head the top-sail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up "Cheerily, men," with a chorus which might have been heard half-way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarter-deck — "Another reef out of that fore top-sail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows: the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still, everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taught; tackles got upon the backstays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship — "Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going, — when the captain called out — "Mr. Brown, get up the top-mast studding-sail! What she can't carry she may drag!" The mate looked a moment; but he would let no man be before him in daring. He sprang forward, — "Hurrah, men! rig out the topmast studding-sail boom! Lay aloft, and I 'll send the rigging up to you!" — We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girt line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the "old man" was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new top-mast studding-sail made with a reef in it, — a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the top-sail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding-sail with

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reefed top-sails was rather a new thing; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole top-sail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block; but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to her centre. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of a short, tough, upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taught to take off the strain. Every rope-yard seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her, — slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship — "Hurrah, you jade, you 've got the scent! — you know where you 're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking, "There she goes! — There she goes, — handsomely! — As long as she cracks she holds!" — while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going much faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the

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Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey-jackets must come off; and cold as it was, we stood in our shirt-sleeves, in a perspiration; and we were glad enough to have it eight bells, and the wheel relieved. We turned-in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

At four o'clock, we were called again. The same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and, indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything toward taking it in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go — the weakest stick or rope first — and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her; and the water poured over the sprit-sail yard as it would over a dam. Toward daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown, determined to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week, — hove-to. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the outhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than the ship tore on again like one that was mad, and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day came on, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to; though nearly half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to, the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet

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it was in vain to try to take it in — the clewline was not strong enough; and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yaw and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in, with a crash, against the lower rigging. The outhaul block gave way, and the topmast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clewline gave way at the first pull; the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off, and the sail blew round the sprit-sail yard and head guys, which gave us a bad job to get it in. A half hour served to clear all away, and she was suffered to drive on with her top-mast studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

During all this day and the next night, we went on under the same sail, the gale blowing with undiminished force; two men at the wheel all the time; watch and watch, and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship, and be blown along; — until the noon of the next day —

Sunday, July 24th, when we were in latitude 50° 27′ S., longitude 62° 13′ W., having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty-four hours. Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, northeast, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over her taffrail, she went gloriously on; every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern, and every hour bringing us nearer to home, and to warm weather. Many a time, when blocked up in the ice, with everything dismal and discouraging about us, had we said, — if we were only fairly round, and standing north on the other side, we should ask for no more: — and now we had it all, with a clear sea, and as much wind as a sailor could pray for. If the best part of a voyage is the last part, surely we had all now that we could wish. Every one was in the highest spirits, and the ship seemed as glad as any of us at getting out of her confinement. At each change of the watch, those coming on deck asked those going below — "How does she go along?" and got for answer the rate, and the customary addition — "Aye! and the Boston girls have had hold of the tow-rope all the watch, and can't haul half the slack in!" Each day the sun rose higher in the horizon, and the nights grew shorter; and at coming on deck each morning, there was a

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sensible change in the temperature. The ice, too, began to melt from off the rigging and spars, and, except a little which remained in the tops and round the hounds of the lower masts, was soon gone. As we left the gale behind us, the reefs were shaken out of the top-sails, and sail made as fast as she could bear it; and every time all hands were sent to the halyards, a song was called for, and we hoisted away with a will.

Sail after sail was added, as we drew into fine weather; and in one week after leaving Cape Horn, the long top-gallant masts were got up, top-gallant and royal yards crossed, and the ship restored to her fair proportions.

The Southern Cross we saw no more after the first night; the Magellan Clouds settled lower and lower in the horizon; and so great was our change of latitude each succeeding night, that we sank some constellation in the south, and raised another in the northern horizon.

Sunday, July 31*st.* At noon we were in latitude 36° 41′ S., longitude 38° 08′ W.; having traversed the distance of two thousand miles, allowing for changes of course, in nine days. A thousand miles in four days and a half! — This is equal to steam.

Soon after eight o'clock, the appearance of the ship gave evidence that this was the first Sunday we had yet had in fine weather. As the sun came up clear, with the promise of a fair, warm day, and, as usual on Sunday, there was no work going on, all hands turned-to upon clearing out the forecastle. The wet and soiled clothes which had accumulated there during the past month, were brought up on deck; the chest moved; brooms, buckets of water, swabs, scrubbing-brushes, and scrapers carried down, and applied, until the forecastle floor was as white as chalk, and everything neat and in order. The bedding from the berths was then spread on deck, and dried, and aired; the deck-tub filled with water; and a grand washing began of all the clothes which were brought up. Shirts, frocks, drawers, trowsers, jackets, stockings, of every shape and color, wet and dirty — many of them mouldy from having been lying a long time wet in a foul corner — these were all washed and scrubbed out, and finally towed overboard for half an hour, and then made fast in the rigging to dry. Wet boots and shoes were spread out to dry in sunny places on deck; and the whole ship looked like a back yard on a washing day. After we had done with our clothes, we began upon our own persons. A little

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fresh water, which we had saved from our allowance, was put in buckets, and, with soap and towels, we had what sailors call a fresh-water wash. The same bucket, to be sure, had to go through several hands, and was spoken for by one after another, but as we rinsed off in salt water, pure from the ocean, and the fresh was used only to start the accumulated grime and blackness of five weeks, it was held of little consequence. We soaped down and scrubbed one another with towels and pieces of canvas, stripping to it; and then, getting into the head, threw buckets of water upon each other. After this came shaving, and combing, and brushing; and when, having spent the first part of the day in this way, we sat down on the forecastle, in the afternoon, with clean duck trowsers and shirts on, washed, shaved, and combed, and looking a dozen shades lighter for it, reading, sewing, and talking at our ease, with a clear sky and warm sun over our heads, a steady breeze over the larboard quarter, studding-sails out alow and aloft, and all the flying kites abroad; — we felt that we had got back into the pleasantest part of a sailor's life. At sundown the clothes were all taken down from the rigging clean and dry — and stowed neatly away in our chests; and our southwesters, thick boots, guernsey frocks, and other accompaniments of bad weather, put out of the way, we hoped, for the rest of the voyage, as we expected to come upon the coast early in autumn.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom, upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from

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the deck, I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel;—and, there, rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high; the two lower studding-sails stretching on each side, far beyond the deck; the top-mast studding-sails, like wings to the top-sails; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and highest of all, the little sky-sail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble, they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail — so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight, that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails — "How quietly they do their work!"

The fine weather brought work with it, as the ship was to be put in order for coming into port. This may give a landsman some notion of what is done on board ship. — All the first part of a passage is spent in getting a ship ready for sea, and the last part in getting her ready for port. She is, as sailors say, like a lady's watch, always out of repair. The new, strong sails, which we had up off Cape Horn, were to be sent down, and the old set, which were still serviceable in fine weather, to be bent in their place, all the rigging to be set up, fore and aft; the masts stayed; the standing rigging to be tarred down; lower and top-mast rigging rattled down, fore and aft; the ship scraped, inside and out, and painted; decks varnished; new and neat knots, seizings and coverings to be fitted; and every part put in order, to look well to the owner's eye, on coming into Boston. This, of course, was a long matter; and all hands were kept on deck at work for the whole of each day, during the rest of the voyage. Sailors call this hard usage; but the ship must be in

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crack order, and "we're homeward bound" was the answer to everything.

We went on for several days, employed in this way, nothing remarkable occurring; and, at the latter part of the week, fell in with the southeast trades, blowing about east-southeast, which brought them nearly two points abaft our beam. These blew strong and steady, so that we hardly started a rope, until we were beyond their latitude. The first day of "all hands," one of those little incidents occurred, which are nothing in themselves, but are great matters in the eyes of a ship's company, as they serve to break the monotony of a voyage, and afford conversation to the crew for days afterwards. These small matters, too, are often interesting, as they show the customs and state of feeling on ship-board.

In merchant vessels, the captain gives his orders, as to the ship's work, to the mate, in a general way, and leaves the execution of them, with the particular ordering, to him. This has become so fixed a custom, that it is like a law, and is never infringed upon by a wise master, unless his mate is no seaman; in which case, the captain must often oversee things for himself. This, however, could not be said of our chief mate; and he was very jealous of any encroachment upon the borders of his authority.

On Monday morning, the captain told him to stay the fore top-mast plumb. He accordingly came forward, turned all hands to, with tackles on the stays and back-stays, coming up with the seizings, hauling here, belaying there, and full of business, standing between the knight-heads to sight the mast, — when the captain came forward, and also began to give orders. This made confusion, and the mate, finding that he was all aback, left his place and went aft, saying to the captain —

"If you come forward, sir, I'll go aft. One is enough on the forecastle."

This produced a reply, and another fierce answer; and the words flew, fists were doubled up, and things looked threateningly.

"I'm master of this ship."

"Yes, sir, and I mate of her, and know my place! My place is forward, and yours is aft!"

"My place is where I choose! I command the *whole* ship, and you are mate only so long as I choose!"

"Say the word, Capt. T., and I'm done! I can do a man's work aboard! I did n't come through the cabin windows! If I'm not mate, I can be man," etc., etc.

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This was all fun for us, who stood by, winking at each other, and enjoying the contest between the higher powers. The captain took the mate aft; and they had a long talk, which ended in the mate's returning to his duty. The captain had broken through a custom which is a part of the common-law of a ship, and without reason, for he knew that his mate was a sailor, and needed no help from him; and the mate was excusable for being angry. Yet he was wrong and the captain right. Whatever the captain does is right, ipso facto, and any opposition to it is wrong, on board ship; and every officer and man knows this when he signs the ship's articles. It is a part of the contract. Yet there has grown up in merchant vessels a series of customs, which have become a well understood system, and have almost the force of prescriptive law. To be sure, all power is in the captain, and the officers hold their authority only during his will; and the men are liable to be called upon for any service; yet, by breaking in upon these usages, many difficulties have occurred on board ship, and even come into courts of justice, which are perfectly unintelligible to any one not acquainted with the universal nature and force of these customs. Many a provocation has been offered, and a system of petty oppression pursued towards men, the force and meaning of which would appear as nothing to strangers, and doubtless do appear so to many "'longshore" juries and judges.

The next little diversion, was a battle on the forecastle, one afternoon, between the mate and the steward. They had been on bad terms the whole voyage; and had threatened a rupture several times. This afternoon, the mate asked him for a tumbler of water, and he refused to get it for him, saying that he waited upon nobody but the captain; and here he had the custom on his side. But in answering, he left off "the handle to the mate's name." This enraged the mate, who called him a "a black soger;" and at it they went, clenching, striking, and rolling over and over; while we stood by, looking on, and enjoying the fun. The darkey tried to butt him, but the mate got him down, and held him, the steward singing out, "Let me go, Mr. Brown, or there'll be blood spilt!" In the midst of this, the captain came on deck, separated them, took the steward aft, and gave him half a dozen with a rope's end. The steward tried to justify himself; but he had been heard to talk of spilling blood, and that was enough to earn him his flogging; and the captain did not choose to inquire any further.

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SAMUEL DANIEL.

Daniel, Samuel, an English poet and historian, and rhyming chronicler; born at Taunton, 1562; died at Beckington, Somerset, October 14, 1619. After the death of Edmund Spenser he became laureate to Queen Elizabeth. His principal works are "The Historie of the Civile Warres betweene the Houses of York and Lancaster," a poem in eight books, and a "History of England," from the Norman Conquest down to the close of the reign of Edward III. He also wrote numerous dramatic pieces, short poems, and several treatises in prose. Daniel was a very popular poet in his day.

Richard II. on the Morning before his Murder.

The morning of that day which was his last,
  After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
  Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
  Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see,
  Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
  That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
  Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou sittest at home safe by thy quiet fire,
  And hearest of others' harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tellest of Kings, and who aspire,
  Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talkest of me, and dost inquire
  Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part — envy not all.

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"Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, even in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil."

Sonnet to Sleep.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.

I.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thought so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

II.

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honor, power, renown,

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DEATH OF RICHARD II.

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Are only gay afflictions, golden foil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

IV.

Nor is he moved by all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes —
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appall him not that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

VI.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack me,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes — he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

VII.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

X.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women used to do, yet well you know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued; leaving to Him to avenge
To whom it appertains: Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still will bark: —

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XI.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

XIV.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind —
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

XV.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In the inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts —
Out of small means — a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

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DANTE.

Dante (Durante Alighieri), an Italian poet, born at Florence, in 1265; died at Ravenna, September 14, 1321. The name "Dante," by which he is universally designated, is a contraction of his baptismal name "Durante." While a youth he mastered most of the learning of his time. As early as the close of his ninth year he for the first time saw Beatrice Portinari, a girl of noble family, some months younger than himself. Dante, however, seems to have scarcely known Beatrice as she grew up into womanhood. When about twenty years of age she was married to Simone de' Bardi; and died in 1290 at the age of twenty-five. In 1302 the party to which Dante was then attached was overthrown. Dante was, with some others, condemned to perpetual exile and to the payment of a heavy fine, the offence charged against him being that of official malversation. Dante never again saw his native Florence.

Dante lived nineteen years after his exile from Florence. The greater portion of these years was passed in Northern Italy. At times he appears to have been in a condition of extreme destitution; at times he was under the protection of one noble or another. About two years before his death we find him living at Ravenna under the protection of Guido da Polenta, by whom he was sent on an embassy to the Venetians, from which he returned to Ravenna, bearing the seeds of a fatal fever contracted in the miasmatic lagoons.

Besides the "Vita Nuova" and the "Convito" Dante wrote several minor works in Italian and Latin, in verse and prose. The most important of these is the Latin treatise "De Monarchia," written, probably, between 1310 and 1313. But Dante's fame rests mainly upon his poem, the "Divina Commedia." In this poem Dante is in vision conducted through the realms of the Infernal Regions, of Purgatory, and of Paradise; Virgil being his divinely appointed guide through the first two realms, and Beatrice through the third. The "Inferno" was probably completed about the year 1314; the "Purgatorio" some three years later; and the "Paradiso" not long before the death of Dante, in 1321.—There have been many translations of Dante into English. The best translations of the entire "Divina Commedia" are those of Cary (1819)

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and of Longfellow (1867–70). Cary's translation is in blank verse; Longfellow's is in unrhymed triplets. Mr. Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, has made perhaps the best translation of the "Inferno" (Cantos I.–X., 1843, the remaining Cantos in 1867); in this the triple rhyme, as well as the metre of the original, is exceedingly well represented. The prose translation of the "Inferno" by Dr. John Carlyle is admirably executed and annotated.

Dante's First Sight of Beatrice.

(From "The New Life" ["La Vita Nuova"]; translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.)

I. In that part of the book of my memory before the which is little that can be read, there is a rubric, saying, *Incipit Vita Nova*. Under such rubric I find written many things; and among them the words which I purpose to copy into this little book; if not all of them, at the least their substance.

II. Nine times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the selfsame point almost, as concerns its own revolution, when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore. She had already been in this life for so long as that, within her time, the starry heaven had moved towards the Eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year almost, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.* At that moment the animate spirit, which dwelleth in the lofty chamber whither all the senses carry their perceptions, was filled with wonder, and speaking more especially unto the spirits of the eyes, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra.* At that moment the natural spirit, which dwelleth there where our nourishment is administered, began to weep, and in weeping said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps.*

I say that, from that time forward, Love quite governed my soul; which was immediately espoused to him, and with so safe

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DANTE'S FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE

From Painting by Henry Haliday

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and undisputed a lordship (by virtue of strong imagination) that I had nothing left for it but to do all his bidding continually. He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the Angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." And albeit her image, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard. But seeing that were I to dwell overmuch on the passions and doings of such early youth, my words might be counted something fabulous, I will therefore put them aside; and passing many things that may be conceived by the pattern of these, I will come to such as are writ in my memory with a better distinctness.

III. After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being, on the last of those days it happened that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed: and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was exactly the ninth of that day; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated. And betaking me to the loneliness of mine own room, I fell to thinking of this most courteous lady, thinking of whom I was overtaken by a pleasant slumber, wherein a marvellous vision was presented to me: for there appeared to be in my room a mist of the color of fire, within the which I discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see. Speaking he said many things, among the which I could understand but few; and of these, this: *Ego dominus tuus.* In his arms it seemed to me that a person was sleeping, covered only with a blood-colored cloth; upon whom looking very attentively, I knew that it was the lady of the salu-

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tation who had deigned the day before to salute me. And he who held her held also in his hand a thing that was burning in flames; and he said to me, *Vide cor tuum.* But when he had remained with me a little while, I thought that he set himself to awaken her that slept; after the which he made her to eat that thing which flamed in his hand; and she ate as one fearing. Then having waited again a space, all his joy was turned into most bitter weeping; and as he wept he gathered the lady into his arms, and it seemed to me that he went with her up towards heaven: whereby such a great anguish came upon me that my light slumber could not endure through it, but was suddenly broken. And immediately having considered, I knew that the hour wherein this vision had been made manifest to me was the fourth hour (which is to say, the first of the nine last hours) of the night.

Then, musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep. And the sonnet I made was this:—

To every heart which the sweet pain doth move,
  And unto which these words may now be brought
  For true interpretation and kind thought,
Be greeting in our Lord's name, which is Love.
Of those long hours wherein the stars, above,
  Wake and keep watch, the third was almost naught,
  When Love was shown me with such terrors fraught
As may not carelessly be spoken of.
He seemed like one who is full of joy, and had
  My heart within his hand, and on his arm
  My lady, with a mantle round her, slept;
Whom (having wakened her) anon he made
  To eat that heart; she ate, as fearing harm.
  Then he went out; and as he went, he wept.

This sonnet is divided into two parts. In the first part I give greeting, and ask an answer; in the second, I signify what thing has to be answered to. The second part commences here: "Of those long hours."

To this sonnet I received many answers, conveying many different opinions; of the which one was sent by him whom I

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now call the first among my friends, and it began thus, "Unto my thinking thou beheld'st all worth." And indeed, it was when he learned that I was he who had sent those rhymes to him, that our friendship commenced. But the true meaning of that vision was not then perceived by any one, though it be now evident to the least skilful.

IV. From that night forth, the natural functions of my body began to be vexed and impeded, for I was given up wholly to thinking of this most gracious creature: whereby in short space I became so weak and so reduced that it was irksome to many of my friends to look upon me; while others, being moved by spite, went about to discover what it was my wish should be concealed. Wherefore I (perceiving the drift of their unkindly questions), by Love's will, who directed me according to the counsels of reason, told them how it was Love himself who had thus dealt with me: and I said so, because the thing was so plainly to be discerned in my countenance that there was no longer any means of concealing it. But when they went on to ask, "And by whose help hath Love done this?" I looked in their faces smiling, and spake no word in return.

V. Now it fell on a day, that this most gracious creature was sitting where words were to be heard of the Queen of Glory; and I was in a place whence mine eyes could behold their beatitude: and betwixt her and me, in a direct line, there sat another lady of a pleasant favor; who looked round at me many times, marvelling at my continued gaze which seemed to have *her* for its object. And many perceived that she thus looked; so that departing thence, I heard it whispered after me, "Look you to what a pass *such a lady* hath brought him;" and in saying this they named her who had been midway between the most gentle Beatrice and mine eyes. Therefore I was reassured, and knew that for that day my secret had not become manifest. Then immediately it came into my mind that I might make use of this lady as a screen to the truth: and so well did I play my part that the most of those who had hitherto watched and wondered at me, now imagined they had found me out. By her means I kept my secret concealed till some years were gone over; and for my better security, I even made divers rhymes in her honor; whereof I shall here write only as much as concerneth the most gentle Beatrice, which is but a very little.

VI. Moreover, about the same time while this lady was a screen for so much love on my part, I took the resolution to set

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down the name of this most gracious creature accompanied with many other women's names, and especially with hers whom I spake of. And to this end I put together the names of sixty of the most beautiful ladies in that city where God had placed mine own lady; and these names I introduced in an epistle in the form of a *sirvent;* which it is not my intention to transcribe here. Neither should I have said anything of this matter, did I not wish to take note of a certain strange thing, to wit: that having written the list, I found my lady's name would not stand otherwise than ninth in order among the names of these ladies.

VII. Now it so chanced with her by whose means I had thus long time concealed my desire, that it behooved her to leave the city I speak of, and to journey afar: wherefore I, being sorely perplexed at the loss of so excellent a defence, had more trouble than even I could before have supposed. And thinking that if I spoke not somewhat mournfully of her departure, my former counterfeiting would be the more quickly perceived, I determined that I would make a grievous sonnet therefore; the which I will write here, because it hath certain words in it whereof my lady was the immediate cause, as will be plain to him that understands. And the sonnet was this: —

All ye that pass along Love's trodden way,
Pause ye awhile and say
  If there be any grief like unto mine:
I pray you that you hearken a short space
Patiently, if my case
  Be not a piteous marvel and a sign.

Love (never, certes, for my worthless part,
But of his own great heart)
  Vouchsafed to me a life so calm and sweet
That oft I heard folk question as I went
What such great gladness meant: —
  They spoke of it behind me in the street.

But now that fearless bearing is all gone
  Which with Love's hoarded wealth was given me;
  Till I am grown to be
So poor that I have dread to think thereon.

And thus it is that I, being like as one
  Who is ashamed and hides his poverty,
  Without seem full of glee,
And let my heart within travail and moan.

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This poem has two principal parts; for, in the first, I mean to call the Faithful of Love in those words of Jeremias the Prophet, "O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus," *and to pray them to stay and hear me. In the second I tell where Love had placed me, with a meaning other than that which the last part of the poem shows, and I say what I have lost. The second part begins here,* "*Love* (*never, certes*)."

VIII. A certain while after the departure of that lady, it pleased the Master of the Angels to call into His glory a damsel, young and of a gentle presence, who had been very lovely in the city I speak of: and I saw her body lying without its soul among many ladies, who held a pitiful weeping. Whereupon, remembering that I had seen her in the company of excellent Beatrice, I could not hinder myself from a few tears; and weeping, I conceived to say somewhat of her death, in guerdon of having seen her somewhile with my lady; which thing I spake of in the latter end of the verses that I writ in this matter, as he will discern who understands. And I wrote two sonnets, which are these: —

I.

Weep, Lovers, sith Love's very self doth weep,
  And sith the cause for weeping is so great;
  When now so many dames, of such estate
In worth, show with their eyes a grief so deep
For Death the churl has laid his leaden sleep
  Upon a damsel who was fair of late,
  Defacing all our earth should celebrate, —
Yea, all save virtue, which the soul doth keep.
Now hearken how much Love did honor her.
  I myself saw him in his proper form
    Bending above the motionless sweet dead,
And often gazing into Heaven; for there
  The soul now sits which when her life was warm
    Dwelt with the joyful beauty that is fled.

This first sonnet is divided into three parts. In the first, I call and beseech the Faithful of Love to weep; and I say that their Lord weeps, and that they, hearing the reason why he weeps, shall be more minded to listen to me. In the second, I relate this reason. In the third, I speak of honor done by Love to this Lady. The second part begins here, "*When now so many dames;*" *the third here,* "*Now hearken.*"

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II.

Death, always cruel, Pity's foe in chief,
Mother who brought forth grief,
  Merciless judgment and without appeal!
  Since thou alone hast made my heart to feel
  This sadness and unweal,
My tongue upbraideth thee without relief.

And now (for I must rid thy name of ruth)
Behoves me speak the truth
  Touching thy cruelty and wickedness:
  Not that they be not known; but ne'ertheless
  I would give hate more stress
With them that feed on love in very sooth.

Out of this world thou hast driven courtesy;
  And virtue, dearly prized in womanhood;
  And out of youth's gay mood
The lovely lightness is quite gone through thee.

Whom now I mourn, no man shall learn from me
  Save by the measure of these praises given.
  Whoso deserves not Heaven
May never hope to have her company.

This poem is divided into four parts. In the first, I address Death by certain proper names of hers. In the second, speaking to her, I tell the reason why I am moved to denounce her. In the third, I rail against her. In the fourth, I turn to speak to a person undefined, although defined in my own conception. The second part commences here, "Since thou alone;" the third here, "And now (for I must);" the fourth here, "Whoso deserves not."

IX. Some days after the death of this lady, I had occasion to leave the city I speak of, and to go thitherwards where she abode who had formerly been my protection; albeit the end of my journey reached not altogether so far. And notwithstanding that I was visibly in the company of many, the journey was so irksome that I had scarcely sighing enough to ease my heart's heaviness; seeing that as I went, I left my beatitude behind me. Wherefore it came to pass that he who ruled me by virtue of my most gentle lady was made visible to my mind, in the light habit of a traveller, coarsely fashioned. He appeared to me troubled, and looked always on the ground;

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saving only that sometimes his eyes were turned towards a river which was clear and rapid, and which flowed along the path I was taking. And then I thought that Love called me and said to me these words: "I come from that lady who was so long thy surety; for the matter of whose return, I know that it may not be. Wherefore I have taken that heart which I made thee leave with her, and do bear it unto another lady, who, as she was, shall be thy surety" (and when he named her I knew her well). "And of these words I have spoken if thou shouldst speak any again, let it be in such sort as that none shall perceive thereby that thy love was feigned for her, which thou must now feign for another." And when he had spoken thus, Love became a part of myself: so that, changed as all my imagining was gone suddenly, for it seemed to me that it were in mine aspect, I rode on full of thought the whole of that day, and with heavy sighing. And the day being over, I wrote this sonnet: —

A DAY agone, as I rode sullenly
  Upon a certain path that liked me not,
  I met Love midday while the air was hot,
Clothed lightly as a wayfarer might be,
And for the cheer he showed, he seemed to me
  As one who hath lost lordship he had got;
  Advancing tow'rds me full of sorrowful thought,
Bowing his forehead so that none should see.
Then as I went, he called me by my name,
  Saying: "I journey since the morn was dim
    Thence where I made thy heart to be: which now
I needs must bear unto another dame."
  Wherewith so much passed into me of him
    That he was gone, and I discerned not how.

This sonnet has three parts. In the first part, I tell how I met Love, and of his aspect. In the second, I tell what he said to me, although not in full through the fear I had of discovering my secret. In the third, I say how he disappeared. The second part commences here, "Then as I went;" the third here, "Wherewith so much."

X. On my return, I set myself to seek out that lady whom my master had named to me while I journeyed sighing. And because I would be brief, I will now narrate that in a short while I made her my surety, in such sort that the matter was spoken of by many in terms scarcely courteous; through the

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which I had oftenwhiles many troublesome hours. And by this it happened (to wit: by this false and evil rumor which seemed to misfame me of vice) that she who was the destroyer of all evil and the queen of all good, coming where I was, denied me her most sweet salutation, in the which alone was my blessedness.

The Inferno.

(From "The Divine Comedy.")

Canto I.

The Poet, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
Yet to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there.
  How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weighed
My senses down, when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.
  Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain,
All of that night, so pitifully past:
And as a man, with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed
Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits,
That none hath past and lived. My weary frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,

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The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo! a panther, nimble, light,
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared;
Nor, when it saw me, vanished, rather strove
To check my onward going; that ofttimes,
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.
  The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
That with him rose when Love divine first moved
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,
And by new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion came, 'gainst me, as it appeared,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mourns with heart-griping anguish; such was I,
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.
  While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one,
Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be!"
  He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"

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"And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answered, "Thou must needs
Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death:
So bad and so accursed in her kind,
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue, and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
He, with incessant chase, through every town
Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
I for thy profit pondering now devise,
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view, who dwell
Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,

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Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should come.
He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there holds
His citadel and throne. O happy those,
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me, where thou said'st,
That I saint Peter's gate may view, and those
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."
Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

Canto II.

After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works, he shows that, on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage and followed him as his guide and master.

Now was the day departing, and the air,
Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils released
All animals on earth; and I alone
Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.
O Muses! O high genius! now vouchsafe
Your aid! O mind! that all I saw hast kept
Safe in a written record, here thy worth
And eminent endowments come to proof.
I thus began: "Bard! thou who art my guide,
Consider well, if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that Silvius' sire,
Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among
The immortal tribes had entrance, and was there
Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great Lord,
Almighty foe to ill, such favor showed,
In contemplation of the high effect,
Both what and who from him should issue forth,
It seems in reason's judgment well deserved:
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,
In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire:
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordained
And 'stablished for the holy place, where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.

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He from this journey, in thy song renowned,
Learned things, that to his victory gave rise
And to the papal robe. In after-times
The chosen vessel also travelled there,
To bring us back assurance in that faith
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.
But I, why should I there presume? or who
Permits it? not Æneas I, nor Paul,
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then
I venture, fear it will in folly end.
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning know'st
Than I can speak." As one, who unresolves
What he hath late resolved, and with new thoughts
Changes his purpose, from his first intent
Removed; e'en such was I on that dun coast,
Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first
So eagerly embraced. "If right thy words
I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,
"Thy soul is by vile fear assailed, which oft
So overcasts a man, that he recoils
From noblest resolution, like a beast
At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.
That from this terror thou mayst free thyself,
I will instruct thee why I came, and what
I heard in that same instant, when for thee
Grief touched me first. I was among the tribe,
Who rest suspended, when a dame, so blest
And lovely I besought her to command,
Called me; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day; and she, with gentle voice and soft,
Angelically tuned, her speech addressed:
'O courteous shade of Mantua! thou whose fame
Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts!
A friend, not of my fortune but myself,
On the wide desert in his road has met
Hindrance so great, that he through fear has turned.
How much I dread lest he past help have strayed,
And I be risen too late for his relief,
From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed now,
And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
And by all means for his deliverance meet,
Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.
I, who bid thee on this errand forth,
Am Beatrice; from a place I come
Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,

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Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight
I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.
"She then was silent, and I thus began:
'O Lady! by whose influence alone,
Mankind excels whatever is contained
Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,
So thy command delights me, that to obey,
If it were done already, would seem late.
No need hast thou further to speak thy will;
Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth
To leave that ample space, where to return
Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'
"She then: 'Since thou so deeply would inquire,
I will instruct thee briefly, why no dread
Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone
Are to be feared, whence evil may proceed;
None else, for none are terrible beside.
I am so framed by God, thanks to his grace!
That any sufferance of your misery
Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire
Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame
Resides, who mourns with such effectual grief
That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,
That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.
To Lucia calling, her she thus bespake:
"Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,
And I commend him to thee." At her word
Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,
And coming to the place, where I abode
Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,
She thus addressed me: "Thou true praise of God!
Beatrice! why is not thy succor lent
To him, who so much loved thee, as to leave
For thy sake all the multitude admires?
Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
Nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,
Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?"
Ne'er among men did any with such speed
Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,
As, when these words were spoken, I came here,
Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force
Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all
Who well have marked it, into honor brings.'
"When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes
Tearful she turned aside; whereat I felt
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she willed,

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Thus am I come: I saved thee from the beast,
Who thy near way across the goodly mount
Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee then?
Why, why dost thou hang back? why in thy breast
Harbor vile fear? why hast not courage there,
And noble daring; since three maids, so blest,
Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of heaven;
And so much certain good my words forebode?"
As florets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigor new restored,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted soon replied:
"O full of pity she, who undertook
My succor! and thou kind who didst perform
So soon her true behest! With such desire
Thou hast disposed me to renew my voyage,
That my first purpose fully is resumed.
Lead on; one only will is in us both.
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."
So spake I; and when he had onward moved,
I entered on the deep and woody way.

Canto V.

Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

From the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand

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Alway a numerous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurled.
"O thou! who to this residence of woe
Approachest?" when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:
"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed; so 't is willed
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."
Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring wings. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
Their shrieks are heard, their lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.
I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretched out in long array; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who
Are these, by the black air so scourged?" — "The first
'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
This is Semiramis, of whom 't is writ,
That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself,

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And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil; there the great
Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
A thousand more he showed me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.
When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop, where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding; with such force
My cry prevailed by strong affection urged.
"O gracious creature and benign! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend the King of all, we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caïna waits
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;

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At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
"What art thou pond'ring?" I in answer thus:
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!"
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed.
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do,
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death, and like a corpse fell to the ground.

Canto XXVII.

An angel sends them forward through the fire to the last ascent, which leads to the earthly Paradise, situated on the summit of the mountain. They have not proceeded many steps on their way upward, when the fall of night hinders them from going further; and our Poet, who has lain down with Virgil and Statius to rest, beholds in a dream two females, figuring the active and contemplative life. With the return of morning, they reach the height; and here Virgil gives Dante full liberty to use his own pleasure and judgment in the choice of his way, till he shall meet with Beatrice.

Now was the sun so stationed, as when first
His early radiance quivers on the heights,
Where streamed his Maker's blood; while Libra hangs

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Above Hesperian Ebro; and new fires,
Meridian, flash on Ganges' yellow tide.
So day was sinking, when the angel of God
Appeared before us. Joy was in his mien.
Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink;
And with a voice, whose lively clearness far
Surpassed our human, "Blessed are the pure
In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,
"Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,
"Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."
I, when I heard his saying, was as one
Laid in the Grave. My hands together clasped,
And upward stretching, on the fire I looked;
And busy fancy conjured up the forms
Erewhile beheld alive consumed in flames.
The escorting spirits turned with gentle looks
Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: "My son,
Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not death.
Remember thee, remember thee, if I
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come
More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?
Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame
A thousand years contained thee, from thy head
No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,
Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem
Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.
Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.
Turn hither, and come onward undismayed."
I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced.
When still he saw me fixed and obstinate,
Somewhat disturbed he cried: "Mark now, my son,
From Beatrice thou art by this wall
Divided." As at Thisbe's name the eye
Of Pyramus was opened (when life ebbed
Fast from his veins,) and took one parting glance,
While vermeil dyed the mulberry; thus I turned
To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard
The name that springs forever in my breast.
He shook his forehead; and, "How long," he said,
"Linger we now?" then smiled, as one would smile
Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.
Into the fire before me then he walked;
And Statius, who erewhile no little space
Had parted us, he prayed to come behind.

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I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,
To comfort me, as he proceeded, still
Of Beatrice talked. "Her eyes," saith he,
"E'en now I seem to view." From the other side
A voice, that sang, did guide us; and the voice
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,
There where the path led upward. "Come," we heard,
"Come, blessed of my Father." Such the sounds,
That hailed us from within a light, which shone
So radiant, I could not endure the view.
"The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening comes.
Delay not: ere the western sky is hung
With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our way
Upright within the rock arose, and faced
Such part of heaven, that from before my steps
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.
Nor many stairs were overpast, when now
By fading of the shadow we perceived
The sun behind us couched; and ere one face
Of darkness o'er its measureless expanse
Involved the horizon, and the night her lot
Held individual, each of us had made
A stair his pallet; not that will, but power,
Had failed us, by the nature of that mount
Forbidden further travel. As the goats,
That late have skipt and wantoned rapidly
Upon the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en
Their supper on the herb, now silent lie
And ruminate beneath the umbrage brown,
While noonday rages; and the goatherd leans
Upon his staff, and leaning watches them:
And as the swain, that lodges out all night
In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey
Disperse them: even so all three abode,
I as a goat, and as the shepherds they,
Close pent on either side by shelving rock.
A little glimpse of sky was seen above;
Yet by that little I beheld the stars,
In magnitude and lustre shining forth
With more than wonted glory. As I lay,
Gazing on them, and in that fit of musing,
Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft
Tidings of future hap. About the hour,

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As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lightened on the mountain, she whose orb
Seems alway glowing with the fire of love,
A lady young and beautiful, I dreamed,
Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,
Methought I saw her ever and anon
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:
"Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah: for my brow to weave
A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.
To please me at the crystal mirror, here
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day,
Her radiant eyes beholding, charmed no less,
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
In contemplation, as in labor mine."
And now as glimmering dawn appeared, that breaks
More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he
Sojourns less distant on his homeward way,
Darkness from all sides fled, and with it fled
My slumber; whence I rose, and saw my guide
Already risen. "That delicious fruit,
Which through so many a branch the zealous care
Of mortals roams in quest of, shall this day
Appease thy hunger." Such the words I heard
From Virgil's lip; and never greeting heard,
So pleasant as the sounds. Within me straight
Desire so grew upon desire to mount,
Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings
Increasing for my flight. When we had run
O'er all the ladder to its topmost round,
As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fixed
His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires, my son,
The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I, with skill and art,
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that darts
His beam upon thy forehead: lo! the herb,
The arborets and flowers, which of itself
This land pours forth profuse. Till those bright eyes
With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste
To succor thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,

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Free of thy own arbitrement to choose,
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."

Canto XXX.

Beatrice descends from heaven, and rebukes the poet.

Soon as that polar light, fair ornament
Of the first heaven, which hath never known
Setting nor rising, nor the shadowy veil
Of other cloud than sin, to duty there
Each one convoying, as that lower doth
The steersman to his port, stood firmly fixed;
Forthwith the saintly tribe, who in the van
Between the Griffon and its radiance came,
Did turn them to the car, as to their rest:
And one, as if commissioned from above,
In holy chant thrice shouted forth aloud;
"Come, spouse! from Libanus:" and all the rest
Took up the song. — At the last audit, so
The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each
Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh;
As, on the sacred litter at the voice
Authoritative of that elder, sprang
A hundred ministers and messengers
Of life eternal. "Blessed thou, who comest!"
And, "Oh!" they cried, "from full hands scatter ye
Unwithering lilies:" and, so saying, cast
Flowers over head and round them on all sides.
  I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attempted, at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight: thus, in a cloud
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed,
A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame:
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there moved

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A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me.
No soòner on my vision streaming, smote
The heavenly influence, which, years past, and e'en
In childhood, thrilled me, than towards Virgil I
Turned me to leftward; panting, like a babe,
That flees for refuge to his mother's breast,
If aught have terrified or worked him woe:
And would have cried, "There is is no dram of blood,
That doth not quiver in me. The old flame
Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire."
But Virgil had bereaved us of himself;
Virgil, my best-loved father; Virgil, he
To whom I gave me up for safety: nor
All, our prime mother lost, availed to save
My undewed cheeks from blur of soiling tears.
"Dante! weep not that Virgil leaves thee; nay,
Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the edge
Of other sword; and thou shalt weep for that."
As to the prow or stern, some admiral
Paces the deck, inspiriting his crew,
When 'mid the sail-yards all hands ply aloof;
Thus, on the left side of the car, I saw
(Turning me at the sound of mine own name,
Which here I am compelled to register)
The virgin stationed, who before appeared
Veiled in that festive shower angelical.
Towards me, across the stream, she bent her eyes;
Though from her brow the veil descending, bound
With foliage of Minerva, suffered not
That I beheld her clearly: then with act
Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall,
Added, as one who, speaking, keepeth back
The bitterest saying, to conclude the speech:
"Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am
Beatrice. What! and hast thou deigned at last
Approach the mountain? Knewest not, O man!
Thy happiness is here?" Down fell mine eyes
On the clear fount; but there, myself espying,
Recoiled, and sought the greensward; such a weight
Of shame was on my forehead. With a mien
Of that stern majesty, which doth surround
A mother's presence to her awe-struck child,
She looked; a flavor of such bitterness
Was mingled in her pity. There her words
Brake off; and suddenly the angels sang,

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"In thee, O gracious Lord! my hope hath been:"
But went no further than, "Thou, Lord! hast set
My feet in ample room." As snow, that lies,
Amidst the living rafters on the back
Of Italy, congealed, when drifted high
And closely piled by rough Sclavonian blasts;
Breathe but the land whereon no shadow falls,
And straightway melting it distils away,
Like a fire-wasted taper: thus was I,
Without a sigh or tear, or even these
Did sing, that, with the chiming of heaven's sphere
Still in their warbling chime: but when the strain
Of dulcet symphony expressed for me
Their soft compassion, more than could the words,
"Virgin! why so consumest him?" then, the ice
Congealed about my bosom turned itself
To spirit and water; and with anguish forth
Gushed, through the lips and eyelids, from the heart.
Upon the chariot's same edge still she stood,
Immovable; and thus addressed her words
To those bright semblances with pity touched:
"Ye in the eternal day your vigils keep;
So that nor night nor slumber, with close stealth,
Conveys from you a single step, in all
The goings on of time: thence, with more heed
I shape mine answer, for his ear intended,
Who there stands weeping; that the sorrow now
May equal the transgression. Not alone
Through operation of the mighty orbs,
That mark each seed to some predestined aim,
As with aspect or fortunate or ill
The constellations meet; but through benign
Largess of heavenly graces, which rain down
From such a height as mocks our vision, this man
Was, in the freshness of his being, such,
So gifted virtually, that in him
All better habits wonderously had thrived.
The more of kindly strength is in the soil,
So much doth evil seed and lack of culture
Mar it the more, and make it run to wildness.
These looks sometime upheld him; for I showed
My youthful eyes, and led him by their light
In upright walking. Soon as I had reached
The threshold of my second age, and changed
My mortal for immortal; then he left me,
And gave himself to others. When from flesh

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To spirit I had risen, and increase
Of beauty and of virtue circled me,
I was less dear to him, and valued less.
His steps were turned into deceitful ways,
Following false images of good, that make
No promise perfect. Nor availed me aught
To sue for inspirations, with the which,
I, both in dreams of night, and otherwise,
Did call him back; of them, so little recked him.
Such depth he fell, that all device was short
Of his preserving, save that he should view
The children of perdition. To this end
I visited the purlieus of the dead:
And one, who hath conducted him thus high,
Received my supplications urged with weeping.
It were a breaking of God's high decree,
If Lethe should be past, and such food tasted,
Without the cost of some repentant tear."

Canto XXXI.

Beatrice continues her reprehension of Dante, who confesses his error, and falls to the ground: coming to himself again, he is by Matilda drawn through the waters of Lethe, and presented first to the four virgins who figure the cardinal virtues; these in their turn lead him to the Griffon, a symbol of our Saviour; and the three virgins, representing the evangelical virtues, intercede for him with Beatrice, that she would display to him her second beauty.

"O thou!" her words she thus without delay
Resuming, turned their point on me, to whom
They, with but lateral edge, seemed harsh before:
"Say thou, who stand'st beyond the holy stream,
If this be true. A charge, so grievous, needs
Thine own avowal." On my faculty
Such strange amazement hung, the voice expired
Imperfect, ere its organs gave it birth.
A little space refraining, then she spake:
"What dost thou muse on? Answer me. The wave
On thy remembrances of evil yet
Hath done no injury." A mingled sense
Of fear and of confusion, from my lips
Did such a "Yea" produce, as needed help
Of vision to interpret. As when breaks,
In act to be discharged, a cross-bow bent
Beyond its pitch, both nerve and bow o'erstretched;
The flagging weapon feebly hits the mark;

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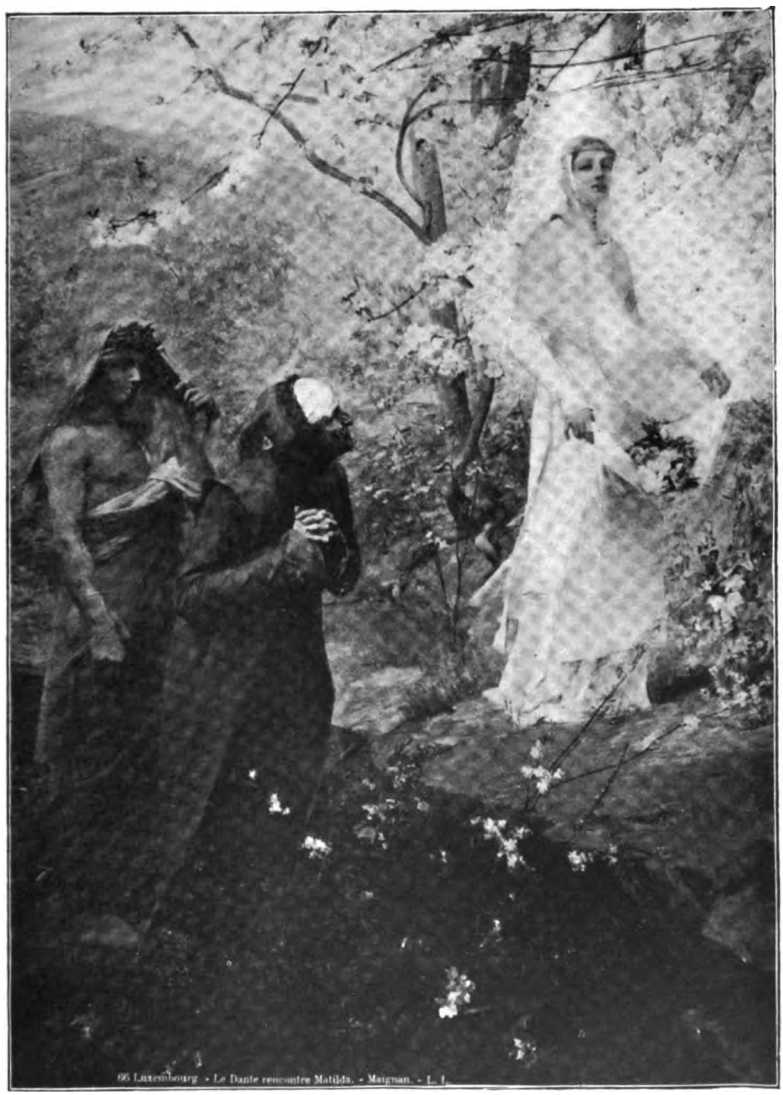

DANTE AND MATILDA

From Painting by A. Maignan

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Thus, tears and sighs forth gushing, did I burst,
Beneath the heavy load: and thus my voice
Was slackened on its way. She straight began:
"When my desire invited thee to love
The good, which sets a bound to our aspirings;
What bar of thwarting foss or linked chain
Did meet thee, that thou so shouldst quit the hope
Of further progress? or what bait of ease,
Or promise of allurement, led thee on
Elsewhere, that thou elsewhere shouldst rather wait?"
A bitter sigh I drew, then scarce found voice
To answer; hardly to these sounds my lips
Gave utterance, wailing: "Thy fair looks withdrawn,
Things present, with deceitful pleasures, turned
My steps aside." She answering spake: "Hadst thou
Been silent, or denied what thou avow'st,
Thou hadst not hid thy sin the more; such eye
Observes it. But whene'er the sinner's cheek
Breaks forth into the precious-streaming tears
Of self-accusing, in our court the wheel
Of justice doth run counter to the edge.
Howe'er, that thou mayst profit by thy shame
For errors past, and that henceforth more strength
May arm thee, when thou hear'st the Siren-voice:
Lay thou aside the motive of this grief,
And lend attentive ear, while I unfold
How opposite a way my buried flesh
Should have impelled thee. Never didst thou spy,
In art or nature, aught so passing sweet,
As were the limbs that in their beauteous frame
Enclosed me, and are scattered now in dust.
If sweetest thing thus failed thee with my death,
What, afterward, of mortal, should thy wish
Have tempted? When thou first hadst felt the dart
Of perishable things, in my departing
For better realms, thy wing thou shouldst have pruned
To follow me; and never stooped again,
To 'bide a second blow, for a slight girl,
Or other gaud as transient and as vain.
The new and inexperienced bird awaits,
Twice it may be, or thrice, the fowler's aim;
But in the sight of one whose plumes are full,
In vain the net is spread, the arrow winged."
I stood, as children silent and ashamed
Stand, listening, with their eyes upon the earth,
Acknowledging their fault, and self-condemned.

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And she resumed: "If, but to hear, thus pains thee;
Raise thou thy beard, and lo! what sight shall do."
With less reluctance yields a sturdy holm,
Rent from its fibres by a blast, that blows
From off the pole, or from Iarbas' land,
That I at her behest my visage raised:
And thus the face denoting by the beard,
I marked the secret sting her words conveyed.
No sooner lifted I mine aspect up,
Than I perceived those primal creatures cease
Their flowery sprinkling; and mine eyes beheld
(Yet unassured and wavering in their view)
Beatrice; she, who towards the mystic shape,
That joins two natures in one form, had turned:
And, even under shadow of her veil,
And parted by the verdant rill that flowed
Between, in loveliness she seemed as much
Her former self surpassing, as on earth
All others she surpassed. Remorseful goads
Shot sudden through me. Each thing else, the more
Its love had late beguiled me, now the more
Was loathsome. On my heart so keenly smote
The bitter consciousness, that on the ground
O'erpowered I fell: and what my state was then,
She knows, who was the cause. When now my strength
Flowed back, returning outward from the heart,
The lady, whom alone I first had seen,
I found above me. "Loose me not," she cried:
"Loose not thy hold:" and lo! had dragged me high
As to my neck into the stream; while she,
Still as she drew me after, swept along,
Swift as a shuttle, bounding o'er the wave.
The blessed shore approaching, then was heard
So sweetly, "Tu asperges me," that I
May not remember, much less tell the sound.
The beauteous dame, her arms expanding, clasped
My temples, and immerged me where 't was fit
The wave should drench me: and, thence raising up
Within the fourfold dance of lovely nymphs,
Presented me so laved; and with their arm
They each did cover me. "Here are we nymphs,
And in the heaven are stars. Or ever earth
Was visited of Beatrice, we,
Appointed for her handmaids, tended on her.
We to her eyes will lead thee: but the light
Of gladness, that is in them, well to scan,

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Those yonder three, of deeper ken than ours,
Thy sight shall quicken." Thus began their song:
And then they led me to the Griffon's breast,
Where, turned toward us, Beatrice stood.
"Spare not thy vision. We have stationed thee
Before the emeralds, whence love, erewhile,
Hath drawn his weapons on thee." As they spake,
A thousand fervent wishes riveted
Mine eyes upon her beaming eyes, that stood,
Still fixed toward the Griffon, motionless.
As the sun strikes a mirror, even thus
Within those orbs the twofold being shone;
For ever varying, in one figure now
Reflected, now in other. Reader! muse
How wondrous in my sight it seemed, to mark
A thing, albeit steadfast in itself,
Yet in its imaged semblance mutable.
Full of amaze, and joyous, while my soul
Fed on the viand, whereof still desire
Grows with satiety; the other three,
With gesture that declared a loftier line,
Advanced: to their own carol, on they came
Dancing, in festive ring angelical.
"Turn, Beatrice!" was their song: "Oh! turn
Thy saintly sight on this thy faithful one,
Who, to behold thee, many a wearisome pace
Hath measured. Gracious at our prayer, vouchsafe
Unveil to him thy cheeks; that he may mark
Thy second beauty, now concealed." O splendor!
O sacred light eternal! Who is he,
So pale with musing in Pierian shades,
Or with that fount so lavishly imbued,
Whose spirit should not fail him in the essay
To represent thee such as thou didst seem,
When under cope of the still-chiming heaven
Thou gavest to open air thy charms revealed?

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AGNES MARY FRANCES ROBINSON DARMESTETER.

DARMESTETER, AGNES MARY FRANCES (ROBINSON), an English poet; born in Leamington, 1857. She has attained great proficiency in Greek studies, her verse showing the influence of Hellenic literature. In 1888 she married James Darmesteter, the Orientalist. Her writings include: "A Handful of Honeysuckle" (1878); "An Italian Garden" (1886); "Lyrics" (1891); and "Retrospect" (1893); "Life of Renan" (1897).

TUSCAN CYPRESS.

(RISPETTI.)

WHAT good is there, ah me, what good in Love?
  Since even if you love me, we must part;
And since for either, an you cared enough,
  There 's but division and a broken heart?

And yet, God knows, to hear you say — My dear!
I would lie down and stretch me on the bier.
And yet would I, to hear you say — My own!
With mine own hands drag down the burial stone.

I LOVE you more than any words can say,
  And yet you do not feel I love you so;
And slowly I am dying day by day, —
  You look at me, and yet you do not know.

You look at me, and yet you do not fear;
You do not see the mourners with the bier.
You answer when I speak, and wish me well,
And still you do not hear the passing-bell.

O LOVE, O LOVE, come over the sea, come here.
  Come back and kiss me once when I am dead!
Come back and lay a rose upon my bier,
  Come, light the tapers at my feet and head.

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Come back and kiss me once upon the eyes,
So I, being dead, shall dream of Paradise;
Come, kneel beside me once and say a prayer,
So shall my soul be happy anywhere.

When I am dead and I am quite forgot,
  What care I if my spirit lives or dies?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
  And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?

Ah, no, — the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no, — the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live.

Ah me, you well might wait a little while,
  And not forget me, Sweet, until I die!
I had a home, a little distant isle,
  With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.

I had a home! It was less dear than thou,
And I forgot, as you forget me now.
I had a home, more dear than I can tell,
And I forgot, but now remember well.

Love me to-day and think not on to-morrow;
  Come, take my hands, and lead me out of doors;
There in the fields let us forget our sorrow,
  Talking of Venice and Ionian shores; —

Talking of all the seas innumerable
Where we will sail and sing when I am well;
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,
Which we will plait in wreaths — when I am dead.

Tell me a story, dear, that is not true,
  Strange as a vision, full of splendid things:
Here will I lie and dream it is not you,
  And dream it is a mocking-bird that sings.

For if I find your voice in any part,
Even the sound of it will break my heart;
For if you speak of us and of our love,
I faint and die to feel the thrill thereof.

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LET us forget we loved each other much,
  Let us forget we ever have to part;
Let us forget that any look or touch
  Once let in either to the other's heart.

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass,
And hear the larks and see the swallows pass;
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

FAR, far away and in the middle sea,
  So still I dream, although the dream is vain,
There lies a valley full of rest for me,
  Where I shall live and you shall love again.

O ships that sail, O masts against the sky,
Will you not stop awhile in passing by?
O prayers that hope, O faith that never knew,
Will you not take me on to heaven with you?

AH, LOVE, I cannot die, I cannot go
  Down in the dark, and leave you all alone:
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
  And never shut me underneath a stone.

Dead in the grave! And I can never hear
If you are ill or if you miss me, dear.
Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet,
While I shall sleep, while I — while I — forget!

COME away, Sorrow, Sorrow, come away —
  Let us go sit in some cool, shadowy place;
There shall you sing and hush me all the day,
  While I will dream about my lover's face.

Hush me, O Sorrow, like a babe to sleep,
Then close the lids above mine eyes that weep;
Rock me, O Sorrow, like a babe in pain,
Nor, when I slumber, wake me up again.

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The Scape-goat.

She lived in a hovel alone, the beautiful child.
Alas, that it should have been so!
But her father died of the drink, and the sons went wild;
And where was the girl to go?

Her brothers left her alone in the lonely hut.
Ah, it was dreary at night
When the wind whistled right through the door that never would shut,
And sent her sobbing with fright.

She never had slept alone; for the stifling room
Held her, brothers, father — all.
Ah, better their violence, better their threats, than the gloom
That now hung close as a pall!

When the hard day's washing was done, it was sweeter to stand
Hearkening praises and vows,
To feel her cold fingers kept warm in a sheltering hand,
Than crouch in the desolate house.

Ah, me! she was only a child; and yet so aware
Of the shame which follows on sin.
A poor, lost, terrified child! she stept in the snare,
Knowing the toils she was in.

Yet now, when I watch her pass with a heavy reel,
Shouting her villanous song,
Is it only pity or shame, do you think, that I feel
For the infinite sorrow and wrong?

With a sick, strange wonder I ask, Who shall answer the sin,
Thou, lover, brothers of thine?
Or he who left standing thy hovel to perish in?
Or I, who gave no sign?

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CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

DARWIN, CHARLES ROBERT, a celebrated English naturalist; born February 12, 1809; died April 19, 1882. He studied two years at Edinburgh University, and then entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1831. In December of the same year he volunteered to go as naturalist with Captain Fitzroy of H. M. S. Beagle, for a survey of South America and the circumnavigation of the globe. They returned in 1836. Darwin's life was devoted to science. His earliest well-known work is "The Voyage of a Naturalist: a Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the Various Countries Visited by H. M. S. Beagle" (1839). He wrote the introduction and many of the notes to the "Zoölogy of the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle," published by the government in 1840–43; "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs" (1842); "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands" (1844); "Geological Observations on South America" (1846); "Monograph of the Family Cirripedia" (1851–53); "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life" (1859); "Fertilization of Orchids" (1862); "Movement in Climbing Plants" (1865); "Variations of Plants and Animals Under Domestication" (1868); "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex" (1871); "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals" (1872); "Insectivorous Plants" (1875); The Effects of Cross and Self-fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom" (1876) "Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the Same Species" (1877); "Power of Movement in Plants" (1880); and "The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits" (1881).

COMPARISON OF THE MENTAL POWERS OF MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS.

(From "The Descent of Man.")

WE have seen in the last two chapters that man bears in his bodily structure clear traces of his descent from some lower form; but it may be urged that, as man differs so greatly in

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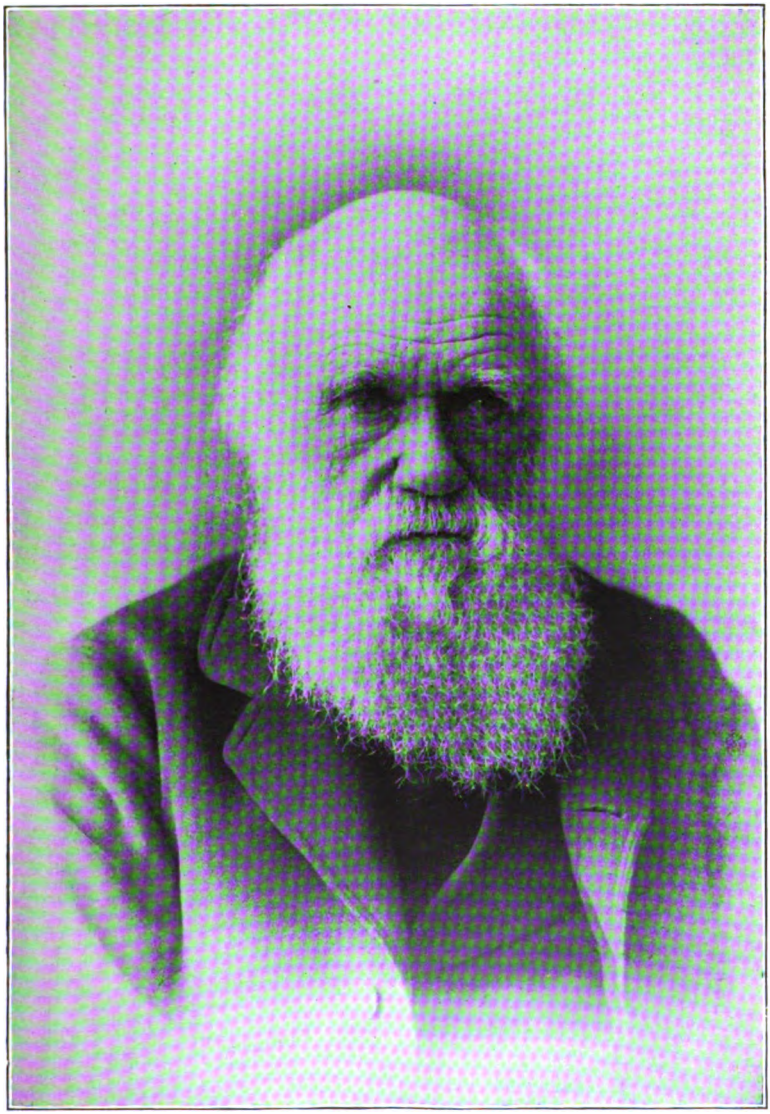

CHARLES DARWIN

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his mental power from all other animals, there must be some error in this conclusion. No doubt the difference in this respect is enormous, even if we compare the mind of one of the lowest savages, who has no words to express any number higher than four, and who uses hardly any abstract terms for common objects or for the affections, with that of the most highly organized ape. The difference would, no doubt, still remain immense, even if one of the higher apes had been improved or civilized as much as a dog has been in comparison with its parent-form, the wolf or jackal. The Fuegians rank amongst the lowest barbarians, but I was continually struck with surprise how closely the three natives on board H.M.S. "Beagle," who had lived some years in England and could talk a little English, resembled us in disposition and in most of our mental faculties. If no organic being excepting man had possessed any mental power, or if his powers had been of a wholly different nature from those of the lower animals, then we should never have been able to convince ourselves that our high faculties had been gradually developed. But it can be shown that there is no fundamental difference of this kind. We must also admit that there is a much wider interval in mental power between one of the lowest fishes, as a lamprey or lancelet, and one of the higher apes, than between an ape and man; yet this interval is filled up by numberless gradations.

Nor is the difference slight in moral disposition between a barbarian, such as the man described by the old navigator Byron, who dashed his child on the rocks for dropping a basket of sea-urchins, and a Howard or Clarkson; and in intellect between a savage who uses hardly any abstract terms, and a Newton or Shakespeare. Differences of this kind between the highest men of the highest races and the lowest savages, are connected by the finest gradations. Therefore it is possible that they might pass and be developed into each other.

My object in this chapter is to show that there is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties. Each division of the subject might have been extended into a separate essay, but must here be treated briefly. As no classification of the mental powers has been universally accepted, I shall arrange my remarks in the order most convenient for my purpose; and will select those facts which have struck me most, with the hope that they may produce some effect on the reader.

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With respect to animals very low in the scale, I shall give some additional facts under Sexual Selection, showing that their mental powers are much higher than might have been expected. The variability of the faculties in the individuals of the same species is an important point for us, and some few illustrations will here be given. But it would be superfluous to enter into many details on this head, for I have found, on frequent inquiry, that it is the unanimous opinion of all those who have long attended to animals of many kinds, including birds, that the individuals differ greatly in every mental characteristic. In what manner the mental powers were first developed in the lowest organisms, is as hopeless an inquiry as how life itself first originated. These are problems for the distant future, if they are ever to be solved by man.

As man possesses the same senses as the lower animals, his fundamental intuitions must be the same. Man has also some few instincts in common, as that of self-preservation, sexual love, the love of the mother for her new-born offspring, the desire possessed by the latter to suck, and so forth. But man, perhaps, has somewhat fewer instincts than those possessed by the animals which come next to him in the series. The orang in the Eastern islands, and the chimpanzee in Africa, build platforms on which they sleep; and, as both species follow the same habit, it might be argued that this was due to instinct, but we cannot feel sure that it is not the result of both animals having similar wants, and possessing similar powers of reasoning. These apes, as we may assume, avoid the many poisonous fruits of the tropics, and man has no such knowledge: but as our domestic animals, when taken to foreign lands, and when first turned out in the spring, often eat poisonous herbs, which they afterwards avoid, we cannot feel sure that the apes do not learn from their own experience or from that of their parents what fruits to select. It is, however, certain, as we shall presently see, that apes have an instinctive dread of serpents, and probably of other dangerous animals.

The fewness and the comparative simplicity of the instincts in the higher animals are remarkable in contrast with those of the lower animals. Cuvier maintained that instinct and intelligence stand in an inverse ratio to each other; and some have thought that the intellectual faculties of the higher animals have been gradually developed from their instincts. But Pouchet, in an interesting essay, has shown that no such inverse

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ratio really exists. Those insects which possess the most wonderful instincts are certainly the most intelligent. In the vetebrate series, the least intelligent members, namely fishes and amphibians, do not possess complex instincts; and amongst mammals the animal most remarkable for its instincts, namely, the beaver, is highly intelligent, as will be admitted by every one who has read Mr. Morgan's excellent work.

Although the first dawnings of intelligence, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, have been developed through the multiplication and co-ordination of reflex actions, and although many of the simpler instincts graduate into reflex actions, and can hardly be distinguished from them, as in the case of young animals sucking, yet the more complex instincts seem to have originated independently of intelligence. I am, however, very far from wishing to deny that instinctive actions may lose their fixed and untaught character, and be replaced by others performed by the aid of the free will. On the other hand, some intelligent actions, after being performed during several generations, become converted into instincts and are inherited, as when birds on oceanic islands learn to avoid man. These actions may then be said to be degraded in character, for they are no longer performed through reason or from experience. But the greater number of the more complex instincts appear to have been gained in a wholly different manner, through the natural selection of variations of simpler instinctive actions. Such variations appear to arise from the same unknown causes acting on the cerebral organization, which induce slight variations or individual differences in other parts of the body; and these variations, owing to our ignorance, are often said to arise spontaneously. We can, I think, come to no other conclusion with respect to the origin of the more complex instincts, when we reflect on the marvellous instincts of sterile worker-ants and bees, which leave no offspring to inherit the effects of experience and of modified habits.

Although, as we learn from the above-mentioned insects and the beaver, a high degree of intelligence is certainly compatible with complex instincts, and although actions at first learned voluntarily can soon through habit be performed with the quickness and certainty of a reflex action, yet it is not improbable that there is a certain amount of interference between the development of free intelligence and of instinct, — which latter implies some inherited modification of the brain.

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Little is known about the functions of the brain, but we can perceive that as the intellectual powers become highly developed, the various parts of the brain must be connected by very intricate channels of the freest intercommunication; and as a consequence, each separate part would perhaps tend to be less well fitted to answer to particular sensations or associations in a definite and inherited — that is instinctive — manner. There seems even to exist some relation between a low degree of intelligence and a strong tendency to the formation of fixed, though not inherited habits; for as a sagacious physician remarked to me, persons who are slightly imbecile tend to act in everything by routine or habit; and they are rendered much happier if this is encouraged.

I have thought this digression worth giving, because we may easily underrate the mental powers of the higher animals, and especially of man, when we compare their actions founded on the memory of past events, on foresight, reason, and imagination, with exactly similar actions instinctively performed by the lower animals; in this latter case the capacity of performing such actions has been gained, step by step, through the variability of the mental organs and natural selection, without any conscious intelligence on the part of the animal during each successive generation. No doubt, as Mr. Wallace has argued, much of the intelligent work done by man is due to imitation and not to reason; but there is this great difference between his actions and many of those performed by the lower animals, namely, that man cannot, on his first trial, make, for instance, a stone hatchet or a canoe, through his power of imitation. He has to learn his work by practice; a beaver, on the other hand, can make its dam or canal, and a bird its nest, as well, or nearly as well, and a spider its wonderful web, quite as well, the first time it tries, as when old and experienced.

To return to our immediate subject: the lower animals, like man, manifestly feel pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. Happiness is never better exhibited than by young animals, such as puppies, kittens, lambs, etc., when playing together, like our own children. Even insects play together, as has been described by that excellent observer, P. Huber, who saw ants chasing and pretending to bite each other, like so many puppies.

The fact that the lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves is so well established, that it will not be

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necessary to weary the reader by many details. Terror acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, the sphincters to be relaxed, and the hair to stand on end. Suspicion, the offspring of fear, is eminently characteristic of most wild animals. It is, I think, impossible to read the account given by Sir E. Tennent, of the behavior of the female elephants, used as decoys, without admitting that they intentionally practice deceit, and well know what they are about. Courage and timidity are extremely variable qualities in the individuals of the same species, as is plainly seen in our dogs. Some dogs and horses are ill-tempered, and easily turn sulky; others are good-tempered; and these qualities are certainly inherited. Every one knows how liable animals are to furious rage, and how plainly they show it. Many, and probably true, anecdotes have been published on the long-delayed and artful revenge of various animals. The accurate Rengger, and Brehm, state that the American and African monkeys which they kept tame, certainly revenged themselves. Sir Andrew Smith, a zoölogist whose scrupulous accuracy was known to many persons, told me the following story of which he was himself an eye-witness: at the Cape of Good Hope an officer had often plagued a certain baboon, and the animal, seeing him approaching one Sunday for parade, poured water into a hole and hastily made some thick mud, which he skilfully dashed over the officer as he passed by, to the amusement of many bystanders. For long afterwards the baboon rejoiced and triumphed whenever he saw his victim.

The love of a dog for his master is notorious; as an old writer quaintly says, "A dog is the only thing on this earth that luvs you more than he luvs himself."

In the agony of death a dog has been known to caress his master, and every one has heard of the dog suffering under vivisection, who licked the hand of the operator; this man, unless the operation was fully justified by an increase of our knowledge, or unless he had a heart of stone, must have felt remorse to the last hour of his life.

As Whewell has well asked, "Who that reads the touching instances of maternal affection, related so often of the women of all nations, and of the females of all animals, can doubt that the principle of action is the same in the two cases?" We see maternal affection exhibited in the most trifling details; thus Rengger observed an American monkey (a Cebus) carefully

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driving away the flies which plagued her infant; and Duvaucel saw a Hylobates washing the faces of her young ones in a stream. So intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young, that it invariably caused the death of certain kinds kept under confinement by Brehm in North Africa. Orphan monkeys were always adopted and carefully guarded by the other monkeys, both males and females. One female baboon had so capacious a heart that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats, which she continually carried about. Her kindness, however, did not go so far as to share her food with her adopted offspring, at which Brehm was surprised, as his monkeys always divided everything quite fairly with their own young ones. An adopted kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who certainly had a fine intellect, for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet, and without more ado bit off the claws. In the Zoölogical Gardens, I heard from the keeper that an old baboon (C. chacma) had adopted a Rhesus monkey; but when a young drill and mandrill were placed in the cage, she seemed to perceive that these monkeys, though distinct species, were her nearer relatives, for she at once rejected the Rhesus and adopted both of them. The young Rhesus, as I saw, was greatly discontented at being thus rejected, and it would, like a naughty child, annoy and attack the young drill and mandrill whenever it could do so with safety; this conduct exciting great indignation in the old baboon. Monkeys will also, according to Brehm, defend their master when attacked by any one, as well as dogs to whom they are attached, from the attacks of other dogs. But we here trench on the subjects of sympathy and fidelity, to which I shall recur. Some of Brehm's monkeys took much delight in teasing a certain old dog whom they disliked, as well as other animals, in various ingenious ways.

Most of the more complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Every one has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; and I have observed the same fact with monkeys. This shows that animals not only love, but have desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and a dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits in a high degree self-complacency or pride. There can, I think, be no doubt that a dog feels shame, as distinct from fear, and

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something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoölogical Gardens I saw a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him; and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own leg till the blood flowed. Dogs show what may be called a sense of humor, as distinct from mere play; if a bit of stick or other such object be thrown to one, he will often carry it away for a short distance; and then squatting down with it on the ground close before him, will wait until his master comes quite close to take it away. The dog will then seize it and rush away in triumph, repeating the same manœuvre, and evidently enjoying the practical joke.

We will now turn to the more intellectual emotions and faculties, which are very important, as forming the basis for the development of the higher mental powers. Animals manifestly enjoy excitement, and suffer from ennui, as may be seen with dogs, and, according to Rengger, with monkeys. All animals feel Wonder, and may exhibit Curiosity. They sometimes suffer from this latter quality, as when the hunter plays antics and thus attracts them; I witnessed this with deer, and so it is with the wary chamois, and with some kinds of wild-ducks. Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread, which his monkeys exhibited, for snakes; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his account, that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoölogical Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of Cercopithecus were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages, and uttered sharp signal cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large-circle, and staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that when a wooden ball, with which they were

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familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, a living turtle, and other new objects were placed in their cages; for though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in, and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking a momentary peep into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quietly at the bottom. It would almost appear as if monkeys had some notion of zoölogical affinities. for those kept by Brehm exhibited a strange, though mistaken, instinctive dread of innocent lizards and frogs. An orang, also, has been known to be much alarmed at the first sight of a turtle.

The principle of Imitation is strong in man, and especially, as I have myself observed, with savages. In certain morbid states of the brain this tendency is exaggerated in an extraordinary degree; some hemiplegic patients and others, at the commencement of inflammatory softening of the brain, unconsciously imitate every word which is uttered, whether in their own or in a foreign language, and every gesture or action which is performed near them. Desor has remarked that no animal voluntarily imitates an action performed by man, until in the ascending scale we come to monkeys, which are well known to be ridiculous mockers. Animals, however, sometimes imitate each other's actions: thus two species of wolves, which had been reared by dogs, learned to bark, as does sometimes the jackal, but whether this can be called voluntary imitation is another question. Birds imitate the songs of their parents, and sometimes of other birds; and parrots are notorious imitators of any sound which they often hear. Dureau de la Malle gives an account of a dog reared by a cat, who learned to imitate the well-known action of a cat licking her paws, and thus washing her ears and face; this was also witnessed by the celebrated naturalist Audouin. I have received several confirmatory accounts; in one of these, a dog had not been suckled by a cat, but had been brought up with one, together with kittens, and had thus acquired the above habit, which he ever afterwards

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practised during his life of thirteen years. Dureau de la Malle's dog likewise learned from the kittens to play with a ball by rolling it about with his fore paws, and springing on it. A correspondent assures me that a cat in his house used to put her paws into jugs of milk having too narrow a mouth for her head. A kitten of this cat soon learned the same trick, and practised it ever afterwards, whenever there was an opportunity.

The parents of many animals, trusting to the principle of imitation in their young, and more especially to their instinctive or inherited tendencies, may be said to educate them. We see this when a cat brings a live mouse to her kittens; and Dureau de la Malle has given a curious account (in the paper above quoted) of his observations on hawks which taught their young dexterity, as well as judgment of distances, by first dropping through the air dead mice and sparrows, which the young generally fail to catch, and then bringing them live birds and letting them loose.

Hardly any faculty is more important for the intellectual progress of man than Attention. Animals clearly manifest this power, as when a cat watches by a hole and prepares to spring on its prey. Wild animals sometimes become so absorbed when thus engaged, that they may be easily approached. Mr. Bartlett has given me a curious proof how variable this faculty is in monkeys. A man who trains monkeys to act in plays used to purchase common kinds from the Zoölogical Society at the price of five pounds for each; but he offered to give double the price, if he might keep three or four of them for a few days, in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly learn so soon, whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.

It is almost superfluous to state that animals have excellent Memories for persons and places. A baboon at the Cape of Good Hope, as I have been informed by Sir Andrew Smith, recognized him with joy after an absence of nine months. I had a dog who was savage and adverse to all strangers, and I purposely tried his memory after an absence of five years and two days. I went

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near the stable where he lived, and shouted to him in my old manner; he showed no joy, but instantly followed me out walking, and obeyed me, exactly as if I had parted with him only half an hour before. A train of old associations, dormant during five years, had thus been instantaneously awakened in his mind. Even ants, as P. Huber has clearly shown, recognized their fellow-ants belonging to the same community after a separation of four months. Animals can certainly by some means judge of the intervals of time between recurrent events.

The Imagination is one of the highest prerogatives of man. By this faculty he unites former images and ideas, independently of the will, and thus creates brilliant and novel results. A poet, as Jean Paul Richter remarks, "who must reflect whether he shall make a character say yes or no — to the devil with him; he is only a stupid corpse." Dreaming gives us the best notion of this power; as Jean Paul again says, "The dream is an involuntary art of poetry." The value of the products of our imagination depends of course on the number, accuracy, and clearness of our impressions, on our judgment and taste in selecting or rejecting the involuntary combinations, and to a certain extent on our power of voluntarily combining them. As dogs, cats, horses, and probably all the higher animals, even birds, have vivid dreams, and this is shown by their movements and the sounds uttered, we must admit that they possess some power of imagination. There must be something special, which causes dogs to howl in the night, and especially during moonlight, in that remarkable and melancholy manner called baying. All dogs do not do so; and, according to Houzeau, they do not then look at the moon, but at some fixed point near the horizon. Houzeau thinks that their imaginations are disturbed by the vague outlines of the surrounding objects, and conjure up before them fantastic images: if this be so, their feelings may almost be called superstitious.

Of all the faculties of the human mind, it will, I presume, be admitted that Reason stands at the summit. Only a few persons now dispute that animals possess some power of reasoning. Animals may constantly be seen to pause, deliberate, and resolve. It is a significant fact, that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts. In future chapters we shall see that some animals extremely low in the scale apparently display a certain amount of reason. No

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doubt it is often difficult to distinguish between the power of reason and that of instinct. For instance, Dr. Hayes, in his work on "The Open Polar Sea," repeatedly remarks that his dogs, instead of continuing to draw the sledges in a compact body, diverged and separated when they came to thin ice, so that their weight might be more evenly distributed. This was often the first warning which the travellers received that the ice was becoming thin and dangerous. Now, did the dogs act thus from the experience of each individual, or from the example of the older and wiser dogs, or from an inherited habit, that is, from instinct? This instinct may possibly have arisen since the time, long ago, when dogs were first employed by the natives in drawing their sledges; or the Arctic wolves, the parent-stock of the Esquimaux dog, may have acquired an instinct, impelling them not to attack their prey in a close pack, when on thin ice.

We can only judge by the circumstances under which actions are performed, whether they are due to instinct, or to reason, or to the mere association of ideas: this latter principle, however, is intimately connected with reason. A curious case has been given by Prof. Möbius, of a pike, separated by a plate of glass from an adjoining aquarium stocked with fish, and who often dashed himself with such violence against the glass in trying to catch the other fishes, that he was sometimes completely stunned. The pike went on thus for three months, but at last learned caution, and ceased to do so. The plate of glass was then removed, but the pike would not attack these particular fishes, though he would devour others which were afterward introduced; so strongly was the idea of a violent shock associated in his feeble mind with the attempt on his former neighbors. If a savage, who had never seen a large plate-glass window, were to dash himself even once against it, he would for a long time afterwards associate a shock with a window-frame; but very differently from the pike, he would probably reflect on the nature of the impediment, and be cautious under analogous circumstances. Now with monkeys, as we shall presently see, a painful or merely a disagreeable impression, from an action once performed, is sometimes sufficient to prevent the animal from repeating it. If we attribute this difference between the monkey and the pike solely to the association of ideas being so much stronger and more persistent in the one than the other, though the pike often received

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much the more severe injury, can we maintain in the case of man that a similar difference implies the possession of a fundamentally different mind?

Houzeau relates that, whilst crossing a wide and arid plain in Texas, his two dogs suffered greatly from thirst, and that between thirty and forty times they rushed down the hollows to search for water. These hollows were not valleys, and there were no trees in them, or any other difference in the vegetation, and as they were absolutely dry there could have been no smell of damp earth. The dogs behaved as if they knew that a dip in the ground offered them the best chance of finding water, and Houzeau has often witnessed the same behavior in other animals.

I have seen, as I daresay have others, that when a small object is thrown on the ground beyond the reach of one of the elephants in the Zoölogical Gardens, he blows through his trunk on the ground beyond the object, so that the current reflected on all sides may drive the object within his reach. Again, a well-known ethnologist, Mr. Westropp, informs me that he observed in Vienna a bear deliberately making with his paw a current in some water, which was close to the bars of his cage, so as to draw a piece of floating bread within his reach. These actions of the elephant and bear can hardly be attributed to instinct or inherited habit, as they would be of little use to an animal in a state of nature. Now, what is the difference between such actions, when performed by an uncultivated man, and by one of the higher animals?

The savage and the dog have often found water at a low level, and the coincidence under such circumstances has become associated in their minds. A cultivated man would perhaps make some general proposition on the subject; but from all that we know of savages it is extremely doubtful whether they would do so, and a dog certainly would not. But a savage, as well as a dog, would search in the same way, though frequently disappointed; and in both it seems to be equally an act of reason, whether or not any general proposition on the subject is consciously placed before the mind. The same would apply to the elephant and the bear making currents in the air or water. The savage would certainly neither know nor care by what law the desired movements were effected; yet his act would be guided by a rude process of reasoning, as surely as would a philosopher in his longest chain of deduc-

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tions. There would no doubt be this difference between him and one of the higher animals, that he would take notice of much slighter circumstances and conditions, and would observe any connection between them after much less experience, and this would be of paramount importance. I kept a daily record of the actions of one of my infants, and when he was about eleven months old, and before he could speak a single word, I was continually struck with the greater quickness with which all sorts of objects and sounds were associated together in his mind, compared with that of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew. But the higher animals differ in exactly the same way in this power of association from those low in the scale, such as the pike, as well as in that of drawing inferences and of observation.

The promptings of reason, after very short experience, are well shown by the following actions of American monkeys, which stand low in their order. Rengger, a most careful observer, states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys in Paraguay, they smashed them, and thus lost much of their contents; afterwards they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shell with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with any sharp tool they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest caution. Lumps of sugar were often given them wrapped up in paper; and Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in the paper, so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung; after this had once happened, they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within.

The following cases relate to dogs. Mr. Colquhoun winged two wild-ducks, which fell on the further side of a stream; his retriever tried to bring over both at once, but could not succeed; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and returned for the dead bird. Colonel Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed, the other wounded; the latter ran away, and was caught by the retriever, who on her return came across the dead bird; "she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterwards brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her ever hav-

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ing wilfully injured any game." Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild-ducks. I give the above cases, as resting on the evidence of two independent witnesses, and because in both instances the retrievers, after deliberation, broke through a habit which is inherited by them (that of not killing the game retrieved), and because they show how strong their reasoning faculty must have been to overcome a fixed habit.

I will conclude by quoting a remark by the illustrious Humboldt. "The muleteers in South America say, 'I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but *la mas racional*, — the one that reasons best;'" and as he adds, "this popular expression, dictated by long experience, combats the system of animated machines, better perhaps than all the arguments of speculative philosophy." Nevertheless some writers even yet deny that the higher animals possess a trace of reason; and they endeavor to explain away, by what appears to be mere verbiage, all such facts as those above given.

It has, I think, now been shown that man and the higher animals, especially the Primates, have some few instincts in common. All have the same senses, intuitions, and sensations, — similar passions, affections, and emotions, even the more complex ones, such as jealousy, suspicion, emulation, gratitude, and magnanimity; they practice deceit and are revengeful; they are sometimes susceptible to ridicule, and even have a sense of humor; they feel wonder and curiosity; they possess the same faculties of imitation, attention, deliberation, choice, memory, imagination, the association of ideas, and reason, though in very different degrees. The individuals of the same species graduate in intellect from absolute imbecility to high excellence. They are also liable to insanity, though far less often than in the case of man. Nevertheless, many authors have insisted that man is divided by an insuperable barrier from all the lower animals in his mental faculties. I formerly made a collection of above a score of such aphorisms, but they are almost worthless, as their wide difference and number prove the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of the attempt. It has been asserted that man alone is capable of progressive improvement; that he alone makes use of tools or fire, domesticates other animals, or possesses property; that no animal has the power of abstraction, or of forming general

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concepts, is self-conscious and comprehends itself; that no animal employs language; that man alone has a sense of beauty, is liable to caprice, has the feeling of gratitude, mystery, etc.; believes in God, or is endowed with a conscience. I will hazard a few remarks on the more important and interesting of these points.

Archbishop Sumner formerly maintained that man alone is capable of progressive improvement. That he is capable of incomparably greater and more rapid improvement than is any other animal, admits of no dispute; and this is mainly due to his power of speaking and handing down his acquired knowledge. With animals, looking first to the individual, every one who has had any experience in setting traps knows that young animals can be caught much more easily than old ones; and they can be much more easily approached by an enemy. Even with respect to old animals, it is impossible to catch many in the same place and in the same kind of trap, or to destroy them by the same kind of poison; yet it is improbable that all should have partaken of the poison, and impossible that all should have been caught in a trap. They must learn caution by seeing their brethren caught or poisoned. In North America, where the fur-bearing animals have long been pursued, they exhibit, according to the unanimous testimony of all observers, an almost incredible amount of sagacity, caution and cunning; but trapping has been there so long carried on, that inheritance may possibly have come into play. I have received several accounts that when telegraphs are first set up in any district, many birds kill themselves by flying against the wires, but that in the course of a very few years they learn to avoid this danger, by seeing, as it would appear, their comrades killed.

If we look to successive generations, or to the race, there is no doubt that birds and other animals gradually both acquire and lose caution in relation to man or other enemies; and this caution is certainly in chief part an inherited habit or instinct, but in part the result of individual experience. A good observer, Leroy, states that in districts where foxes are much hunted, the young, on first leaving their burrows, are incontestably much more wary than the old ones in districts where they are not much disturbed.

Our domestic dogs are descended from wolves and jackals, and though they may not have gained in cunning, and may

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have lost in wariness and suspicion, yet they have progressed in certain moral qualities, such as in affection, trustworthiness, temper, and probably in general intelligence. The common rat has conquered and beaten several other species throughout Europe, in parts of North America, New Zealand, and recently in Formosa, as well as on the mainland of China. Mr. Swinhoe, who describes these two latter cases, attributes the victory of the common rat over the large Mus cominga to its superior cunning; and this latter quality may probably be attributed to the habitual exercise of all its faculties in avoiding extirpation by man, as well as to nearly all the less cunning or weak-minded rats having been continuously destroyed by him. It is, however, possible that the success of the common rat may be due to its having possessed greater cunning than its fellow-species, before it became associated with man. To maintain, independently of any direct evidence, that no animal during the course of ages has progressed in intellect or other mental faculties, is to beg the question of the evolution of species. We have seen that, according to Lartet, existing mammals belonging to several orders have larger brains than their ancient tertiary prototypes.

It has often been said that no animal uses any tool; but the chimpanzee in a state of nature cracks a native fruit, somewhat like a walnut, with a stone. Rengger easily taught an American monkey thus to break open hard palm-nuts; and afterwards, of its own accord, it used stones to open other kinds of nuts, as well as boxes. It thus also removed the soft rind of fruit that had a disagreeable flavor. Another monkey was taught to open the lid of a large box with a stick, and afterwards, it used the stick as a lever to move heavy bodies; and I have myself seen a young orang put a stick into a crevice, slip his hand to the other end, and use it in the proper manner as a lever. The tamed elephants in India are well known to break off branches of trees and use them to drive away the flies; and this same act has been observed in an elephant in a state of nature. I have seen a young orang, when she thought she was going to be whipped, cover and protect herself with a blanket or straw. In these several cases stones and sticks were employed as implements; but they are likewise used as weapons. Brehm states, on the authority of the well-known traveler Schimper, that in Abyssinia when the baboons belonging to one species (C. gelada) descend in troops from the mountains

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to plunder the fields, they sometimes encounter troops of another species (C. hamadryas), and then a fight ensues. The Geladas roll down great stones, which the Hamadryas try to avoid, and then both species, making a great uproar, rush furiously against each other. Brehm, when, accompanying the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, aided in an attack with fire-arms on a troop of baboons in the pass of Mensa in Abyssinia. The baboons in return rolled so many stones down the mountain, some as large as a man's head, that the attackers had to beat a hasty retreat; and the pass was actually closed for a time against the caravan. It deserves notice that these baboons thus acted in concert. Mr. Wallace on three occasions saw female orangs, accompanied by their young, "breaking off branches and the great spiny fruit of the Durian tree, with every appearance of rage; causing such a shower of missiles as effectually kept us from approaching too near the tree." As I have repeatedly seen, a chimpanzee will throw any object at hand at a person who offends him; and the before mentioned baboon at the Cape of Good Hope prepared mud for the purpose.

In the Zoölogical Gardens, a monkey, which had weak teeth, used to break open nuts with a stone; and I was assured by the keepers that after using the stone, he hid it in the straw, and would not let any other monkey touch it. Here, then, we have the idea of property; but this idea is common to every dog with a bone, and to most or all birds with their nests.

The Duke of Argyll remarks, that the fashioning of an implement for a special purpose is absolutely peculiar to man; and he considers that this forms an immeasurable gulf between him and the brutes. This is no doubt a very important distinction; but there appears to me much truth in Sir J. Lubbock's suggestion, that when primeval man first used flint-stones for any purpose he would have accidentally splintered them, and would then have used the sharp fragments. From this step it would be a small one to break the flints on purpose, and not a very wide step to fashion them rudely. This latter advance, however, may have taken long ages, if we may judge by the immense interval of time which elapsed before the men of the neolithic period took to grinding and polishing their stone tools. In breaking the flints, as Sir J. Lubbock likewise remarks, sparks would have been emitted, and in grinding them heat would have been evolved: thus the two usual methods of

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"obtaining fire may have originated." The nature of fire would have been known in the many volcanic regions where lava occasionally flows through forests. The anthropomorphous apes, guided probably by instinct, build for themselves temporary platforms; but as many instincts are largely controlled by reason, the simpler ones, such as this of building a platform, might readily pass into a voluntary and conscious act. The orang is known to cover itself at night with the leaves of the Pandanus; and Brehm states that one of his baboons used to protect itself from the heat of the sun by throwing a straw-mat over its head. In these several habits, we probably see the first steps towards some of the simpler arts, such as rude architecture and dress, as they arose amongst the early progenitors of man.

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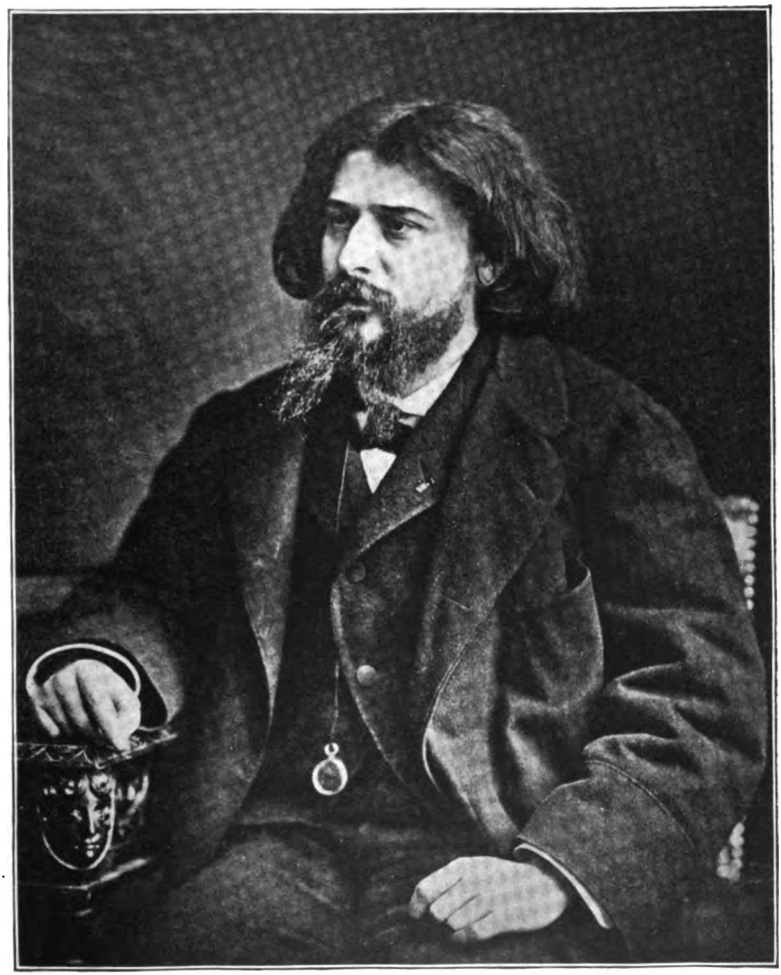

ALPHONSE DAUDET

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ALPHONSE DAUDET.

DAUDET, ALPHONSE, a French novelist; born at Nîmes, May 13, 1840; died December 16, 1897. In 1857 he accompanied his brother Ernest to Paris, taking with him a volume of poetry, "Les Amoureuses," which was published in 1858, and led to his employment by "Figaro" and other newspapers. He published "La Double Conversion" (1861), and "Le Roman du Chaperon Rouge" (1863). He also wrote, in conjunction with M. Ernest Lepine, two dramas, "La Dernière Idole," and "L'Œillet Blanc." Three later pieces, "L'Arlésienne," "Le Sacrifice," and "Lise Tavernier" (1872), were unsuccessful on the stage, and Daudet, who had intended to make a comedy of "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," turned it into a novel. His success was already assured by "Le Petit Chose," "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Les Femmes d'Artistes," "Lettres de Mon Moulin," and "Jack," the last-named novel being published in 1873. "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" appeared in 1874, and was crowned the next year by the French Academy. This was succeeded by "Les Contes Choisis" (1877), "Le Nabab," "Mœurs Parisiennes" (1879), "Causeries du Lundi," "Robert Helmont," "Les Rois en Exil" (1879), "Numa Roumestan" (1880), "L'Évangéliste" (1882), "Sappho" (1884), "Trente Ans de Paris" (1887), "L'Immortel" (1888), "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres" (1888), "Porte Tarascon" (1890), "La Petite Paroisse" (1895).

FROM "TARTARIN OF TARASCON."

MITAINE'S MENAGERIE — A LION FROM THE ATLAS AT TARASCON — A SOLEMN AND FEARSOME CONFRONTATION.

EXHIBITING Tartarin of Tarascon, as we are, in his private life, before Fame kissed his brow and garlanded him with her well-worn laurel wreath, and having narrated his heroic existence in a modest state, his delights and sorrows, his dreams and his hopes, let us hurriedly skip to the grandest pages of his story, and to the singular event which was to give the first flight to his incomparable career.

It happened one evening at Costecalde the gunmaker's, where Tartarin was engaged in showing several sportsmen the working

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of the needle-gun, then in its first novelty. The door suddenly flew open, and in rushed a bewildered cap-popper, howling "A lion, a lion!" General was the alarm, stupor, uproar, and tumult. Tartarin prepared to resist cavalry with the bayonet, whilst Costecalde ran to shut the door. The sportsman was surrounded and pressed and questioned, and here follows what he told them: Mitaine's Menagerie, returning from Beaucaire Fair, had consented to stay over a few days at Tarascon, and was just unpacking, to set up the show on the Castle-green, with a lot of boas, seals, crocodiles, and a magnificent lion from the Atlas Mountains.

An African lion in Tarascon?

Never in the memory of living man had the like been seen. Hence our dauntless cap-poppers looked at one another how proudly! What a beaming on their sun-burned visages! and in every nook of Costecalde's shop what hearty congratulatory grips of the hand were silently exchanged! The sensation was so great and unforeseen that nobody could find a word to say — not even Tartarin.

Blanched and agitated, with the needle-gun still in his fist, he brooded, erect before the counter. A lion from the Atlas Range at pistol range from him, a couple of strides off! a lion, mind you — the beast heroic and ferocious above all others, the King of the Brute Creation, the crowning game of his fancies, something like the leading actor in the ideal company which played such splendid tragedies in his mind's eye. A lion, heaven be thanked! and from the Atlas, to boot! It was more than the great Tartarin could bear.

Suddenly a flush of blood flew into his face. His eyes flashed. With one convulsive movement he shouldered the needle-gun, and turning towards the brave Commandant Bravida (formerly captain — in the Army Clothing Department, please to remember), he thundered to him: —

"Let's go have a look at him, commandant."

"Here, here, I say! that's my gun — my needle-gun you are carrying off," timidly ventured the wary Costecalde; but Tartarin had already got round the corner, with all the cap-poppers proudly lock-stepping behind him.

When they arrived at the menagerie, they found a goodly number of people there. Tarascon, heroic but too long deprived of sensational shows, had rushed upon Mitaine's portable theatre, and had taken it by storm. Hence the voluminous Madame

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Mitaine was highly contented. In an Arab costume, her arms bare to the elbow, iron anklets on, a whip in one hand and a plucked though live pullet in the other, the noted lady was doing the honors of the booth to the Tarasconians; and, as she also had "double muscles," her success was almost as great as her animals'.

The entrance of Tartarin with the gun on his shoulder was a damper.

All our good Tarasconians, who had been quite tranquilly strolling before the cages, unarmed and with no distrust, without even any idea of danger, felt momentary apprehension, naturally enough, on beholding their mighty Tartarin rush into the enclosure with his formidable engine of war. There must be something to fear when a hero like he was, came weaponed; so, in a twinkling, all the space along the cage fronts was cleared. The youngsters burst out squalling for fear, and the women looked round for the nearest way out. The chemist Bézuquet made off altogether, alleging that he was going home for his gun.

Gradually, however, Tartarin's bearing restored courage. With head erect, the intrepid Tarasconian slowly and calmly made the circuit of the booth, passing the seal's tank without stopping, glancing disdainfully on the long box filled with sawdust in which the boa would digest its raw fowl, and going to take his stand before the lion's cage.

A terrible and solemn confrontation, this!

The lion of Tarascon and the lion of Africa face to face!

On the one part, Tartarin erect, with his hamstrings in tension, and his arms folded on his gun barrel; on the other, the lion, a gigantic specimen, humped up in the straw, with blinking orbs and brutish mien, resting his huge muzzle and tawny full-bottomed wig on his forepaws. Both calm in their gaze.

Singular thing! whether the needle-gun had given him "the needle," if the popular idiom is admissible, or that he scented an enemy of his race, the lion, who had hitherto regarded the Tarasconians with sovereign scorn, and yawned in their faces, was all at once affected by ire. At first he sniffed; then he growled hollowly, stretching out his claws; rising, he tossed his head, shook his mane, opened a capacious maw, and belched a deafening roar at Tartarin.

A yell of fright responded, as Tarascon precipitated itself madly towards the exit, women and children, lightermen, cap-

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poppers, even the brave Commandant Bravida himself. But, alone, Tartarin of Tarascon had not budged. There he stood, firm and resolute, before the cage, lightnings in his eyes, and on his lip that gruesome grin with which all the town was familiar. In a moment's time, when all the cap-poppers, some little fortified by his bearing and the strength of the bars, re-approached their leader, they heard him mutter, as he stared Leo out of countenance: —

"Now, this is something like a hunt!"

All the rest of that day, never a word further could they draw from Tartarin of Tarascon.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF MENTAL MIRAGE.

Confining his remarks to the sentence last recorded, Tartarin had unfortunately still said overmuch.

On the morrow, there was nothing talked about through town but the near-at-hand departure of Tartarin for Algeria and lion-hunting. You are all witness, dear readers, that the honest fellow had not breathed a word on that head; but, you know, the mirage had its usual effect. In brief, all Tarascon spoke of nothing but the departure.

On the Old Walk, at the club, in Costecalde's, friends accosted one another with a startled aspect: —

"And furthermore, you know the news, at least?"

"And furthermore, rather? Tartarin's setting out, at least?"

For at Tarascon all phrases begin with "and furthermore," and conclude with "at least," with a strong local accent. Hence, on this occasion more than upon others, these peculiarities rang out till the windows shivered.

The most surprised of men in the town on hearing that Tartarin was going away to Africa, was Tartarin himself. But only see what vanity is! Instead of plumply answering that he was not going at all, and had not even had the intention, poor Tartarin, on the first of them mentioning the journey to him, observed with a neat little evasive air, "Aha! maybe I shall — but I do not say as much." The second time, a trifle more familiarized with the idea, he replied, "Very likely;" and the third time, "It's certain."

Finally, in the evening, at Costecalde's and the club, carried away by the egg-nogg, cheers, and illumination; intoxicated by the impression that bare announcement of his departure had

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made on the town, the hapless fellow formerly declared that he was sick of banging away at caps, and that he would shortly be on the trail of the great lions of the Atlas. A deafening hurrah greeted this assertion. Whereupon more egg-nogg, bravoes, hand-shaking, slappings of the shoulder, and a torchlight serenade up to midnight before Baobab Villa.

It was Sancho-Tartarin who was anything but delighted. This idea of travel in Africa and lion-hunting made him shudder beforehand; and when the house was re-entered, and whilst the complimentary concert was sounding under the windows, he had a dreadful "row" with Quixote-Tartarin, calling him a cracked head, a visionary, imprudent, and thrice an idiot, and detailing by the card all the catastrophes awaiting him on such an expedition, — shipwreck, rheumatism, yellow fever, dysentery, the black plague, elephantiasis, and the rest of them.

In vain did Quixote-Tartarin vow that he had not committed any imprudence — that he would wrap himself up well, and take even superfluous necessaries with him. Sancho-Tartarin would listen to nothing. The poor craven saw himself already torn to tatters by the lions or engulfed in the desert sands like his late royal highness Cambyses, and the other Tartarin only managed to appease him a little by explaining that the start was not immediate, as nothing pressed.

It is clear enough, indeed, that none embark on such an enterprise without some preparations. A man is bound to know whither he goes, hang it all! and not fly off like a bird. Before anything else, the Tarasconian wanted to peruse the accounts of great African tourists, the narrations of Mungo Park, Du Chaillu, Dr. Livingstone, Stanley, and so on.

In them, he learnt that these daring explorers, before donning their sandals for distant excursions, hardened themselves well beforehand to support hunger and thrist, forced marches, and all kinds of privation. Tartarin meant to act like they did, and from that day forward he lived upon water broth alone. The water broth of Tarascon is a few slices of bread drowned in hot water, with a clove of garlic, a pinch of thyme, and a sprig of laurel. Strict diet, at which you may believe poor Sancho made a wry face.

To the regimen of water broth Tartarin of Tarascon joined other wise practices. To break himself into the habit of long marches, he constrained himself to go round the town seven or eight times consecutively every morning, either at the fast walk

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or run, his elbows well set against his body, and a couple of white pebbles in the mouth, according to the antique usage.

To get inured to fog, dew, and night coolness, he would go down into his garden every dusk, and stop out there till ten or eleven, alone with his gun, on the lookout, behind the baobab.

Finally, so long as Mitaine's wild beast show tarried in Tarascon, the cap-poppers who were belated at Costecalde's might spy in the shadow of the booth, as they crossed the Castle-green, a mysterious figure stalking up and down. It was Tartarin of Tarascon, habituating himself to hear without emotion the roarings of the lion in the sombre night.

BEFORE THE START.

Pending Tartarin's delay of the event by all sorts of heroic means, all Tarascon kept an eye upon him, and nothing else was busied about. Cap-popping was winged, and ballad-singing dead. The piano in Bézuquet's shop mouldered away under a green fungus, and the Spanish flies dried upon it, belly up. Tartarin's expedition had put a stopper on everything.

Ah, you ought to have seen his success in the parlors. He was snatched away by one from another, fought for, loaned and borrowed, ay, stolen. There was no greater honor for the ladies than to go to Mitaine's Menagerie on Tartarin's arms, and have it explained before the lion's den how such large game are hunted, where they should be aimed at, at how many paces off, if the accidents were numerous, and the like of that.

Tartarin furnished all the elucidation desired. He had read "The Life of Jules Gérard, the Lion-Slayer," and had lion-hunting at his fingers' ends, as if he had been through it himself. Hence he orated upon these matters with great eloquence.

But where he shone the brightest was at dinner at Chief Judge Ladevèze's, or brave Commandant Bravida's (the former captain in the Army Clothing Factory, you will keep in mind), when coffee came in, and all the chairs were brought up closer together, whilst they chatted of his future hunts.

Thereupon, his elbow on the cloth, his nose over his Mocha, our hero would discourse in a feeling tone of all the dangers awaiting him thereaway. He spoke of the long moonless night lyings-in-wait, the pestilential fens, the rivers envenomed by leaves of poison-plants, the deep snow-drifts, the scorching suns, the scorpions, and rains of grasshoppers; he

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also descanted on the peculiarities of the great lions of the Atlas, their way of fighting, their phenomenal vigor, and their ferocity in the mating season.

Heating with his own recital, he would rise from table, bounding to the middle of the dining-room, imitating the roar of a lion and the going off of a rifle: crack! bang! the zizz of the explosive bullet — gesticulating and roaring about till he had overset the chairs.

Everybody turned pale around the board: the gentlemen looking at one another and wagging their heads, the ladies shutting their eyes with pretty screams of fright, the elderly men combatively brandishing their canes; and, in the side apartments, the little boys, who had been put to bed betimes, were greatly startled by the sudden outcries and imitated gun-fire, and screamed for lights.

Meanwhile, Tartarin did not start.

BAGGED HIM AT LAST.

It was not until early on the morrow of this adventurous and dramatic eve that our hero awoke, and acquired assurance doubly sure that the prince and the treasure had really gone off, without any prospect of return. When he saw himself alone in the little white tomb-house, betrayed, robbed, abandoned in the heart of savage Algeria, with a one-humped camel and some pocket-money as all his resources, then did the representative of Tarascon for the first time doubt. He doubted Montenegro, friendship, glory, and even lions; and the great man blubbered bitterly.

Whilst he was pensively seated on the sill of the sanctuary, holding his head between his hands and his gun between his legs, with the camel mooning at him, the thicket over the way was divided, and the stupor-stricken Tartarin saw a gigantic lion appear not a dozen paces off. It thrust out its high head and emitted powerful roars, which made the temple walls shake beneath their votive decorations, and even the saint's slippers dance in their niche.

The Tarasconian alone did not tremble.

"At last you 've come!" he shouted, jumping up and levelling the rifle.

Bang, bang! went a brace of shells into its head.

It was done. For a minute, on the fiery background of the

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Afric sky, there was a dreadful firework display of scattered brains, smoking blood, and tawny hair. When all fell, Tartarin perceived two colossal negroes furiously running towards him, brandishing cudgels. They were his two negro acquaintances of Milianah!

Oh, misery!

This was the domesticated lion, the poor blind beggar of the Mohammed Monastery, whom the Tarasconian's bullets had knocked over.

This time, spite of Mahound, Tartarin escaped neatly. Drunk with fanatical fury, the two African collectors would have surely beaten him to pulp had not the god of chase and war sent him a delivering angel in the shape of the rural constable of the Orléansville commune. By a by-path this *garde champêtre* came up, his sword tucked under his arm.

The sight of the municipal cap suddenly calmed the negroes' choler. Peaceful and majestic, the officer with the brass badge drew up a report on the affair, ordered the camel to be loaded with what remained of the king of beasts, and the plaintiffs as well as the delinquent to follow him, proceeding to Orléansville, where all was deposited with the law-courts receiver.

There issued a long and alarming case!

After the Algeria of the native tribes which he had overrun, Tartarin of Tarascon became thence acquainted with another Algeria, not less weird and to be dreaded — the Algeria in the towns, surcharged with lawyers and their papers. He got to know the pettifogger who does business at the back of a café — the legal Bohemian, with documents reeking of wormwood bitters and white neckcloths spotted with champoreau; the ushers, the attorneys, all the locusts of stamped paper, meagre and famished, who eat up the colonist body and boots — ay, to the very straps of them, and leave him peeled to the core like an Indian cornstalk, stripped leaf by leaf.

Before all else it was necessary to ascertain whether the lion had been killed on the civil or the military territory. In the former case the matter regarded the Tribunal of Commerce; in the second, Tartarin would be dealt with by the Council of War; and at the mere name the impressionable Tarasconian saw himself shot at the foot of the ramparts or huddled up in a casemate-silo.

The puzzle lay in the limitation of the two territories being very hazy in Algeria.

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At length, after a month's running about, entanglements and waiting under the sun in the yards of Arab Departmental offices, it was established that, whereas the lion had been killed on the military territory, on the other hand Tartarin was in the civil territory when he shot. So the case was decided in the civil courts, and our hero was let off on paying two thousand five hundred francs damages, costs not included.

How could he pay such a sum?

The few piastres escaped from the prince's sweep had long since gone in legal documents and judicial libations. The unfortunate lion-destroyer was therefore reduced to selling the store of guns by retail, rifle by rifle; so went the daggers, the Malay kreeses, and the life-preservers. A grocer purchased the preserved aliments; an apothecary what remained of the medicaments. The big boots themselves walked off after the improved tent to a dealer of curiosities, who elevated them to the dignity of "rarities from Cochin-China."

When everything was paid up, only the lion's skin and the camel remained to Tartarin. The hide he had carefully packed, to be sent to Tarascon to the address of brave Commandant Bravida, and, later on, we shall see what came of this fabulous trophy. As for the camel, he reckoned on making use of him to get back to Algiers, not by riding on him, but by selling him to pay his coach-fare — the best way to employ a camel in travelling. Unhappily the beast was difficult to place, and no one would offer a copper for him.

Still Tartarin wanted to regain Algiers by hook or crook. He was in haste again to behold Baya's blue bodice, his little snuggery and his fountains, as well as to repose on the white trefoils of his little cloister whilst awaiting money from France. So our hero did not hesitate; distressed but not downcast, he undertook to make the journey afoot and penniless by short stages.

In this enterprise the camel did not cast him off. The strange animal had taken an unaccountable fancy for his master, and on seeing him leave Orléansville he set to striding steadfastly behind him, regulating his pace by his, and never quitting him by a yard.

At the first outset Tartarin found this touching; such fidelity and devotion above proof went to his heart, all the more because the creature was accommodating, and fed himself on nothing. Nevertheless, after a few days, the Tarasconian was

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worried by having this glum companion perpetually at his heels, to remind him of his misadventures. Ire arising, he hated him for his sad aspect, hump and gait of a goose in harness. To tell the whole truth, he held him as his Old Man of the Sea, and only pondered on how to shake him off; but the follower would not be shaken off. Tartarin attempted to lose him, but the camel always found him; he tried to outrun him, but the camel ran faster. He bade him begone, and hurled stones at him. The camel stopped with a mournful mien, but in a minute resumed the pursuit, and always ended by overtaking him. Tartarin had to resign himself.

For all that, when, after eight full days of tramping, the dusty and harassed Tarasconian espied the first white housetops of Algiers glimmer from afar in the verdure, and when he got to the city gates on the noisy Mustapha Avenue, amid the Zouaves, Biskris, and Mahonnais, all swarming around him and staring at him trudging by with his camel, overtasked patience escaped him.

"No! no!" he growled, "it is not likely! I cannot enter Algiers with such an animal!"

Profiting by a jam of vehicles, he turned off into the fields and jumped into a ditch. In a minute or so he saw over his head on the highway the camel flying off with long strides and stretching his neck with a wistful air.

Relieved of a great weight thereby, the hero sneaked out of his covert, and entered the town anew by a circuitous path which skirted the wall of his own little garden.

TARASCON AGAIN!

Mid-day has come.

The "Zouave" had her steam up, ready to go. Upon the balcony of the Valentin Café, high above, the officers were levelling telescopes, and, with the colonel at their head, looking at the lucky little craft that was going back to France. This is the main distraction of the staff. On the lower level, the roads glittered. The old Turkish cannon breeches, stuck up along the waterside, blazed in the sun. The passengers hurried. Biskris and Mahonnais piled their luggage up in the wherries.

Tartarin of Tarascon had no luggage. Here he comes down the Rue de la Marine through the little market, full of bananas and melons, accompanied by his friend Barbassou. The hap-

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less Tarasconian left on the Moorish strand his gun-cases and his illusions, and now he had to sail for Tarascon with his hands in his otherwise empty pockets. He had barely leaped into the captain's cutter before a breathless beast slid down from the heights of the square and galloped towards him. It was the faithful camel, who had been hunting after his master in Algiers during the last four-and-twenty hours.

On seeing him, Tartarin changed countenance, and feigned not to know him, but the camel was not going to be put off. He scampered along the quay; he whinnied for his friend, and regarded him with affection.

"Take me away," his sad eyes seemed to say, "take me away in your ship, far, far from this sham Arabia, this ridiculous Land of the East, full of locomotives and stage coaches, where a camel is so sorely out of keeping that I do not know what will become of me. You are the last real Turk, and I am the last camel. Do not let us part, O my Tartarin!"

"Is that camel yours?" the captain inquired.

"Not a bit of it!" replied Tartarin, who shuddered at the idea of entering Tarascon with that ridiculous escort; and, impudently denying the companion of his misfortunes, he spurned the Algerian soil with his foot, and gave the cutter the shoving-off start. The camel sniffed of the water, extended its neck, cracked its joints, and, jumping in behind the row-boat at haphazard, he swam towards the "Zouave" with his humpback floating like a bladder, and his long neck projecting over the wave like the beak of a galley.

Cutter and camel came alongside the mail steamer together.

"This dromedary regularly cuts me up," observed Captain Barbassou, quite affected. "I have a good mind to take him aboard and make a present of him to the Zoölogical Gardens at Marseilles."

And so they hauled up the camel with many blocks and tackles upon the deck, being increased in weight by the brine, and the "Zouave" started.

Tartarin spent the two days of the crossing by himself in his stateroom, not because the sea was rough or that the red fez had too much to suffer, but because the deuced camel, as soon as his master appeared above decks, showed him the most preposterous attentions. You never did see a camel make such an exhibition of a man as this.

From hour to hour, through the cabin portholes, where he

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stuck out his nose now and then, Tartarin saw the Algerian blue sky pale away; until one morning, in a silvery fog, he heard with delight Marseilles bells ringing out. The "Zouave" had arrived and cast anchor.

Our man, having no luggage, got off without saying anything, hastily slipped through Marseilles for fear he was still pursued by the camel, and never breathed till he was in a third-class carriage making for Tarascon.

Deceptive security!

Hardly were they two leagues from the city before every head was stuck out of window. There were outcries and astonishment. Tartarin looked in his turn, and — what did he descry! the camel, reader, the inevitable camel, racing along the line behind the train and keeping up with it! The dismayed Tartarin drew back and shut his eyes.

After this disastrous expedition of his he had reckoned on slipping into his house *incognito*. But the presence of this burdensome quadruped rendered the thing impossible. What kind of a triumphal entry would he make? Good heavens! not a sou, not a lion, nothing to show for it save a camel!

"Tarascon! Tarascon!"

He was obliged to get down.

O amazement!

Scarce had the hero's red fez popped out of the doorway before a loud shout of "Tartarin forever!" made the glazed roof of the railway station tremble. "Long life to Tartarin, the lion-slayer!" And out burst the windings of horns and the choruses of the local musical societies.

Tartarin felt death had come: he believed it a hoax. But, no! all Tarascon was there, waving their hats, all of the same way of thinking. Behold the brave Commandant Bravida, Costecalde the armorer, the Chief Judge, the chemist, and the whole noble corps of cap-poppers, who pressed around their leader, and carried him in triumph out through the passages.

Singular effects of the mirage! — the hide of the blind lion sent to Bravida was the cause of all this riot. With that humble fur exhibited in the club-room the Tarasconians, and, at the back of them, the whole South of France, had grown exalted. The "Sémaphore" newspaper had spoken of it. A drama had been invented. It was not merely a solitary lion which Tartarin had slain, but ten, nay, twenty — pooh! a herd of lions had been made marmalade of. Hence, on disembark-

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ing at Marseilles, Tartarin was already celebrated without being aware of it, and an enthusiastic telegram had gone on before him by two hours to his native place.

But what capped the climax of the popular gladness was to see a fancifully shaped animal, covered with foam and dust, appear behind the hero, and stumble down the station stairs.

Tarascon for an instant believed that its dragon was come again.

Tartarin set his fellow-citizens at ease.

"This is my camel," he said.

Already feeling the influence of the splendid sun of Tarascon, which makes people tell "bouncers" unwittingly, he added, as he fondled the camel's hump: —

"It is a noble beast! It saw me kill all my lions!"

Whereupon he familiarly took the arm of the commandant, who was red with pleasure; and followed by his camel, surrounded by the cap-hunters, acclaimed by all the population, he placidly proceeded towards the Baobab Villa; and, on the march, thus commenced the account of his mighty hunting: —

"Once upon an evening, you are to imagine that, out in the depths of the Sahara — "

From "Recollections of a Literary Man."

THE GARDEN OF THE RUE DES ROSIERS.

Written March 22, 1871.

Put not your trust in the names of streets, nor in the peaceful appearance thereof! When, after having clambered over barricades and mitrailleuses, I reached the top of Montmartre, and from behind the windmills looked down and saw the little Rue des Rosiers, with its pebbled roadway, its gardens, and small houses, I could have fancied myself far away in the provinces, in one of those quiet suburbs where the town as it becomes more scattered, finally dwindles down and disappears in the surrounding fields. In front of me, nothing was to be seen but a flight of pigeons and two sisters of mercy in their large caps, timidly skirting the wall. In the distance rose the Solferino tower, a vulgar and heavy fortress, Sunday resort of the neighborhood that the siege has almost rendered picturesque, by reducing it to a ruin.

By degrees, as I advanced, the street widened out, and wore a more animated appearance. There were tents laid out in a

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line, cannon and stacks of guns, and on the left-hand side a large gateway, in front of which national guards were smoking their pipes. The house was at the back and could not be seen from the street. After some parley, the sentinel allowed me to enter. It was a two-storied house, situated between a courtyard and garden, and had nothing tragic about it. It belongs to the heirs of M. Scribe.

The rooms on the ground floor, light, airy, and hung with flowery papers, opened into the passage leading from the little paved courtyard to the garden. It was here that the former *Comité Central* held its meetings. It was hither that on the afternoon of the 18th the two generals were conveyed, and that they endured the anguish of their last hour; while the mob yelled in the garden outside, and the deserters came and stuck their hideous faces against the windows, scenting blood like wolves; here, at last, that the two corpses were brought back, and remained exposed for two days to the public gaze.

With heavy heart, I went down the three steps leading to the garden, a true suburban garden, where each tenant has his corner of currant bushes and clematis, separated by green trellis-work with belled gates. The fury of a mob had passed over all. The enclosures were knocked down, the flower-beds torn up. Nothing was left standing but certain quincunxes of limes, some twenty trees, freshly trimmed, with their hard gray branches uprising in the air, like a vulture's talons. An iron railing went round the back by way of wall, showing in the distance the immense, melancholy valley, and the tall, smoking factory chimneys.

The calm brought by time steals over things as well as over human beings. Here I am on the very scene of the drama, and yet I experience a certain difficulty in recalling an impression of it. The weather is mild, the sky clear. These Montmartre soldiers who surround me seem good-natured fellows. They sing, and play at pitch and toss. The officers laugh as they saunter to and fro! The great wall alone, riddled with bullets, and with crumbled coping, stands up like a witness and relates the crime. It was against this wall they were shot.

It appears that at the last moment General Lecomte, who till then had been firm and resolute, felt his courage fail him. He struggled and tried to escape, ran a few steps in the garden, was seized again immediately, shaken, dragged, jostled, fell on his knees and spoke of his children.

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"I have five," he said sobbing.

The heart of the father had burst the tunic of the soldier. There were fathers also in that mad crowd, and some pitying voices answered his despairing appeal; but the inexorable deserters would not listen.

"If we do not shoot him to-day, he will have us shot to-morrow."

He was thrust against the wall. Immediately after, the sergeant of an infantry regiment approached him.

"General," he said, "you must promise us —"

Then suddenly changing his mind, he took a couple of steps backwards, and discharged his chassepot full in his chest. The others had only to finish him off.

Clément Thomas, however, did not give way for one instant.

Placed against the same wall as Lecomte, at two paces from his body, he faced death to the end, and spoke in a dignified manner. When the guns were lowered, he instinctively raised his left arm before his face, and the old Republican died in the attitude of Cæsar. At the spot where they fell, against the cold wall, bare like the target of a shooting gallery, a few branches of a peach-tree are still spread out, and at the top blooms an early flower, all white, spared by the bullets and unsullied by the powder.

On quitting the Rue des Rosiers, through the silent roads rising one above the other, along the sides of the hill, full of gardens and terraces, I came to the former cemetery of Montmartre, that had been reopened a few days before, to receive the bodies of the two generals. It is a village cemetery, bare, without trees, adorned by nothing but gravestones. Like those rapacious peasants, who in ploughing their land encroach each day on the pathway that crosses their fields, making it finally disappear altogether; so here, death has invaded everything, even the alleys. The tombs crowd one above the other. Every place is filled. One is at a loss to know where to step.

I know nothing sadder than these old cemeteries. One feels one's self to be in presence of a vast assemblage, and yet no one is visible. Those who lie there seemed indeed twice dead.

"What are you looking for?" inquired a kind of half gardener, half gravedigger, in a national guard's forage cap, who was mending a railing.

My answer astonished him. For a moment he hesitated, looked around him, and lowering his voice: —

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"Over there," he said, "near the cowl."

What he called the cowl was a sentry-box in japanned sheet-iron, sheltering a few tarnished glass-beaded wreaths, and old filigree flowers. By its side was a wide slab, which had been recently raised. Not a railing, not an inscription. Nothing but two bunches of violets, wrapped in white paper, with a stone placed on their stalks that the strong wind of the hill-side may not blow them away. It is here they sleep side by side. It is in this transitory tomb, awaiting restoration to their families, that a billet has been given to these two soldiers.

AN ESCAPE.

Written during the Commune.

On one of the last days of the month of March five or six of us were seated at a table, in front of the Café Riche, watching the battalions of the Commune march past. There had been as yet no fighting, but assassinations had already taken place in the Rue des Rosiers, Place Vendôme, and at the Préfecture de Police. The farce was rapidly turning into a tragedy, and the boulevard laughed no longer.

In serried ranks round the red flag, with their canvas bags slung across the shoulder, the *communeux* tramped along with resolute step, covering the whole roadway; and when one looked at all these people under arms, so far from their working districts, with cartridge-pouches tightly buckled over their fustian jackets, the workmen's hands clutching the butt end of their guns, it was impossible not to think of the empty workshops and the abandoned factories.

This march past was in itself a menace. We all understood it, and the same sad, undefinable presentiment chilled our hearts.

At this moment, a tall, indolent and bloated swell, known to all the boulevard, from Tortoni to the Madeleine, approached our table. He was one of the most contemptible specimens of the fast man of the late Empire, a second-hand exquisite, who had never done anything but pick up on the boulevard all the eccentricities of the upper ten; baring his throat like Lutteroth, wearing ladies' dressing-gowns like Mouchy, bracelets like Narishkine, keeping for five years a card of Grammont-Caderousse stuck in his looking-glass; and withal painted like any old actor, dropping all his *r*'s, in the affected style of the Directoire, saying:

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"*Pa'ole d'honneu'. Bonjou' Ma'ame,*" bringing the smell of Tattersall's stables everywhere on his boots, and with just enough education to be able to scratch his name on the mirrors of the Café Anglais, which, however, did not prevent him from posing as a thorough theologian, and from exhibiting from one restaurant to another his disdainful, used-up, blasé manner, which at that time constituted the height of "form."

During the siege, my fine fellow had had himself attached to some kind of staff — merely to save his riding horses — and from time to time his ungainly figure might be seen, parading the neighborhood of the Place Vendôme, amongst all the other grand gold-laced gentlemen; since then I had lost sight of him. Therefore, to find him again suddenly in the midst of the insurrection, ever the same, in this convulsed Paris, produced on me the lugubrious and comical impression of an old veteran of the first empire, carrying out his pilgrimage of the 5th of May in the midst of the modern boulevard. The race of wretched Dundrearies was not ended, then? There were still some left! In reality, I think that had I been given a choice, I would have preferred those infuriated *communards* who gathered on the ramparts, with a dry crust at the bottom of their rough canvas wallets. These at least had something in their heads, some vague, wild ideal which floated above them, and took some fierce coloring from the folds of that red rag, for which they were going to die. But he, empty rattle, with his vacant, breadcrumb brain!

That day precisely, our friend was more insipid, more indolent, more full of fine airs than usual. He wore a little straw hat with blue ribbons, his moustache was well waxed, his hair cropped Russian fashion; a short coat displayed all his figure, and to be thoroughly complete, at the end of a silken cord, used as a leash, he led a lady's lapdog, a little Havanese dog the size of a rat, which, buried in its long hair, looked as bored and fatigued as his master. Thus got up, he planted himself in a languid attitude in front of our table, and watched the *communeux* defiling past, made some foolish remark, then with a slouch and a swing that were positively inimitable, declared to us that these fellows were beginning to make his blood boil, and that he was going off at once to "place his sword at the service of the Admiral!" The fiat had gone forth, the declaration was launched! Lasouche or Priston have never found anything more comic. Thereupon he turned away, and strolled off languidly, followed by his little sulky dog.

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I know not whether in reality he did place his sword at the Admiral's disposal; but in any case, M. Saisset did not make much use of it, for eight days later, the flag of the Commune floated over all the mayors' offices, the drawbridges were raised, fighting had begun everywhere, and from hour to hour the sidewalks grew emptier and the streets more deserted. Every one tried to escape as best he might — in the market-gardeners' carts, in the luggage vans of the embassies. Some disguised themselves as bargemen, stokers, or navvies. The most romantic crossed the ramparts at night with rope-ladders. The boldest went thirty at a time, and passed through a gate by storm; others, more practical, simply offered a bribe of five francs. Many followed hearses, and went wandering about the fields of the surrounding suburbs, with umbrellas and chimney-pot hats, black from head to foot, like village tipstaffs. Once outside, all these Parisians looked at each other laughingly, breathed freely, capered about, made fun of Paris; but soon the nostalgia of the asphalt regained possession of them, and the emigration, begun as truant schoolboys, became sad and burdensome as an exile.

My mind full of these ideas of escape, I was one morning strolling down the Rue de Rivoli, in pouring rain, when I was stopped by seeing a familiar face. At that early hour there was scarcely anything in sight but the sweeping-machines, gathering up the mud in little gleaming heaps along the side of the pavement, and the rows of tumbrels filled one after the other by the scavengers. Horror! it was under the bespattered smock of one of these men that I recognized my masher, well disguised indeed! — a battered felt hat, a neck-handkerchief tied like a wisp round the throat, and the wide trousers called by the Parisian workman (pardon me the word) a *salopette;* all this was wet, shabby, threadbare, covered with a thick coating of mire, that the wretched creature did not even then consider thick enough, for I detected him trampling in the puddles, and kicking the mud up to the very roots of his hair. It was this peculiar manœuvre that attracted my attention.

"Good morning, Vicomte," I said to him in an undertone as I passed. The Vicomte grew pale under his mud stains, threw a terrified glance around him, then seeing every one busy, he regained a little assurance, and told me that he had not chosen to place his sword (always his sword) at the service of the Commune, and that his butler's brother, mud contractor at

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Montreuil, had fortunately contrived for him this possibility of leaving Paris. He could not add more. The carts were full, and the procession was beginning to move on. My fellow had but time to run to his team, take up his position in the file, crack his whip, and, hoi! go on! he was off. The adventure interested me. In order to see the end of it, I followed the tumbrels at a distance, as far as the Porte de Vincennes.

Each man walked at the side of his horses, whip in hand, leading his team by a leathern rein. To make his task easier they had put the Vicomte the last, and it was pitiful to see the poor devil striving to do like the others, to imitate their voice, their gait, that heavy bent, drowsy gait, swinging along with the rolling of the wheels, regulated by the step of the overladen animals. At times they stopped to allow some battalion to pass on its way to the ramparts. Then he would assume a bustling air, swear, use his whip, and make himself as much of a carter as possible; but, from time to time, the man of fashion re-appeared. This scavenger looked at women. In front of a cartridge manufactory, Rue de Charonne, he paused for a moment to watch the factory girls entering. The aspect of the great faubourg, all the swarms of people seemed to astonish him very much, and the startled glances he threw right and left showed his surprise, as though he fancied himself in an unknown country.

And yet Vicomte, you have travelled over these long streets leading to Vincennes often enough, on fine spring and autumn Sundays, when you were returning from the races, with a green card stuck in your hat, and a leather bag slung over your shoulder, cracking your whip in delicate and masterly style. But then you were perched up so high in your phaeton, you were surrounded with such a mass of flowers, ribbons, ringlets, and gauze veils, the wheels that almost touched your own, enveloped you in such a luminous and aristocratic dust, that you never saw the dark windows opening at your approach, nor the workmen's homes, where, at that very hour, they were sitting down to dinner; and when you had passed by, when all that long train of luxurious existence, the bright silks and startling golden locks of the women, all had disappeared toward Paris, bearing away with it its gilded atmosphere, you did not know how much more gloomy the Faubourg became, how much more bitter seemed the bread, how much heavier the tool appeared, nor what you left there of accumulated hatred and anger. A

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volley of oaths and cracks of the whip cut short my soliloquy. We had reached the Port de Vincennes. The drawbridge had been lowered, and in the twilight, in the downpour of rain, in the midst of the obstruction caused by the crowding carts, the national guards examining the permits, I perceived the poor Vicomte struggling with his three large horses, which he was trying to turn round. The unfortunate fellow had lost his place. He swore, tugged at the rein; large drops of sweat rolled down his face. I can assure you his languid look had vanished. Already the *communeux* were beginning to notice him. A circle was formed round him, laughing at him; his position became dangerous. Luckily the head carter came to his assistance, tore the bridle from his hands with a rough push, then, with a lash of his large whip, started the team, which rushed over the bridge at a galop, with the Vicomte running and splashing behind. The gate passed, he resumed his place, and the long file was lost in the waste land outside the fortifications.

It was, indeed, a piteous egress. I watched it from the top of an embankment, the fields full of rubbish in which the wheels stuck; the scarce and muddy grass, the men bending low under the downpour, the long line of tumbrels rolling heavily, like hearses. It might have been some shameful burial, as it were all the Paris of the *Bas Empire* disappearing, drowned in the mud of its own creation.

MADAME ARNOULD-PLESSY.

Did you see her act in *Henriette Maréchal?* Do you remember her, in front of her looking-glass, throwing a long and despairing gaze at that mute and pitiless confidant, and saying, with a heart-rending intonation: "Ah, I look every hour of my age to-day." Those who heard her will never be able to forget it. It was so deep felt, so human! By those few simple words, slowly accentuated. falling one after the other like the notes of a knell, the actress conveyed so much: the regret at departed youth, the bitter anguish of a woman who feels that her reign is over, and that if she does not abdicate willingly, old age will very soon come, and sign her renunciation by a disfiguring scratch across her whole face.

Terrible moment even for the strongest, or the most upright! It is like a sudden exile, an abrupt change of climate, and the surprise of an icy cold atmosphere succeeding the

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balmy and perfumed air, full of flattering murmurs and passionate adulations, which surround a woman's beauty in the meridian of her age. For the actress, the wrench is still more cruel. For in her the coquetry natural to woman grows and is aggravated by a thirst for fame. And so most actresses never will make an end, never have the courage to place themselves once for all before their mirror, and say: "I look every hour of my age to-day." They are truly much to be pitied. In vain they struggle, cling despairing to the faded shreds of the fallen crown, they see the public abandoning them, admiration replaced by indulgence, then by compassion; and what is more heart-rending than all, by indifference.

Thanks to her intelligence, thanks to her pride, the grand and valiant Arnould-Plessy did not await this distressing hour. Although she still had some years before her, she preferred disappearing at the height of her zenith, like those fine October suns, that plunge suddenly under the horizon, rather than drag their luminous agony through a dim and slow twilight. Her reputation has gained thereby; but we have lost many delightful evenings she could still have given us. With her, Marivaux disappeared, and the charm of his marvellous talent, of that sparkling and airy phraseology which has the capricious breadth of range of a fan unfolded to the footlights. All these delightful heroines with names like the princesses of Shakespeare, and who have even something of their ethereal elegance, have vanished and drawn back within the covers of the book; in vain are they evoked, they no longer answer to the call. Gone, too, is all that pretty jesting with language and wit, that dainty talk, perhaps a little affected, a little over-refined, but so French, such as Musset has so often written; charming triflers, who lean arms, hidden under floating laces, on the edge of a work-table, laden with all the smiling caprices of an amorous idleness. All that is at an end, no one knows how to talk, how to flirt, now, in that sentimental style on the stage.

The tradition is lost since Arnould-Plessy is no longer there. And then not only was the artist both studious and methodical, a faithful interpreter of traditional French art, but this excellent actress had also an original and inquiring talent, whether she grappled with the grand tragic creations, such as Agrippina, which she played in a remarkable manner, more after Suetonius than Racine, or whether she created a part full

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of modern life and realistic art, such as Nany in Meilhac's drama — an ignorant peasant and passionately devoted mother. I remember particularly a scene in which to express the thousand conflicting sentiments which clashed in her ambitious and jealous spirit, Nany, uncultivated, stuttering, seeking in vain for words, in a burst of mad rage against herself, gasped out as she struck her breast: "Ah! peasant, peasant!" The actress said it in a way that made the whole house shudder.

And remember that such cries, such truthful gestures, are not traditional, that no teaching can give them, but only a profound study, sympathetic and observant of life. Is it not a magnificent triumph, the proof of an admirable power of creation, that a drama that foundered like *Nany*, and was played only about ten nights, should have remained forever in the mind and eyes of those who saw it, because Mme. Arnould-Plessy had acted the principal part in it.

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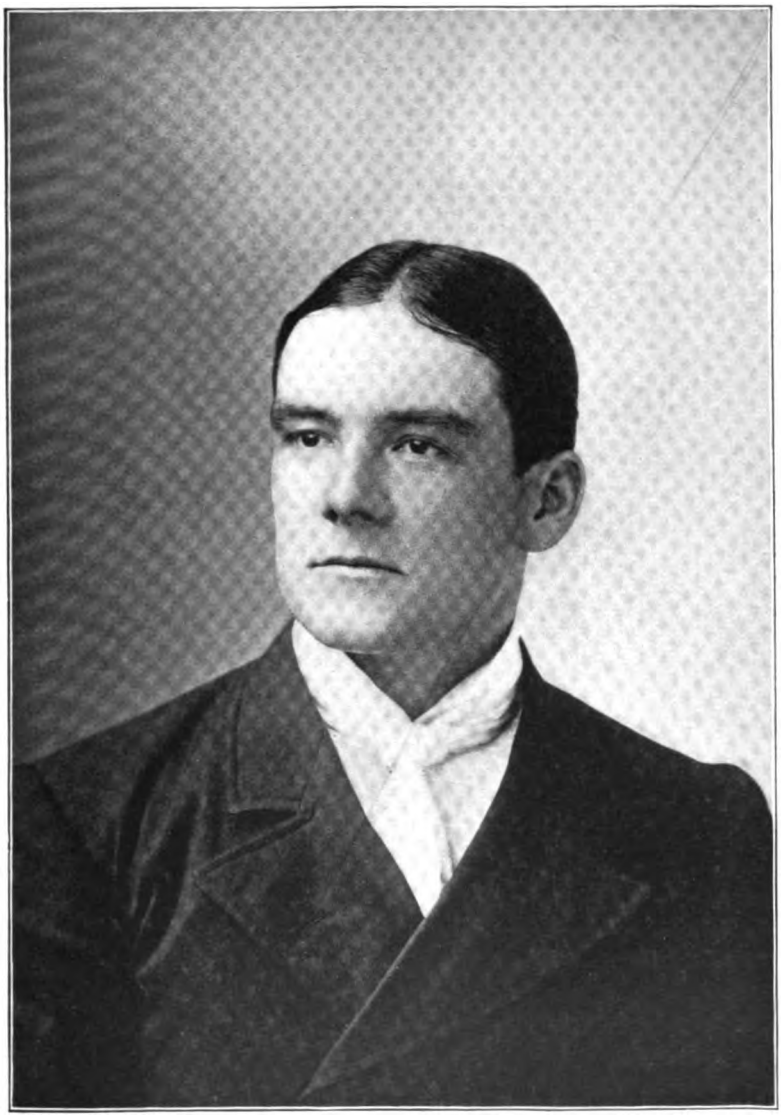

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

DAVIS, REBECCA (HARDING), an American authoress, was born at Washington, Pa., June 24, 1831. In very early life she removed to Virginia. She was reared and educated at Wheeling, W. Va., where she wrote her first published tales, "Life in the Iron Mills" and "A Story of To-Day," which appeared in the "Atlantic" in 1861, the latter being again published in book form under the title of "Margaret Howth" (1861). The following year she was married to L. Clark Davis, who was at that time connected with the editorial department of the Philadelphia "Inquirer;" and during the seven years of their residence in Philadelphia she continued to write for the newspaper and periodical press, and to publish works of a more permanent character. Among the latter were, "Waiting for Verdict" (1867), and "Dallas Galbraith" (1868). In 1869 she became a regular writer on the editorial staff of the New York "Tribune." Her later works include: "The Captain's Story" (1874); "John Andross" (1874); "The Faded Leaf of History" (1875); "Kitty's Choice" (1876); "A Law Unto Herself" (1878); "Natasqua" (1886); "Doctor Warrick's Daughters" (1896).

LIFE AND DEATH.[1]

(From "Dr. Warrick's Daughters.")

DOCTOR SAMUEL WARRICK was a surgeon in a Federal regiment from the beginning to the end of the Civil War. His wife, in the mean time, lived with her children in the old Warrick homestead near Luxborough in eastern Pennsylvania.

Even as early as '65, Luxborough was called a city by the contractors who had recently pushed in and built mills. They elected themselves mayors and councilmen: their dwellings rose around the new Park near the Works with Greek porticos in front and Ottoman minarets at the back, and within, much plenishing of gilt and plush and vases of alabaster.

The old settlers, who live in crooked, shady lanes on the hill, ignored these people and their city. They always talked of "our little burgh" with proud humility: as the great Louis

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was known to his people only as "Monsieur," because there could be but one gentleman in France. Of course they knew that there were other towns in the country, but they thought of them vaguely, as one does of affairs in the Antarctic circle. Luxborough was the final result of the creation. For it Columbus had sailed, and Washington fought, and the Bible been written. They delighted to tell each other that "with our resources and water power we could easily have surpassed Philadelphia at any time. But our people, sir, have had higher pursuits than trade." A small college gave a scholastic flavor to the pursuits of some citizens; others were army and navy officers on half pay; still others derived their support from the meagre dividends of the venerable Luxborough Bank. But a meagre income did not interfere with the self-respect of any Luxboroughan. He wrapped his poverty about him as a royal garment and smiled down patronage on the world.

Now, these people all knew that their forefathers had been Swedish peasants who came over on the "Key of Calmar": or mechanics and cotters brought to his principality by Penn. But had they not founded Luxborough? That was a patent of nobility in the minds of their descendants, who clung fondly to their old oak chests and chain clocks.

The young people, it is true, had talked much, of late, of certain Scotch lords and English baronets, whom, without regard to Burke and Debrett, they declared to be their ancestors and whose crests they uneasily adopted.

Luxborough asserted itself, however, most strenuously in the Monthly Whist Club (established A. D. 1767). The mill-owners beat in vain at its closed doors. They jeered at the sandwiches and tea which were its fixed features, but their hearts were sore with envy. These homely simplicities showed a superb contempt for the vulgar splendor of their balls and costly suppers. Once a year minuets were danced at the club, the girls wearing their grandmothers' brocade gowns. The patronesses "requested the honor of your presence" on the backs of playing cards, as the club had done when Dolly Madison or Nelly Custis were its guests. These things furnished the new-comers with endless gibes. But the old Luxboroughans smiled and vouchsafed no answer. They were sure that their town, with its patrician caste, was as unique in the world as a Rome or a Damascus.

For the rest, their minds were chiefly concerned with their

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food and the squabbles of the High and Low churches. They were all good housekeepers and churchgoers, and, let the world rage as it would, the excellence of their hams and jellies and missionaries were firm foundations on which they stood impregnable. So deep was their complacency that if a Luxboroughan went out into the world and found success, his old neighbors scowled askance at him. Why should he go out into the world? Could he not have the best of hams and the Monthly Club at home? They would not clap their hands for him.

Young Logue was the foremost American sculptor in Rome for years, and George Parr, the philologist, was recognized by the greatest of German scholars. He was for months the honored guest of Queen Sophie in the Huis ten Bosch.

But when the two men came home Luxborough passed them with an icy nod. No cards were sent them for the club. "They have good blood," said Mrs. Hayes, who was patroness that year. "But it is safer to keep out all artistic riffraff." She felt that they should be taught that Luxborough was its own world. Roman studios and foreign courts were but as the rim to its cup.

Naturally, men of ability who were born in the town and could not push out into the world did not find these things as ludicrous as they seemed to Doctor Parr or John Logue. They complained that they were stifled: sunk in a slough, not of despond, but of self-satisfied mediocrity.

Doctor Warrick was one of these men. The war gave him his first chance to draw a full breath of life. His wife, on the contrary, was calm and self-contained as any Luxboroughan, although she came from another city. Certain idiosyncrasies belong to all Pennsylvanian towns as though they were first cousins.

Mrs. Warrick lived a couple of miles outside of the borough. She ignored the town as the town did the rest of the earth. Her children, her garden, the cook, the turkeys — here was the world. Even the war threw but a far-off shadow through the windows of her cheerful lighted home.

She had her anxieties, however. She was forced to economize closely, as her husband was apt to lend part of every quarter's salary to some needy friend in camp. Sometimes, what with tobacco to the prisoners and suppers to the staff, he would have none left to send home.

"Your papa" — she would say, with kindling eyes, when this

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happened — "your papa is the most generous of men! He is giving his life to his country, and he would give his last dollar to anybody who needs it. Well, thank God, the dear soul has it to give!" Then she would go to work to nip ten cents here and there out of meat and butter bills to make up the deficit.

When the news of Lee's surrender came the neighboring women rejoiced loyally together in their sanitary committees, but she fell to cleaning house to be ready for the doctor.

Her nephew, Brooke Calhoun, a noisy boy who had rushed in from the country when the news came, hauled down the flags from the garret early in the morning. "I'll put one out of each window," he shouted. Anne, a lean child of ten, clattered down the stairs after him, loaded with nails and hammer. Mrs. Warrick came in from her crocus-beds with muddy fingers.

"No, I think not, Brooke, dear," she said gently, "not flags; it is peace, you know. Your uncle has been through such horrors in these years — knee-deep, you might say, in blood and mud — that I thought the house ought to be very quiet and clean for him. Just home. No flags — evergreen now, twisted around the pillars and over the door? What do you think?"

"All right," Brooke said. But he and Anne scowled as they nailed up the hemlock. Their souls were clothed upon with victory and blood to-day. Brooke banged the nails viciously. The whole North was resplendent in red, white, and blue; why must he carry out the idea of a ridiculous woman? As for Anne, she hid one of the flags. She intended presently to go to a window in the barn which opened on the road, and, wrapping it around her, pose there as Liberty, for passers-by to see. Sometimes she covered herself with a piece of old mosquito netting and stood there, hoping that people would take her for a bride. Mrs. Warrick, who kept her little girls apart from the villagers as if they were nuns, never dreamed of these tricks of the child.

Mildred Warrick, a girl of fourteen, stood silently watching her sister and Brooke, slowly turning her innocent blue eyes from one to the other. They never asked for her opinion in their disputes. Her mouth was as dumb as her eyes. Nobody had ever known the soft, chubby creature to have an opinion since she was born.

When they were seated at breakfast Mrs. Warrick looked around her with a beaming face. Her regency was nearly over. Surely Samuel would think she had not managed badly?

Five years ago, at parting, the doctor had made over the

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property to her. "You'll make ducks and drakes of it, of course, being a woman," he said, with a shrug. "But what else can I do?"

When they were married the house had been surrounded for several miles by the Warrick estate. But the doctor, from time to time, to pull himself out of debt, had sold farm after farm, until only the old apple orchard was left on one side, and on the other the garden where his wife worked all day among her pease and beans.

"If my wife breathes on a seed it turns into a rose," he used to say fondly, which pleased her so much that she did not notice that he never helped her to weed the rose-bed.

In front of the house a grassy field sloped to the road, and upon it three or four huge, ancient oaks threw an always grave and solemn shadow.

The homestead, like most Colonial houses in eastern Pennsylvania, was built of black-lined English brick in a large, unmeaning square. The doctor liked to tell of the entertainments which long-dead Warricks had given here to Washington, or to wandering Bourbon princes, and there was still a lingering flavor of gracious hospitality in the noble proportions of the lofty apartments and the vast fireplaces, with their unwieldy brass dogs glittering in the flame. Time had softened the florid splendors of the frescoed nymphs on the ceiling and yellowed the marble Caryatides of the mantel-pieces: even the gorgeous roses on the carpets had faded into soft, dull hues on which the sunshine fell pleasantly. The great mahogany chairs on which the children sat at the table shone in it, black with age.

"Your papa will find no change in the house when he comes," Mrs. Warrick said complacently, "and I have not sold an inch of ground, either."

"That is a pity," said Brooke. "If you had sold Matthew Plunkett the orchard, and he had built his big villa there, it would have sent up the value of this property five hundred per cent."

"Perhaps so," said his aunt indifferently. "We have enough of money. I did not care to have the Plunketts for neighbors, or any of the new rich clique."

"Here comes Dave Plunkett now," said Anne. "He writes poetry," she whispered to Brooke. "He reads his tragedies to mamma while she plants her seeds! He waddles after her through the paths like a tame dog."

"I will not bring my tragedy, when I write it, to Aunt

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Sarah," said Brooke gravely, looking at the jolly face and tawdry plaid gown of the stout old lady.

An enormously fat lad, gaudily dressed, came into the room, and, after greeting them with a bob of the head, dropped into a seat and fell to work voraciously at the scrapple and hot toast. He paused long enough to mumble:

"When d' ye expect the doctor, Mrs. Warrick?"

"Next week. We are almost ready. The grates must be polished and the pictures hung."

"Why did not you keep the prints on the walls for your own comfort all these years, Aunt Sarah?" said Brooke.

"The frames would have tarnished, and besides I take no interest in pictures," she said, calmly sipping her coffee.

"And yet they count for so much to the doctor! He must have grown thin, kept away from such things so long!" the boy said. "George! how he will scamper around to theatres and old book-shops when he comes! And how the money will fly!"

"I'll go with him!" piped Anne shrilly.

Mrs. Warrick, her cup in her hand, turned her broad red face from one to the other with a startled stare. In the last five years she had learned to look upon her husband only as a hero, facing death for a great cause.

But —. Why, of course he would run about to theatres and book-shops, irritable, voluble; in a paroxysm of rapture one minute over a first edition, and a paroxysm of misery the next over a limp collar. And she — always outside of his paroxysms! The old days flashed up distinctly before her. His finest engraving was no more to her than black scratches on paper. Clothes were to her only a troublesome covering for the body. He had poetic ideas about color and drapery which she never could understand. How tired she used to be trying to understand, to keep up. But Samuel never saw it. He would keep her for an hour descanting on the lines of a Morghen when she was frantic to go and devil the crabs for supper.

Milly watched her anxiously. She caught her hand under the table. "Is papa like that?" she whispered. "Would he waste your little bit of money on such trash?"

"Mildred!" she shook off her hand. "You don't know your father. He is a man who — why — he has great ideas, great purposes! He stands head and shoulders above other men, like Cato or Nelson, or — or — Lafayette. He has been risking his life for years, and you would begrudge him a little miserable

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money? He lives away above us with his books and his pictures. You 'll see."

"Why! I did n't mean anything! I am sorry!" stammered Brooke, amazed at this outbreak. He wanted to laugh. Love between people of his own age was a divine thing, but the devotion of this old woman with a mole on her nose to the fussy little surgeon was like a farce on the stage.

David Plunkett, who had been watching Mrs. Warrick, broke in at this crisis: —

"Calhoun, did you know I thought of going to Princeton? Father says I can, if I like."

"Well, do you like?" said Brooke gruffly, with an uneasy glance at his aunt's dim eyes.

"Better 'n anything. It seems as if I ought to have the chance, too. There 's Sims the butcher 's sendin' his son to Yale, an' Warren — you know Jo Warren — he 's workin' his way through Harvard. If I — think of me graduatin' first honor-man in Princeton!" He stretched out his huge arms with a deep breath.

Brooke looked at him a moment and then said respectfully, "It will take a lot of work, Pud."

"I don't mind work. I've got a fine brain. If I do it at all, I'll go in for bein' a professor. Why, I 'd rather be a teacher sittin' up there with a lot of men before me, knowin' things that they don't know, than be President!"

"Why don't you go to college then?" said Brooke impatiently. "Your father's reckoned an eight-million man — he can afford it. What hinders you?"

David munched a great mouthful deliberately before he spoke. "Eight million? P'r'aps. But you see, if I 'm to be an oil man like pap, I've to begin now. College graduates don't count in business. You 've got to be trained young."

"It does not need much training to measure tanks of oil and take pay."

"So! that 's your idea of the oil business, is it?" said David contemptuously. "My father began without a dollar, sir. But he knows oil and gas. He 's got the sharpest eye for indications of any man in the State. That 's what brought him the eight millions. If I mean to carry on the business, I've got to go in training now. I must give up college."

Brooke laughed. "Well, go in training, then! You won't have money enough!"

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David looked at him steadily, a sharp cunning creeping into his flabby white face. "Millions breed billions, is the old saying. But you 've got to nurse 'em well. You can't have too much money nowadays" — his catlike eyes twinkling.

"I am ashamed of you, David!" said Mrs. Warrick. "You are going to sell your birthright for pottage that you don't need!"

"Oh! Nobody but you ever thought I had a birthright, Mrs. Warrick." David rose and went to her side, a queer tremor on his broad face. "I brought sumthin' for you to read to-day, but I guess you 're too busy!"

"A poem!" she said, smiling kindly. "Come this evening, my boy. I am going to town now."

"Well, then, I 'll go. 'Mornin'!" he muttered, with a general nod.

"'By, Pud," said Brooke.

"Good-morning, Mr. Plunkett," lisped Milly respectfully as he passed her. He stopped short, his face red with delight, and held out his hand. She took it reluctantly, and as the unwieldy body lumbered out rubbed her fingers with a shudder.

"Why were you civil to him, then?" cried Anne. "He thinks the world is made up of Dave Plunkett!"

Mrs. Warrick looked after Dave with alarm. What would the doctor say when he found this rough lad an *habitué* of the house?

Her soul was full of alarms. It was not a hero who was coming; it was — Samuel. How Milly's lisp would worry him! Anne's clumsiness would drive him mad. Heavens! why must the child wave her arms and legs about like that!

As she sat silent behind the coffee urn the world suddenly grew askew around her. It must be set straight in a day for Samuel.

If she were only one of these superior women coming to the front now, who organized sanitary commissions or lectured on the war! But Sarah was only clever in gardening. She was a good-humored creature. The knowledge of her inferiority never had hurt her as it did to-day. If she had even kept her pretty white-and-pink skin! She glanced at the mirror. Samuel used to think so much of that!

Then a fiery passion rose in her. He ought not to ask whether her skin was white or black! If she were an idiot, he should n't care! She had loved him so. These things were trifles — trifles!

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Sarah's thoughts as usual soon dropped to the basis of hard common-sense. She was not to blame if she had been born without the wit and taste which her husband and children had. She had at least made them live up to their own high standard.

"Why do you shriek so, Anne?" she said now, irritably; "other girls do it, but you cannot. How often must I tell you? You are a Warrick. A Warrick cannot be loud or pushing any more than she can be dishonest or cowardly. Your father will expect to find you fit to bear your name."

Brooke, who was reading the newspaper, threw it down. "They are going to disband the troops! It is to be peace, sure enough!" he cried. "I thought there always would be fighting here and there, and in a year I could go in. I've had hard luck, to be only a boy while this scrimmage was going on. Now, I've no chance."

"Oh," said Mrs. Warrick eagerly, "we may have a war with England soon, and then you can go in. A man always has the chance to do credit to his name."

"Why, I am not a Warrick, cousin Sarah. Nor you. We are Dacres."

"Yes, and the Dacres always stood by their creed till death. There was a Dacre burned at Smithfield, and my grandfather was whipped by the Puritans in Massachusetts. On his gravestone it says, 'He was the son of generations of fearless confessors.' You are descended from him, Brooke," said Mrs. Warrick, with kindling eyes.

Brooke laughed. "Oh, I've no doubt the Puritan creed was as nearly right as his own. He ought to have met them half-way comfortably, and so dodged the whipping. We've outgrown that sort of thing! You are a churchwoman, but you don't want to burn Father Riley, nor the Plunketts, who are Methodists."

"I'd as lief go to the stake myself as to Mass or to the Methodist revivals," she said doggedly.

Brooke laughed, and took Anne to feed the cows. Her mother looked after her anxiously. Would Samuel be satisfied with the girls? She knew nothing of modern training. One or two ideas had seemed to her of authority: the Church and the family honor. She had helped herself in her weeding and darning by thinking of Jane Dacre tied to the stake. But was this sort of thing enough for the girls?

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"Elegance of deportment," "grace of attitude" — some of the doctor's favorite phrases came back to nag her honest soul.

Milly was patting her hand fondly. "Mamma, Anne does not understand," she said; "she would not be burned sooner than be a Methodist, but *I* would."

"Oh, yes; certainly, dear," her mother said impatiently.

If Anne had said that it would mean something. But Milly's mind was so easily filled and emptied! When Mrs. Warrick had an opinion, she knew as certainly that Milly would echo it as that a cup of water would reflect a passing color.

"She will be what I am while I am with her," she thought. "Well, I shall probably always be with her. Even when the girls are married, I shall look after them a bit."

She made haste now to catch the train into town. It was a threatening day. Heavy clouds drifted through the thin April sunshine. Brooke walked with her to the little station. "I have an appointment with the oculist," she explained; "my eyes have suddenly failed. I must have glasses before Samuel comes. Brooke, what do you think of this gown? It is my best, but the figures are so bold. It was cheap, but I wish I had bought a better one — and the red ginghams the girls wear? He has such exquisite taste."

"Don't bother! What are gowns?" the boy growled. He could not put it into words, but if Doctor Warrick could not see how unlike to all other girls these were in their solitary life with their mother; with their queer unworldly notions about their Warrick blood and souls inherited from martyrs? If he made it a question of gowns? He kicked a stone viciously which lay in his way.

"What day does he come?" he asked.

"He leaves it for me to decide. He can run up on furlough, returning when his regiment is mustered out, or wait and come then to stay. Of course I shall write for him to come at once, if only for a day —"

She did not finish the sentence. Brooke glanced at her face, and turned quickly away.

"Here is your train," he said gently.

Sarah Warrick is of no interest in this history. The chapter which concerns her must be brief.

She waited an hour in the oculist's outer office, her mind busy with calculations of the cost of a plainer gown and the time she would need to make it. At last her turn came, and she entered the operating-room.

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Doctor Swan was an old man, whom she had known since her childhood. He was standing when she came in, and greeted her gravely. She fancied that he looked anxious. He was a sympathetic man, in spite of his dry manner. Some patient, perhaps, whose case he found incurable.

"How much longer will the examination last?" she asked. "I have been looking at these tedious letters and wheels for five days. Can you not tell me what ails my eyes to-day?"

"Yes, I think I can," he said.

At another time she might have been startled by his unsmiling face, but just then she thought of a nainsook wrapper, soft and creamy white — Samuel would delight in that, unless — was she too old to wear white?

Doctor Swan meanwhile led her into a dark closet and turned a strong light into her eyes. "I must trouble you with this once more. I must be sure that I am right," he said. As she moved her eyes up and down at his bidding, she hesitated about embroidery for the gown. It would be costly, but Samuel liked lace so much —

"Now to the left. That will do."

He drew back, wiping the little mirror that he held.

"Have you finished already?"

"Yes, I have finished."

"I am very glad. I am so busy at home. And the glasses?" she asked, buttoning her coat.

The old man still rubbed the mirror with a bit of chamois-skin, looking down at her steadily, standing between her and the door.

"You never will require glasses. I wish to say — Sarah, there is something that I must tell you."

"Yes." She waited, attentive, smiling.

"There is a peculiar fact about the eye. You may have heard of it. There is a gray curtain — I may call it that — at the back of the eye, and on it, when I turn a strong light — Sit down, Sarah. You do not seem strong to-day."

"I am not as young as when we went to school on the hill together," she said, laughing. "I do feel my age a little this year. You were saying?"

Why did he prose so? She would have time to buy the nainsook, if she could go at once.

"It is like a gray canvas. On it, as I said" — he turned his eyes away from her, but went on hurriedly — "on it an oculist

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can see the marks made by certain incurable diseases before any other part of the body betrays their presence. It is the writing on the wall. Death — "

She had taken the seat he gave her. She rose now mechanically, and stood looking into his eyes. He stopped speaking, but it seemed to her, after a moment, that he had been talking a long time and had said much.

She said at last: "What did you see? What is the disease?"

He answered her, briefly.

Turning his back on her, he began to arrange some empty vials on a shelf. Her eyes followed him. How clean his bottles were — quite shining! She must go now. The nainsook — the train —

Her jaws moved beyond her control.

Death!

"Are you going, Sarah?" He walked with her to the door. "Will you have a little wine? Water?"

"No, thank you." She had her hand on the knob of the door. She hesitated a moment and then turned:

"Can anything be done? Is there any chance?"

"Consult your physician at once, of course. But I did not diagnose the case hastily. It is kindest to be frank, when the time is short — What did you say?"

"How long?"

"Not more than a month."

She bowed and smiled civilly, as if he had told her the time of day, and opening the door passed through the outer office, which was filled with patients. He followed her to the hall.

"It is raining," he said.

"I have an umbrella, thank you. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Warrick."

As she went down the steps he put out his hand to stop her, but checked himself, looked after her with an approving nod, and went in.

It was only a spring shower. The buds on the maple-trees shone redly in it. "They will be out early in May this year," she thought, and then stopped short.

"Why, I shall not see them!" she said.

Some woman whom she knew passed at the moment. Sarah smiled and nodded, but looked after her. "She will be here. She can see the children and talk to Samuel, and I —"

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Then a sudden frenzy came upon her to be at home, to see her husband. The minutes were flying, and there were so few! She had work for their whole lives to do, and no time was left to her — no time.

But at the end of a block she turned and went into a shop. As she made her purchase she saw that they were closing the windows of the house. The saleswomen were whispering anxiously together. Coming into the street, she saw workmen busy everywhere removing the flags and decorations from the houses. Black streamers hung from many windows; groups of excited men stood talking on the street; some of them wore crape on their arms, and they spoke low as if in the presence of the dead.

She stopped, bewildered. Had they heard — that it was only a month?

"What has happened?" she asked some one hurrying by.

"Lincoln was murdered last night!" the woman said. "Why, where have you been not to know it?"

"Is that all?" said Sarah.

She walked on up the street. It was all so natural and familiar — the sun shining on the muddy spattered sidewalks, the bells on the horse-cars jingling. There was a policeman whom she knew: this shop was where she always bought candy for Anne.

There was no awful presence near her. No death, nor God. Nothing but the gay shops and the car horses with their bells.

Sarah had, as we know, a worried sense of the inferiority of her own small mind. She felt, with a kind of humiliation now, that she could not force herself up to the supreme moment.

"I wonder," she thought, "if I shall go before Him thinking of candy and policemen?"

She went to her physician's office for an hour, then to a telegraph station, and then home.

The car was filled with her neighbors. They greeted her cordially, but they were still excited with the horror of the assassination.

Mrs. Warrick sat silent, listening, on a back seat. She said to herself, "The whole world is shaken because Lincoln is dead. Nobody thinks of me. Yet I have lived my life in the world too. I have lived my life in the world too."

She tried to quiet herself, to think rationally. How would the Warricks meet death? She had always looked up to her husband's family as of finer clay than herself. But they did

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not seem real at all to her now. Their very name was an empty sound.

She tried to think of Jane Dacre and the flames, but she could not remember now why it was that Jane died. She could not remember what the Protestant creed was.

As she left the car, her neighbors nodded good-by, laughing. Would they care when they knew? There was old Peter, waiting to carry her bag. She had always tried to be kind to the poor black soul. Would he remember her? Would anybody remember her?

The storm which had been threatening all day had sunk lower, a gray darkness thickened the air; suddenly, fierce gusts bent the trees. They made the stout old woman stagger as she walked. She halted under the oaks; they waved their branches wildly, with half inarticulate cries over her head. She saw that they knew what had happened to her. There was some comfort in that. She turned into the old garden, which was home to her more than any place on earth. The rain was falling now, the pale green bushes were dripping; the crocuses thrust their wet heads through the soft mould. She dropped upon her knees in it. So many years she had worked with them! She knew every leaf and root of them.

They knew.

She pulled up a weed or two and straightened the roots of the jonquils with affectionate pats, her eyes growing quiet. She had been treading on shifting seas, but now she felt firm ground again under her feet.

She walked toward the house. "I 'm afraid I have n't much grit to go through with it," she said, with an uneasy laugh.

The girls were waiting for her on the porch. She sat down and drew them to her, kissing them again and again.

"Have you heard?" Milly cried. "Have you heard, mamma?"

"About the President? Yes. All the world 's dying, I think. Stay, don't go away! Don't leave me."

"How wet you are!" said Milly. "What 's in that bundle?"

"It is a white wrapper," Mrs. Warrick said, opening it, "with embroidery. I thought you and Anne would like to remember — to see me in it. I shall wear it every day. I am sorry I ever wore those ugly gowns."

"And papa? When did you tell him to come?"

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Mrs. Warrick did not answer.

"Did you telegraph to him? When did you tell him to come?"

"I told him," she said slowly, "to stay there until his regiment was mustered out. It will be — more than a month."

"Oh, you poor little mother!" Anne said. "You wanted him so! It will be so hard for you to wait!"

"I —" She gave a queer laugh. "Papa cannot bear a fuss. You must always keep him from that. I will — wait."

She sat with her arms about them, looking out into the rain.

Wait? For what? In a month she would be gone — altogether gone. The children would grow up like their father. They were of his kind — a different kind from her. She had sometimes been taken for their nurse in the train. There was a certain air of distinction in them which she never could get, try as she might. She had often felt as if she were down on a low road in life, and these girls, the children of her womb, to whom she had given her own flesh and her own blood, were climbing up above her. They would go on climbing, now, and where would she be?

Anne, who very seldom caressed anybody, saw just then her mother's troubled face, and throwing her arms about her kissed her.

"Why — Anne!" Mrs. Warrick held her back, looking at her. Her eyes gathered an intelligence which never before had lighted them. "You won't forget! I have loved you so, children!" she said, "no matter what I am. Nobody will ever love you like your mother."

She walked down the porch. "It's love that lasts!" she told herself, shivering with exultation. "Oh, I see now! On the cross — for love. He came back to them that loved him — He came back —"

Brooke at that moment rushed up the steps. "I must pull down these greens!" he said. "Lincoln's dead! I must hang out black streamers. Everybody has black streamers out!"

"No! No black on this house!" Mrs. Warrick cried. "I will have no black — no mourning! When people die they do not go away; they are not forgotten! God is good. They stay to help their own. They stay right here!"

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING, American novelist and editor, born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, 1864. A son of Rebecca (Harding) Davis, he was educated at Lehigh and Johns Hopkins Universities. He has been connected with a number of the Philadelphia and New York papers, in which were published many of his short stories. He became managing editor of "Harper's Weekly" in 1890. Among his works are: "Gallagher and Other Stories" (1891); "Stories for Boys" (1891); "Van Bibber and Others" (1892); "The West from a Car Window" (1892); "The Rulers of the Mediterranean" (1893); "The Exiles and Other Stories" (1894); "The Princess Aline" (1895); "About Paris" (1895); "Three Gringoes in Venezuela and Central America" (1896); "Soldiers of Fortune" (1897). In 1898 he accompanied the American army to Cuba and Porto Rico as special correspondent for "Scribner's Monthly" during the Spanish war.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

(From "Van Bibber and Others.")

MRS. TREVELYAN, as she took her seat, shot a quick glance down the length of her table and at the arrangement of her guests, and tried to learn if her lord and master approved. But he was listening to something Lady Arbuthnot, who sat on his right, was saying, and, being a man, failed to catch her meaning, and only smiled unconcernedly and cheerfully back at her. But the wife of the Austrian Minister, who was her very dearest friend, saw and appreciated, and gave her a quick little smile over her fan, which said that the table was perfect, the people most interesting, and that she could possess her soul in peace. So Mrs. Trevelyan pulled at the tips of her gloves and smiled upon her guests. Mrs. Trevelyan was not used to questioning her powers, but this dinner had been almost impromptu, and she had been in doubt. It was quite unnecessary, for her dinner carried with it the added virtue of being the last of the season, an encore to all that had gone before — a special number by

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request on the social programme. It was not one of many others stretching on for weeks, for the summer's change and leisure began on the morrow, and there was nothing hanging over her guests that they must go on to later. They knew that their luggage stood ready locked and strapped at home; they could look before them to the whole summer's pleasure, and they were relaxed and ready to be pleased, and broke simultaneously into a low murmur of talk and laughter. The windows of the dining-room stood open from the floor, and from the tiny garden that surrounded the house, even in the great mass of stucco and brick of encircling London, came the odor of flowers and of fresh turf. A soft summer-night wind moved the candles under their red shades; and gently as though they rose from afar, and not only from across the top of the high wall before the house, came the rumble of the omnibuses passing farther into the suburbs, and the occasional quick rush of a hansom over the smooth asphalt. It was a most delightful choice of people, gathered at short notice and to do honor to no one in particular, but to give each a chance to say good-by before he or she met the yacht at Southampton or took the club train to Homburg. They all knew each other very well; and if there was a guest of the evening, it was one of the two Americans — either Miss Egerton, the girl who was to marry Lord Arbuthnot, whose mother sat on Trevelyan's right, or young Gordon, the explorer, who had just come out of Africa. Miss Egerton was a most strikingly beautiful girl, with a strong, fine face, and an earnest, interested way when she spoke, which the English found most attractive. In appearance she had been variously likened by Trevelyan, who was painting her portrait, to a druidess, a vestal virgin, and a Greek goddess; and Lady Arbuthnot's friends, who thought to please the girl, assured her that no one would ever suppose her to be an American — their ideas of the American young woman having been gathered from those who pick out tunes with one finger on the pianos in the public parlors of the Métropole. Miss Egerton was said to be intensely interested in her lover's career, and was as ambitious for his success in the House as he was himself. They were both very much in love, and showed it to others as little as people of their class do. The others at the table were General Sir Henry Kent; Phillips, the novelist; the Austrian Minister and his young wife; and Trevelyan, who painted portraits for large sums of money and figure pieces for art; and some simply fash-

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ionable smart people who were good listeners, and who were rather disappointed that the American explorer was no more sunburned than other young men who had stayed at home, and who had gone in for tennis or yachting.

The worst of Gordon was that he made it next to impossible for one to lionize him. He had been back in civilization and London only two weeks, unless Cairo and Shepheard's Hotel are civilization, and he had been asked everywhere, and for the first week had gone everywhere. But whenever his hostess looked for him, to present another and not so recent a lion, he was generally found either humbly carrying an ice to some neglected dowager, or talking big game or international yachting or tailors to a circle of younger sons in the smoking-room, just as though several hundred attractive and distinguished people were not waiting to fling the speeches they had prepared on Africa at him, in the drawing-room above. He had suddenly disappeared during the second week of his stay in London, which was also the last week of the London season, and managers of lecture tours and publishers and lion-hunters, and even friends who cared for him for himself, had failed to find him at his lodgings. Trevelyan, who had known him when he was a travelling correspondent and artist for one of the great weeklies, had found him at the club the night before, and had asked him to his wife's impromptu dinner, from which he had at first begged off, but, on learning who was to be there, had changed his mind and accepted. Mrs. Trevelyan was very glad he had come; she had always spoken of him as a nice boy, and now that he had become famous she liked him none the less, but did not show it before people as much as she had been used to do. She forgot to ask him whether he knew his beautiful compatriot or not; but she took it for granted that they had met, if not at home, at least in London, as they had both been made so much of, and at the same houses.

The dinner was well on its way towards its end, and the women had begun to talk across the table, and to exchange bankers' addresses, and to say "Be sure and look us up in Paris," and "When do you expect to sail from Cowes?" They were enlivened and interested, and the present odors of the food and flowers and wine, and the sense of leisure before them, made it seem almost a pity that such a well-suited gathering should have to separate for even a summer's pleasure.

The Austrian Minister was saying this to his hostess, when Sir Henry Kent, who had been talking across to Phillips, the

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novelist, leaned back in his place and said, as though to challenge the attention of every one, "I can't agree with you, Phillips. I am sure no one else will."

"Dear me," complained Mrs. Trevelyan, plaintively, "what have you been saying now, Mr. Phillips? He always has such debatable theories," she explained.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Trevelyan," answered the novelist, "it is the other way. It is Sir Henry who is making all the trouble. He is attacking one of the oldest and dearest platitudes I know." He paused for the general to speak, but the older man nodded his head for him to go on. "He has just said that fiction is stranger than truth," continued the novelist. "He says that I — that people who write could never interest people who read if they wrote of things as they really are. They select, he says — they take the critical moment in a man's life and the crises, and want others to believe that that is what happens every day. Which it is not, so the general says. He thinks that life is commonplace and uneventful — that is, uneventful in a picturesque or dramatic way. He admits that women's lives are saved from drowning, but that they are not saved by their lovers, but by a longshoreman with a wife and six children, who accepts five pounds for doing it. That 's it, is it not?" he asked.

The general nodded and smiled. "What I said to Phillips was," he explained, "that if things were related just as they happen, they would not be interesting. People do not say the dramatic things they say on the stage or in novels; in real life they are commonplace or sordid — or disappointing. I have seen men die on the battle-field, for instance, and they never cried, 'I die that my country may live,' or 'I have got my promotion at last;' they just stared up at the surgeon and said, 'Have I got to lose that arm?' or 'I am killed, I think.' You see, when men are dying around you, and horses are plunging, and the batteries are firing, one does n't have time to think up the appropriate remark for the occasion. I don't believe, now, that Pitt's last words were, 'Roll up the map of Europe.' A man who could change the face of a continent would not use his dying breath in making epigrams. It was one of his secretaries or one of the doctors who said that. And the man who was capable of writing home, 'All is lost but honor,' was just the sort of a man who would lose more battles than he would win. No; you, Phillips," said the general, raising his voice as he

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became more confident and conscious that he held the centre of the stage, "and you, Trevelyan, don't write and paint every-day things as they are. You introduce something for a contrast or for an effect; a red coat in a landscape for the bit of color you want, when in real life the red coat would not be within miles; or you have a band of music playing a popular air in the street when a murder is going on inside the house. You do it because it is effective; but it is n't true. Now Mr. Caithness was telling us the other night at the club, on this very matter —"

"Oh, that 's hardly fair," laughed Trevelyan; "you 've rehearsed all this before. You 've come prepared."

"No, not at all," frowned the general, sweeping on. "He said that before he was raised to the bench, when he practised criminal law, he had brought word to a man that he was to be reprieved, and to another that he was to die. Now, you know," exclaimed the general, with a shrug, and appealing to the table, "how that would be done on the stage or in a novel, with the prisoner bound ready for execution, and a galloping horse, and a fluttering piece of white paper, and all that. Well, now, Caithness told us that he went into the man's cell and said, 'You have been reprieved, John,' or William, or whatever the fellow's name was. And the man looked at him and said: 'Is that so? That 's good — that 's good;' and that was all he said. And then, again, he told one man whose life he had tried very hard to save: 'The Home Secretary has refused to intercede for you. I saw him at his house last night at nine o'clock.' And the murderer, instead of saying, 'My God! what will my wife and children do?' looked at him, and repeated, 'At nine o'clock last night!' just as though that were the important part of the message."

"Well, but, general," said Phillips, smiling, "that 's dramatic enough as it is, I think. Why —"

"Yes," interrupted the general, quickly and triumphantly. "But that is not what you would have made him say, is it? That 's my point."

"There was a man told me once," Lord Arbuthnot began, leisurely — "he was a great chum of mine, and it illustrates what Sir Henry has said, I think — he was engaged to a girl, and he had a misunderstanding or an understanding with her that opened both their eyes, at a dance, and the next afternoon he called, and they talked it over in the drawing-room, with the tea-tray between them, and agreed to end it. On the stage he would

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have risen and said, 'Well, the comedy is over, the tragedy begins, or the curtain falls;' and she would have gone to the piano and played Chopin sadly while he made his exit. Instead of which he got up to go without saying anything, and as he rose he upset a cup and saucer on the tea-table, and said, 'Oh, I beg your pardon;' and she said, 'It is n't broken;' and he went out. You see," the young man added, smiling, "there were two young people whose hearts were breaking, and yet they talked of tea-cups, not because they did not feel, but because custom is too strong on us and too much for us. We do not say dramatic things or do theatrical ones. It does not make interesting reading, but it is the truth."

"Exactly," cut in the Austrian Minister, eagerly. "And then there is the prerogative of the author and of the playwright to drop a curtain whenever he wants to, or to put a stop to everything by ending the chapter. That is n't fair. That is an advantage over nature. When some one accuses some one else of doing something dreadful at the play, down comes the curtain quick and keeps things at fever point, or the chapter ends with a lot of stars, and the next page begins with a description of a sunset two weeks later. To be true, we ought to be told what the man who is accused said in the reply, or what happened during those two weeks before the sunset. The author really has no right to choose only the critical moments, and to shut out the commonplace, every-day life by a sort of literary closure. That is, if he claims to tell the truth."

Phillips raised his eyebrows and looked carefully around the table. "Does any one else feel called upon to testify?" he asked.

"It 's awful, is n't it, Phillips," laughed Trevelyan, comfortably, "to find that the photographer is the only artist, after all? I feel very guilty."

"You ought to," pronounced the general, gayly. He was very well satisfied with himself at having held his own against these clever people. "And I am sure Mr. Gordon will agree with me, too," he went on, confidently, with a bow towards the younger man. "He has seen more of the world than any of us, and he will tell you, I am sure, that what happens only suggests the story; it is not complete in itself. That it always needs the author's touch, just as the rough diamond —"

"Oh, thanks, thanks, general," laughed Phillips. "My feelings are not hurt as badly as that."

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Gordon had been turning the stem of a wine-glass slowly between his thumb and his finger while the others were talking, and looking down at it smiling. Now he raised his eyes as though he meant to speak, and then dropped them again. "I am afraid, Sir Henry," he said, "that I don't agree with you at all."

Those who had said nothing felt a certain satisfaction that they had not committed themselves. The Austrian Minister tried to remember what it was he had said, and whether it was too late to retreat, and the general looked blankly at Gordon and said, "Indeed?"

"You should n't have called on that last witness, Sir Henry," said Phillips, smiling. "Your case was very good as it was."

"I am quite sure," said Gordon, seriously, "that the story Phillips will never write is a true story, but he will not write it because people would say it is impossible, just as you have all seen sunsets sometimes that you knew would be laughed at if any one tried to paint them. We all know such a story, something in our own lives, or in the lives of our friends. Not ghost stories, or stories of adventure, but of ambitions that come to nothing, of people who were rewarded or punished in this world instead of in the next, and love stories."

Phillips looked at the young man keenly and smiled. "Especially love stories," he said.

Gordon looked back at him as if he did not understand.

"Tell it, Gordon," said Mr. Trevelyan.

"Yes," said Gordon, nodding his head in assent, "I was thinking of a particular story. It is as complete, I think, and as dramatic as any of those we read. It is about a man I met in Africa. It is not a long story," he said, looking around the table tentatively, "but it ends badly."

There was a silence much more appreciated than a polite murmur of invitation would have been, and the simply smart people settled themselves rigidly to catch every word for future use. They realized that this would be a story which had not as yet appeared in the newspapers, and which would not make a part of Gordon's book. Mrs. Trevelyan smiled encouragingly upon her former protégé; she was sure he was going to do himself credit; but the American girl chose this chance, when all the other eyes were turned expectantly towards the explorer, to look at her lover.

"We were on our return march from Lake Tchad to the

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Mobangi," said Gordon. "We had been travelling over a month, sometimes by water and sometimes through the forest, and we did not expect to see any other white men besides those of our own party for several months to come. In the middle of a jungle late one afternoon I found this man lying at the foot of a tree. He had been cut and beaten and left for dead. It was as much of a surprise to me, you understand, as it would be to you if you were driving through Trafalgar Square in a hansom, and an African lion should spring up on your horses' haunches. We believed we were the only white men that had ever succeeded in getting that far south. Crampel had tried it, and no one knows yet whether he is dead or alive; Doctor Schlemen had been eaten by cannibals, and Major Bethume had turned back two hundred miles farther north; and we could no more account for this man's presence than if he had been dropped from the clouds. Lieutenant Royce, my surgeon, went to work at him, and we halted where we were for the night. In about an hour the man moved and opened his eyes. He looked up at us and said, 'Thank God!'—because we were white, I suppose—and went off into unconsciousness again. When he came to the next time, he asked Royce, in a whisper, how long he had to live. He was n't the sort of a man you had to lie to about a thing like that, and Royce told him he did not think he could live for more than an hour or two. The man moved his head to show that he understood, and raised his hand to his throat and began pulling at his shirt, but the effort sent him off into a fainting-fit again. I opened his collar for him as gently as I could, and found that his fingers had clinched around a silver necklace that he wore about his neck, and from which there hung a gold locket shaped like a heart."

Gordon raised his eyes slowly from the observation of his finger-tips as they rested on the edge of the table before him to those of the American girl who sat opposite. She had heard his story so far without any show of attention, and had been watching, rather with a touch of fondness in her eyes, the clever, earnest face of Arbuthnot, who was following Gordon's story with polite interest. But now, at Gordon's last words, she turned her eyes to him with a look of awful indignation, which was followed, when she met his calmly polite look of inquiry, by one of fear and almost of entreaty.

"When the man came to," continued Gordon, in the same conventional monotone, "he begged me to take the chain and

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locket to a girl whom he said I would find either in London or in New York. He gave me the address of her banker. He said: 'Take it off my neck before you bury me; tell her I wore it ever since she gave it to me. That it has been a charm and loadstone to me. That when the locket rose and fell against my breast, it was as if her heart were pressing against mine and answering the beating and throbbing of the blood in my veins.'"

Gordon paused, and returned to the thoughtful scrutiny of his finger-tips.

"The man did not die," he said, raising his head. "Royce brought him back into such form again that in about a week we were able to take him along with us on a litter. But he was very weak, and would lie for hours sleeping when we rested, or mumbling and raving in a fever. We learned from him at odd times that he had been trying to reach Lake Tchad, to do what we had done, without any means of doing it. He had had not more than a couple of dozen porters and a corporal's guard of Senegalese soldiers. He was the only white man in the party, and his men had turned on him, and left him as we found him, carrying off with them his stock of provisions and arms. He had undertaken the expedition on a promise from the French government to make him governor of the territory he opened up if he succeeded, but he had had no official help. If he failed, he got nothing; if he succeeded, he did so at his own expense and by his own endeavors. It was only a wonder he had been able to get as far as he did. He did not seem to feel the failure of his expedition. All that was lost in the happiness of getting back alive to this woman with whom he was in love. He had been three days alone before we found him, and in those three days, while he waited for death, he had thought of nothing but that he would never see her again. He had resigned himself to this, had given up all hope, and our coming seemed like a miracle to him. I have read about men in love, I have seen it on the stage, I have seen it in real life, but I never saw a man so grateful to God and so happy and so insane over a woman as this man was. He raved about her when he was feverish, and he talked and talked to me about her when he was in his senses. The porters could not understand him, and he found me sympathetic, I suppose, or else he did not care, and only wanted to speak of her to some one, and so he told me the story over and over again as I walked beside

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the litter, or as we sat by the fire at night. She must have been a very remarkable girl. He had met her first the year before, on one of the Italian steamers that ply from New York to Gibraltar. She was travelling with her father, who was an invalid going to Tangier for his health; from Tangier they were to go on up to Nice and Cannes, and in the spring to Paris and on to London for this season just over. The man was going from Gibraltar to Zanzibar, and then on into the Congo. They had met the first night out; they had separated thirteen days later at Gibraltar, and in that time the girl had fallen in love with him, and had promised to marry him if he would let her, for he was very proud. He had to be. He had absolutely nothing to offer her. She is very well known at home. I mean her family is: they have lived in New York from its first days, and they are very rich. The girl had lived a life as different from his as the life of a girl in society must be from that of a vagabond. He had been an engineer, a newspaper correspondent, an officer in a Chinese army, and had built bridges in South America, and led their little revolutions there, and had seen service on the desert in the French army of Algiers. He had no home or nationality even, for he had left America when he was sixteen; he had no family, had saved no money, and was trusting everything to the success of this expedition into Africa to make him known and to give him position. It was the story of Othello and Desdemona over again. His blackness lay from her point of view, or rather would have lain from the point of view of her friends, in the fact that he was as helplessly ineligible a young man as a cowboy. And he really had lived a life of which he had no great reason to be proud. He had existed entirely for excitement, as other men live to drink until they kill themselves by it; nothing he had done had counted for much except his bridges. They are still standing. But the things he had written are lost in the columns of the daily papers. The soldiers he had fought with knew him only as a man who cared more for the fighting than for what the fighting was about, and he had been as ready to write on one side as to fight on the other. He was a rolling stone, and had been a rolling stone from the time he was sixteen and had run away to sea, up to the day he had met this girl, when he was just thirty. Yet you can see how such a man would attract a young, impressionable girl, who had met only those men whose actions are bounded by the courts of law

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or Wall Street, or the younger set who drive coaches and who live the life of the clubs. She had gone through life as some people go through picture-galleries, with their catalogues marked at the best pictures. She knew nothing of the little fellows whose work was skied, who were trying to be known, who were not of her world, but who toiled and prayed and hoped to be famous. This man came into her life suddenly with his stories of adventure and strange people and strange places, of things done for the love of doing them and not for the reward or reputation, and he bewildered her at first, I suppose, and then fascinated, and then won her. You can imagine how it was, these two walking the deck together during the day, or sitting side by side when the night came on, the ocean stretched before them. The daring of his present undertaking, the absurd glamour that is thrown over those who have gone into that strange country from which some travellers return, and the picturesqueness of his past life. It is no wonder the girl made too much of him. I do not think he knew what was coming. He did not pose before her. I am quite sure, from what I knew of him, that he did not. Indeed, I believed him when he said that he had fought against the more than interest she had begun to show for him. He was the sort of man women care for, but they had not been of this woman's class or calibre. It came to him like a sign from the heavens. It was as if a goddess had stooped to him. He told her when they separated that if he succeeded — if he opened this unknown country, if he was rewarded as they had promised to reward him — he might dare to come to her; and she called him her knight-errant, and gave him her chain and locket to wear, and told him whether he failed or succeeded it meant nothing to her, and that her life was his while it lasted, and her soul as well.

"I think," Gordon said, stopping abruptly, with an air of careful consideration, "that those were her words as he repeated them to me."

He raised his eyes thoughtfully towards the face of the girl opposite, and then glanced past her, as if he were trying to recall the words the man had used. The fine, beautiful face of the woman was white and drawn around the lips, and she gave a quick, appealing glance at her hostess, as if she would beg to be allowed to go. But Mrs. Trevelyan and her guests were watching Gordon or toying with the things in front of

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them. The dinner had been served, and not even the soft movements of the servants interrupted the young man's story.

"You can imagine a man," Gordon went on, more lightly, "finding a hansom cab slow when he is riding from the station to see the woman he loves; but imagine this man urging himself and the rest of us to hurry when we were in the heart of Africa, with six months' travel in front of us before we could reach the first limits of civilization. That is what this man did. When he was still on his litter he used to toss and turn, and abuse the bearers and porters and myself because we moved so slowly. When we stopped for the night he would chafe and fret at the delay; and when the morning came he was the first to wake, if he slept at all, and eager to push on. When at last he was able to walk, he worked himself into a fever again, and it was only when Royce warned him that he would kill himself if he kept on that he submitted to be carried, and forced himself to be patient. And all the time the poor devil kept saying how unworthy he was of her, how miserably he had wasted his years, how unfitted he was for the great happiness which had come into his life. I suppose every man says that when he is in love; very properly, too; but the worst of it was, in this man's case, that it was so very true. He was unworthy of her in everything but his love for her. It used to frighten me to see how much he cared. Well, we got out of it at last, and reached Alexandria, and saw white faces once more, and heard women's voices, and the strain and fear of failure were over, and we could breathe again. I was quite ready enough to push on to London, but we had to wait a week for the steamer, and during that time that man made my life miserable. He had done so well, and would have done so much more if he had had my equipment, that I tried to see that he received all the credit due him. But he would have none of the public receptions, and the audience with the khedive, or any of the fuss they made over us. He only wanted to get back to her. He spent the days on the quay watching them load the steamer, and counting the hours until she was to sail; and even at night he would leave the first bed he had slept in for six months, and would come into my room and ask me if I would not sit up and talk with him until daylight. You see, after he had given up all thought of her, and believed himself about to die without seeing her again, it made her all the dearer, I suppose, and made him all the more fearful of losing her again.

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"He became very quiet as soon as we were really under way, and Royce and I hardly knew him for the same man. He would sit in silence in his steamer-chair for hours, looking out at the sea and smiling to himself, and sometimes, for he was still very weak and feverish, the tears would come to his eyes and run down his cheeks. 'This is the way we would sit,' he said to me one night, 'with the dark purple sky and the strange Southern stars over our heads, and the rail of the boat rising and sinking below the line of the horizon. And I can hear her voice, and I try to imagine she is still sitting there, as she did the last night out, when I held her hands between mine.'" Gordon paused a moment, and then went on more slowly: "I do not know whether it was that the excitement of the journey overland had kept him up or not, but as we went on he became much weaker and slept more, until Royce became anxious and alarmed about him. But he did not know it himself; he had grown so sure of his recovery then that he did not understand what the weakness meant. He fell off into long spells of sleep or unconsciousness, and woke only to be fed, and would then fall back to sleep again. And in one of these spells of unconsciousness he died. He died within two days of land. He had no home and no country and no family, as I told you, and we buried him at sea. He left nothing behind him, for the very clothes he wore were those we had given him — nothing but the locket and the chain which he had told me to take from his neck when he died."

Gordon's voice had grown very cold and hard. He stopped and ran his fingers down into his pocket and pulled out a little leather bag. The people at the table watched him in silence as he opened it and took out a dull silver chain with a gold heart hanging from it.

"This is it," he said, gently. He leaned across the table, with his eyes fixed on those of the American girl, and dropped the chain in front of her. "Would you like to see it?" he said.

The rest moved curiously forward to look at the little heap of gold and silver as it lay on the white cloth. But the girl, with her eyes half closed and her lips pressed together, pushed it on with her hand to the man who sat next her, and bowed her head slightly, as though it was an effort for her to move at all. The wife of the Austrian Minister gave a little sigh of relief.

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"I should say your story did end badly, Mr. Gordon," she said. "It is terribly sad, and so unnecessarily so."

"I don't know," said Lady Arbuthnot, thoughtfully—"I don't know; it seems to me it was better. As Mr. Gordon says, the man was hardly worthy of her. A man should have something more to offer a woman than love; it is a woman's prerogative to be loved. Any number of men may love her; it is nothing to their credit: they cannot help themselves."

"Well," said General Kent, "if all true stories turn out as badly as that one does, I will take back what I said against those the story-writers tell. I prefer the ones Anstey and Jerome make up. I call it a most unpleasant story."

"But it is n't finished yet," said Gordon, as he leaned over and picked up the chain and locket. "There is still a little more."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the wife of the Austrian Minister, eagerly. "But then," she added, "you can't make it any better. You cannot bring the man back to life."

"No," said Gordon, "but I can make it a little worse."

"Ah, I see," said Phillips, with a story-teller's intuition—"the girl."

"The first day I reached London I went to her banker's and got her address," continued Gordon. "And I wrote, saying I wanted to see her, but before I could get an answer I met her the next afternoon at a garden-party. At least I did not meet her; she was pointed out to me. I saw a very beautiful girl surrounded by a lot of men, and asked who she was, and found out it was the woman I had written to, the owner of the chain and locket; and I was also told that her engagement had just been announced to a young Englishman of family and position, who had known her only a few months, and with whom she was very much in love. So you see," he went on, smiling, "that it was better that he died, believing in her and in her love for him. Mr. Phillips, now, would have let him live to return and find her married; but Nature is kinder than writers of fiction, and quite as dramatic."

Phillips did not reply to this, and the general only shook his head doubtfully and said nothing. So Mrs. Trevelyan looked at Lady Arbuthnot, and the ladies rose and left the room. When the men had left them, a young girl went to the piano, and the other women seated themselves to listen; but Miss Egerton, saying that it was warm, stepped out through one of the high windows on to the little balcony that overhung

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the garden. It was dark out there and cool, and the rumbling of the encircling city sounded as distant and as far off as the reflection seemed that its million lights threw up to the sky above. The girl leaned her face and bare shoulder against the rough stone wall of the house, and pressed her hands together, with her fingers locking and unlocking and her rings cutting through her gloves. She was trembling slightly, and the blood in her veins was hot and tingling. She heard the voices of the men as they entered the drawing-room, the momentary cessation of the music at the piano, and its renewal, and then a figure blocked the light from the window, and Gordon stepped out of it and stood in front of her with the chain and locket in his hand. He held it towards her, and they faced each other for a moment in silence.

"Will you take it now?" he said.

The girl raised her head, and drew herself up until she stood straight and tall before him. "Have you not punished me enough?" she asked, in a whisper. "Are you not satisfied? Was it brave? Was it manly? Is that what you have learned among your savages — to torture a woman?" She stopped with a quick sob of pain, and pressed her hands against her breast.

Gordon observed her, curiously, with cold consideration. "What of the sufferings of the man to whom you gave this?" he asked. "Why not consider him? What was your bad quarter of an hour at the table, with your friends around you, to the year he suffered danger and physical pain for you — for you, remember?"

The girl hid her face for a moment in her hands, and when she lowered them again her cheeks were wet and her voice was changed and softer. "They told me he was dead," she said. "Then it was denied, and then the French papers told of it again, and with horrible detail, and how it happened."

Gordon took a step nearer her. "And does your love come and go with the editions of the daily papers?" he asked, fiercely. "If they say to-morrow morning that Arbuthnot is false to his principles or his party, that he is a bribe-taker, a man who sells his vote, will you believe them and stop loving him?" He gave a sharp exclamation of disdain. "Or will you wait," he went on, bitterly, "until the Liberal organs have had time to deny it? Is that the love, the life, and the soul you promised the man who —"

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There was a soft step on the floor of the drawing-room, and the tall figure of young Arbuthnot appeared in the opening of the window as he looked doubtfully out into the darkness. Gordon took a step back into the light of the window, where he could be seen, and leaned easily against the railing of the balcony. His eyes were turned towards the street, and he noticed over the wall the top of a passing omnibus and the glow of the men's pipes who sat on it.

"Miss Egerton?" asked Arbuthnot, his eyes still blinded by the lights of the room he had left. "Is she here? Oh, is that you?" he said, as he saw the movement of the white dress. "I was sent to look for you," he said. "They were afraid something was wrong." He turned to Gordon, as if in explanation of his lover-like solicitude. "It has been rather a hard week, and it has kept one pretty well on the go all the time, and I thought Miss Egerton looked tired at dinner."

The moment he had spoken, the girl came towards him quickly, and put her arm inside of his, and took his hand.

He looked down at her wonderingly at this show of affection, and then drew her nearer, and said, gently, "You are tired, aren't you? I came to tell you that Lady Arbuthnot is going. She is waiting for you."

It struck Gordon, as they stood there, how handsome they were and how well suited. They took a step towards the window, and then the young nobleman turned and looked out at the pretty garden and up at the sky, where the moon was struggling against the glare of the city.

"It is very pretty and peaceful out here," he said, "is it not? It seems a pity to leave it. Good-night, Gordon, and thank you for your story." He stopped, with one foot on the threshold, and smiled. "And yet, do you know," he said, "I cannot help thinking you were guilty of doing just what you accused Phillips of doing. I somehow thought you helped the true story out a little. Now didn't you? Was it all just as you told it? Or am I wrong?"

"No," Gordon answered; "you are right. I did change it a little, in one particular."

"And what was that, may I ask?" said Arbuthnot.

"The man did not die," Gordon answered.

Arbuthnot gave a quick little sigh of sympathy. "Poor devil!" he said, softly; "poor chap!" He moved his left hand over and touched the hand of the girl, as though to reassure

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himself of his own good fortune. Then he raised his eyes to Gordon's with a curious, puzzled look in them. "But then," he said, doubtfully, "if he is not dead, how did you come to get the chain?"

The girl's arm within his own moved slightly, and her fingers tightened their hold upon his hand.

"Oh," said Gordon, indifferently, "it did not mean anything to him, you see, when he found he had lost her, and it could not mean anything to her. It is of no value. It means nothing to any one — except, perhaps, to me."

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DANIEL DEFOE

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DANIEL DEFOE.

Defoe, Daniel, an English novelist and political writer, born in London in 1661; died there April 26, 1731. He was the son of a butcher of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His surname was Foe, and it was not until he was about forty years of age that he changed his signature from D. Foe to Defoe. He was intended for the dissenting ministry, and acquired a good knowledge of the classics and also received special training in his own language. He afterward acquired a knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish. In 1680 he was nominated a Presbyterian minister, but did not choose to follow that vocation. He became a writer of political pamphlets, the earliest of which, "More Reformation," was a satire on himself. When convicted of seditious libel he wrote a "Hymn to the Pillory," which awakened such enthusiasm that his appearance in that place of humiliation became a triumph.

In 1719 "Robinson Crusoe" took the reading world by storm. It immediately became popular, and its extraordinary success induced its author to write numerous other narratives in a similar vein.

Defoe was the author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. His "Journal of the Plague in London" and his "Memoirs of a Cavalier" have been accepted as veritable history, so minute was the author's knowledge of the times he describes, and so vivid was his conception of the effect of events upon the common mind.

From contact with the denizens of the prison where he was confined several years for libel he gained a knowledge of the life and character of criminals, that enabled him to relate, as from his own soul, the experience of theirs. His style is unrivalled in simplicity and naturalness, his English is pure and unpretending. Among his works are: "The Storm" (1704); "Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706); "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); "Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1719); "King of Pirates" (1719); "Duncan Campbell" (1720); "Mr. Campbell's Pacquet" (1720); "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720); "Captain Singleton" (1720); "Moll Flanders" (1722); "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722); "Cartouche" (1722); "Colonel Jacque" (1722); "The Highland Rogue" (1723); "The Fortunate Mistress" (1724); "Narrative of Murders at Calais" (1724); "John Sheppard" (1724); "Account of Jonathan Wild"

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(1725); and other romances. His pamphlets include: "Essay upon Projects" (1698); "Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702); and "Political History of the Devil" (1726).

The Shipwreck.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

Our ship was about one hundred and twenty tons' burden, carried six guns, and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the negroes, such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

We had very good weather, and we sailed north, at first, along our own coast. We passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in seven degrees twenty-two minutes north latitude, when a violent tornado took us quite out of our knowledge. It blew in such a terrible manner that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and, scudding away before it, let it carry us wherever fate and the fury of the waves directed; and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up; nor did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

At last we perceived land ahead, but before we could make out whether it was an island or the mainland, the ship struck on the sand a long distance from the shore. Now we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as best we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea; so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing; however, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel lay hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, they got her flung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadfully high upon the shore.

And now we all saw plainly that the boat could not escape, and that we should be drowned. As to making sail, we had

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none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came near the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope was that we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might run our boat in under the lee of the land, and perhaps make smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

At last, a great wave came rolling after us, overset the boat, and we were all swallowed up in a moment. Nothing can describe what I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the main land than I expected, I got upon my feet and ran. Another wave soon overtook me and then another, until I was dashed against a rock with such force as to make me nearly senseless.

I held on to the rock, however, until the wave receded, and the next run I took I got to the mainland exhausted and bruised, and, indeed, more dead than alive.

But I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and to thank God that my life was saved. I walked about the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, I may say, wrapt up in a contemplation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions, which I cannot describe; reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when, the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look around me, to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done; and I soon found

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my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance; for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink, to comfort me. Neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing of hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts; and that which was particularly affecting to me was, that I had no weapon, either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision; and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts, at that time, was to get up into a thick bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did to my great joy; and having drunk, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavored to place myself so that if I should sleep I might not fall. And having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defence, I took up my lodging; and being excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself more refreshed with it than I think I ever was on such an occasion.

Robinson's Calendar.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

After I had been there about ten or twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time, and should even forget the Sabbath-day from the working-days; but to prevent this, I cut it with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters, and making it into a great cross, I set it up on the shore where I first landed, viz., "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659."

Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar.

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I had brought from the ship some pens, ink, and paper, and while they lasted I kept a strict account of everything, but they were soon gone. We had on the ship two cats and a dog, and I had brought both of the cats on shore. As for the dog, he swam ashore, and became my trusty servant for many years.

The want of tools made every work I did go on heavily; and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale, or surrounded habitation. The piles or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more, by far, in bringing home; so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts; and a third day in driving it into the ground. But what need I have been concerned at the tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in? nor had I any other employment, if that had been over, at least that I could foresee, except the ranging the island to seek for food, and climbing the high rocks to see if any vessel was within sight.

Having now brought my mind a little to relish my condition, and given over looking out to sea, to see if I could spy a ship; I say, giving over these things, I began to apply myself to accommodate my way of living, and to make things as easy to me as I could.

I have already described my habitation, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables; but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turfs, about two feet thick on the outside; and after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees, and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into this cave which I had made behind me. But I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place. I had no room to turn myself; so I set myself to enlarge my cave, and worked farther into the earth, for it was a loose, sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed on it; and so when I found I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways, to the right hand, into the rock; and then turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification.

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And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I could not write, or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table.

I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet, in time, by labor, application, and contrivance, I found, at last, that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had the tools. However, I made abundance of things, even without tools; and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which, perhaps, were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience.

However, I made me a table and a chair, in the first place; and this I did out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had wrought out some boards as above, I made large shelves, of the breadth of a foot and an half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and iron-work on; and, in a word, to separate everything at large into their places, that I might come easily at them; also I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock, to hang my guns and all things that would hang up; so that had my cave been to be seen, it looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order.

As long as my ink lasted I kept a journal of all that happened to me, of which I will now give a part, for much that I wrote at that time I have already told, and need not repeat.

A Footprint.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked around me, but I could hear nothing,

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"I stood like one thunderstruck"

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nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimseys came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I did to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night, but lay trembling with fright and thinking who or what it could be that had visited the island. I fancied all sorts of things, but finally concluded that some of the savages of the main land had been there, and this did not in the least allay my fear, for afterwards I was in constant dread that I should meet them. When milking my goats or gathering my fruit, if I heard the least noise, I was ready to drop everything and flee to my house.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again beyond where my fortification joined to the rock. Therefore I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the same manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before. These trees having been planted so thick before, there wanted but few piles to be driven between them, and my wall would be soon finished. So that I had now a double wall; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of to make it strong, having in it seven little holes, about as big as

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I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this, I thickened my wall to about ten feet thick, continually bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets like cannon, so I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month in finishing and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

Then I planted the ground without as full of trees as could well stand and grow, so that, in two years' time, I had a grove so thick that no one would ever imagine there was any human habitation beyond it. While I was doing this I thought much of the safety of my goats; so I made a strong enclosure in a retired part of the island, and removed to it ten she-goats and two he-goats and left them there.

One day as I wandered more to the west part of the island, being on a hill, I thought I saw a boat far out at sea, but I was not sure. On coming down from the hill, I was confounded and amazed to see the shore spread with skulls and other bones of human bodies. There was a place where a fire had been made, and a circle dug in the earth, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feast. When I recovered from my horror at such a sight, I began to thank God that I was cast ashore upon a part of the island that was not visited by the cannibals.

In this frame of thankfulness I went home to my castle, and began to be much easier now, as to the safety of my circumstances, than ever I was before: for I observed that these wretches never came to this island in search of what they could get; perhaps not seeking, not wanting, or not expecting, anything here; and having often, no doubt, been up in the covered, woody part of it, without finding anything to their purpose. I knew I had been here now almost eighteen years, and never saw the least footsteps of human creature there before; and I might be eighteen years more as entirely concealed as I was now, if I did not discover myself to them, which I had no manner of occasion to do; it being my only business to keep myself entirely concealed where I was, unless I found a better sort of creatures than cannibals to make myself known to. Yet I entertained such an abhorrence of the savage wretches that I have been speaking of, and of the wretched inhuman custom of their devouring and eating one another up, that I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years

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after this. When I say my own circle, I mean by it my three plantations, viz., my castle, my country-seat (which I called my bower), and my enclosure in the woods; nor did I look after this for any other use than as an enclosure for my goats; for the aversion which nature gave me to these wretches was such that I did not so much as go to look after my boat in all this time, but began rather to think of making me another; for I could not think of ever making any more attempts to bring the other boat round the island to me, lest I should meet with some of those creatures at sea; in which case, if I had happened to have fallen into their hands, I knew what would have been my lot.

Night and day, I could think of nothing now but how I might destroy some of these monsters, and if possible, save the victim they should bring hither to destroy.

Man Friday.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

I had watched thus for about a year and a half, when I saw one morning no less than five canoes on shore, and there were about thirty of the savages dancing around a fire. While I looked, I saw two miserable wretches dragged from the boats. One was knocked down immediately and cut up for their cookery, while the other was left standing by himself till they would be ready for him.

This poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, and unbound, started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me. I was dreadfully frightened when I perceived him run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running.

There was between them and my castle, the creek; but he made nothing of it, but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third went no farther, and soon after went softly back again. It came very warmly upon my thoughts that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion. I immediately ran down the ladder,

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fetched my two guns, and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clap'd myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the mean time, rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear. Having knocked this fellow down, the other stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced towards him. But as I came nearer, I perceived he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me: so I was then obliged to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece that he stood stock still. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, and stood, trembling. I smiled at him pleasantly, and beckoned, and at length he came close to me, laid his head upon the ground, and put my foot upon it. This, it seems, meant that he would be my slave forever.

But there was more work to do. The savage that I had knocked down began to come to himself, and sat up on the ground. My savage motioned for me to give him my sword, and when I gave it to him he ran quickly and cut off his head at a single stroke. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again. But that which astonished him most, was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turning him first on one side, then on the other. He took up his bow and arrows and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me.

Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work; and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him; and did so by the other also. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which

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"I was then obliged to shoot"

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I found he was indeed in great distress for, and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, with straight, strong limbs, tall and well shaped; and, as I reckoned, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory. After he had slept about half an hour, he awoke and came out of the cave to me: for I had been milking my goats. When he espied me he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a great many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before.

I let him know that I understood him and was very well pleased. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say Master, and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all that night; but, as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them. At this I appeared very angry, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone, and pulling out

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my glass, I saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes.

We visited the place, and carefully buried the remains of their horrible feast. Friday let me know that there had been a great battle, and that four prisoners, of which he was one, were brought here to be eaten. When we came back to our castle, I fell to work to dress my man, Friday. I gave him a pair of linen drawers, and made him a jerkin of goat's skin, and a very good cap of hare's skin, and he was mightily pleased to see himself clothed like his master.

I then made him a little tent between my two fortifications, and I fixed all my doors so I could fasten them on the inside. As to the weapons, I took them all into my habitation every night. But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged. His very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life to save mine, upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed no precautions for my safety on his account.

I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spoke. And he was the aptest scholar that ever was; and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased when he could but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him. . . .

It was after this some time, that being upon the top of the hill, at the east side of the island, Friday, the weather being very serene, looked very earnestly towards the mainland, then fell to dancing and cried, "Oh, joy! oh, glad! there see my country." That set me to thinking whether I could not make the voyage with Friday, or send Friday alone to see if the white men were still there.

When I proposed to Friday that he should go over alone to see his people, he felt very badly, and said he would like to go, but would not leave me; so I resolved to make a large canoe and make the venture. We felled a large tree near the water, and, with a month's hard labor, we shaped a very handsome

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boat, and in another fortnight we got her into the water. Though she was large enough to carry twenty men, I was surprised to see with what dexterity and how swift my man Friday could manage her, turn her, and paddle her along. So I asked him if we would, and if we might venture over in her. "Yes," he said; "we venture over in her very well, though great blow wind." However, I had a farther design that he knew nothing of, and that was to make a mast and a sail, and to fit her with an anchor and cable.

After all this was done, I had my man Friday to teach as to what belonged to the navigation of my boat; for, though he knew very well how to paddle the canoe, he knew nothing of what belonged to a sail and a rudder; and was the most amazed when he saw me work the boat to and again in the sea by the rudder, and how the sail jibbed, and filled this way or that way, as the course we sailed changed. However, with a little use I made all these things familiar to him, and he became an expert sailor, except that as to the compass I could make him understand very little of that.

By the time I had the boat finished the rainy season was upon us, and we had to keep within doors. When we began to go out again, I sent Friday down to the shore one day to find a turtle. In a short time he came flying over my outer wall in a great fright, crying out to me, "O, master! O, master! O, bad!" "What's the matter, Friday?" said I. "Oh! yonder, there," says he; "one, two, three canoes, one, two, three!" "Well, Friday," says I, "do not be frightened." So I heartened him up as well as I could. However, I saw the poor fellow was most terribly scared, for nothing ran in his head but that they were come back to look for him, and would cut him in pieces and eat him; and the poor fellow trembled so that I scarcely knew what to do with him. I comforted him as well as I could, and told him I was in as much danger as he, and that they would eat me as well as him. "But," said I, "Friday, we must resolve to fight them. Can you fight, Friday?" "Me shoot," says he; "but there come many great number." "No matter for that," said I, again; "our guns will fright them that we do not kill." So I asked him whether, if I resolved to defend him, he would defend me, and stand by me, and do just as I bid him. He said, "Me die when you bid die, master."

I loaded the two fowling-pieces with swan shot as large as

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small pistol-bullets. Then I took four muskets, and loaded them with two slugs, and five small bullets each; and my two pistols I loaded with a brace of bullets each. I hung my great sword by my side, and gave Friday his hatchet. When I had thus prepared myself, I took my perspective-glass, and went up to the side of the hill; and I found quickly by my glass that there were one-and-twenty savages, three prisoners, and three canoes; and that their whole business seemed to be the triumphant banquet upon these three human bodies. I observed also that they landed, not where they had done when Friday made his escape, but nearer to my creek, where the shore was low, and where a thick wood came close almost down to the sea. This, with the abhorrence of the inhuman errand these wretches came about, filled me with such indignation that I came down again to Friday, and told him I was resolved to go down to them, and kill them all; and asked him if he would stand by me. He had now got over his fright, and he was very cheerful, and told me, as before, he would die when I bid die.

In this fit of fury I gave Friday one pistol to stick in his girdle, and three guns upon his shoulder, and I took one pistol and the other three myself; and in this posture we marched out. I took a small bottle of rum in my pocket, and gave Friday a large bag with more powder and bullets; and as to orders, I charged him to keep close behind me, and not to stir, or shoot, or do anything till I bid him, and in the mean time not to speak a word. In this posture I fetched a compass to my right hand of near a mile, as well to get over the creek as to get into the wood, so that I might come within shot of them before I should be discovered, Friday following close at my heels. I marched till I came to the skirt of the wood on the side which was next to them, only that one corner of the wood lay between me and them. Here I called softly to Friday, and showing him a great tree which was just at the corner of the wood, bade him go to the tree, and bring me word what they were doing. He did so, and came immediately back to me, and told me that they were all about their fire eating the flesh of one of their prisoners, and that another lay bound upon the sand a little from them, whom he said they would kill next; and this fired the very soul within me. He told me it was not one of their nation, but one of the bearded men whom he had told me of, that came to their country in the boat. I was filled with horror at the very naming of the white bearded man; and

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going to the tree, I saw plainly a white man, who lay upon the beach of the sea with his hands and feet tied with flags, or things like rushes.

I had now not a moment to lose, for nineteen of the dreadful wretches sat upon the ground, all close huddled together, and had just sent the other two to butcher the poor Christian, and bring him perhaps limb by limb to their fire, and they were stooping down to untie the bands at his feet. I turned to Friday: "Now, Friday," said I, "do exactly as you see me do." So I set down one of the muskets and the fowling-piece upon the ground, and Friday did the like by his, and with the other musket I took my aim at the savages, bidding him to do the like; then asking him if he was ready, he said, "Yes." "Then fire at them," said I; and I fired also.

Friday took his aim so much better than I that on the side that he shot he killed two of them, and wounded three more; and on my side I killed one, and wounded two. They were, you may be sure, in a dreadful consternation; and all of them that were not hurt jumped upon their feet, but did not know which way to run, or which way to look. Friday kept his eyes close upon me, that, as I had bid him, he might observe what I did; so, as soon as the first shot was made, I threw down the piece, and took up the fowling-piece, and Friday did the like. He saw me cock and present; he did the same again. "Are you ready, Friday?" said I. "Yes," says he. "Let fly, then," said I, "in the name of God!" and with that I fired again among the amazed wretches, and so did Friday; and as our pieces were now loaded with what I call swan-shot, or small pistol-bullets, we found only two drop; but so many were wounded that they ran about yelling and screaming like mad creatures, all bloody, and most of them miserably wounded.

"Now, Friday," said I, laying down the discharged pieces, and taking up the musket which was yet loaded, "follow me," which he did with a great deal of courage; upon which I rushed out of the wood and showed myself, and Friday close at my foot. As soon as I perceived they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could, and bade Friday do so too, and running as fast as I could, which by the way was not very fast, being loaded with arms as I was, I made directly towards the poor victim, who was, as I said, lying upon the beach. The two butchers who were going toward him when we first fired had fled in fright to

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the sea-side and had jumped into a canoe, and three more of the rest made the same way. I told Friday to run down and fire at them, which he did, killing two and badly wounding a third.

I cut the flags that bound the poor victim, and asked him, in the Portuguese tongue, what he was. He answered, in Latin, Christianus; but was so faint and weak that he could scarce stand or speak. I gave him a drink from my bottle, and a piece of bread, which he quickly ate. Then I asked him what countryman he was, and he said Espagnole; and being a little recovered, let me know how thankful he was. "Seignior," said I, in as good Spanish as I could make up, "we must fight now. Take this sword and pistol, if you have any strength left." He took them thankfully and, as if they gave him new vigor, he flew upon his murderers like a fury. A powerful savage once threw him on his back and was wringing my sword out of his hands, when he wisely quitted the sword and shot him through the body, before I, who was running up to help him, could come near him. We killed them all except four who escaped in the boat, whereof one was wounded, if not dead.

From "Journal of the Plague Year."

It was about the beginning of September, 1664, that I, among the rest of my neighbors, heard, in ordinary discourse, that the plague was returned again in Holland; for it had been very violent there, and particularly at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the year 1663, whither they say, it was brought, some said from Italy, others from the Levant, among some goods which were brought home by their Turkey fleet; others said it was brought from Candia; others from Cyprus. It mattered not from whence it came; but all agreed it was come into Holland again.

We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days, to spread rumors and reports of things, and to improve them by the invention of men, as I have lived to see practised since. But such things as those were gathered from the letters of merchants and others, who corresponded abroad, and from them was handed about by word of mouth only; so that things did not spread instantly over the whole nation, as they do now. But it seems that the government had a true account of it, and several councils were held about ways to prevent its coming

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over, but all was kept very private. Hence it was that this rumor died off again, and people began to forget it, as a thing we were very little concerned in, and that we hoped was not true; till the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, 1664, when two men, said to be Frenchmen, died of the plague in Longacre, or rather at the upper end of Drury Lane. The family they were in endeavored to conceal it as much as possible; but as it had gotten some vent in the discourse of the neighborhood, the secretaries of state got knowledge of it. And concerning themselves to inquire about it, in order to be certain of the truth, two physicians and a surgeon were ordered to go to the house, and make inspection. This they did, and finding evident tokens of the sickness upon both the bodies that were dead, they gave their opinions publicly that they died of the plague. Whereupon it was given in to the parish clerk, and he also returned them to the hall; and it was printed in the weekly bill of mortality in the usual manner.

The people showed a great concern at this, and began to be alarmed all over the town, and the more, because in the last week in December, 1664, another man died in the same house, and of the same distemper: and then we were easy again for about six weeks, when none having died with any marks of infection, it was said the distemper was gone; but after that, I think it was about the 12th of February, another died in another house, but in the same parish, and in the same manner. . . .

However, all this went off again, and the weather proving cold, and the frost, which began in December, still continuing very severe, even till near the end of February, attended with sharp though moderate winds, the bills decreased again, and the city grew healthy, and everybody began to look upon the danger as good as over; only that still the burials in St. Giles's continued high. From the beginning of April, especially, they stood at twenty-five each week, till the week from the 18th to the 25th, when there was buried in St. Giles's parish thirty, whereof two of the plague, and eight of the spotted fever, which was looked upon as the same thing; likewise the number that died of the spotted fever in the whole increased, being eight the week before, and twelve the week above named.

This alarmed us all again, and terrible apprehensions were among the people, especially the weather being now changed and growing warm, and the summer being at hand: however, the next week there seemed to be some hopes again, the bills

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were low, the number of the dead in all was but 388, there was none of the plague, and but four of the spotted fever.

But the following week it returned again, and the distemper was spread into two or three other parishes, viz., St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. Clement Danes, and, to the great affliction of the city, one died within the walls, in the parish of St. Mary Wool Church, that is to say, in Bearbinder Lane, near Stocks Market; in all there were nine of the plague, and six of the spotted fever. It was, however, upon inquiry, found that this Frenchman who died in Bearbinder Lane was one who, having lived in Longacre, near the infected houses, had removed for fear of the distemper, not knowing that he was already infected.

This was the beginning of May, yet the weather was temperate, variable, and cool enough, and people had still some hopes: that which encouraged them was, that the city was healthy, the whole ninety-seven parishes buried but fifty-four, and we began to hope that, as it was chiefly among the people at that end of the town, it might go no farther; and the rather, because the next week, which was from the 9th of May to the 16th, there died but three, of which not one within the whole city or liberties, and St. Andrew's buried but fifteen, which was very low. It is true, St. Giles's buried two-and-thirty, but still, as there was but one of the plague, people began to be easy; the whole bill also was very low, for the week before the bill was but 347, and the week above mentioned but 343. We continued in these hopes for a few days. But it was but for a few, for the people were no more to be deceived thus; they searched the houses, and found that the plague was really spread every way, and that many died of it every day, so that now all our extenuations abated, and it was no more to be concealed, nay, it quickly appeared that the infection had spread itself beyond all hopes of abatement; that in the parish of St. Giles's it was gotten into several streets, and several families lay all sick together; and, accordingly, in the weekly bill for the next week, the thing began to show itself; there was, indeed, but fourteen set down of the plague, but this was all knavery and collusion; for in St. Giles's parish they buried forty in all, whereof it was certain most of them died of the plague, though they were set down of other distempers; and though the number of all the burials were not increased above thirty-two, and the whole bill being but 385, yet there was fourteen of the spotted fever, as well as fourteen of the plague; and we took it for granted, upon the whole, that there were fifty died that week of the plague.

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The next bill was from the 23d of May to the 30th, when the number of the plague was seventeen; but the burials in St. Giles's were fifty-three, a frightful number! of whom they set down but nine of the plague: but on an examination more strictly by the justices of the peace, and at the lord mayor's request, it was found there were twenty more who were really dead of the plague in that parish, but had been set down of the spotted fever, or other distempers, besides others concealed.

But those were trifling things to what followed immediately after; for now the weather set in hot, and from the first week in June the infection spread in a dreadful manner, and the bills rise high, the articles of the fever, spotted fever, and teeth, began to swell: for all that could conceal their distempers did it to prevent their neighbors shunning and refusing to converse with them; and also to prevent authority shutting up their houses, which though it was not yet practised, yet was threatened, and people were extremely terrified at the thoughts of it.

The second week in June, the parish of St. Giles's, where still the weight of the infection lay, buried one hundred and twenty, whereof, though the bills said but sixty-eight of the plague, everybody said there had been a hundred at least, calculating it from the usual number of funerals in that parish as above.

Till this week the city continued free, there having never any died except that one Frenchman, who I mentioned before, within the whole ninety-seven parishes. Now there died four within the city, one in Wood Street, one in Fenchurch Street, and two in Crooked Lane: Southwark was entirely free, having not one yet died on that side of the water.

I lived without Aldgate, about midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighborhood continued very easy: but at the other end of the town their consternation was very great, and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry from the west part of the city, thronged out of town, with their families and servants, in an unusual manner; and this was more particularly seen in Whitechapel; that is to say, the Broad Street where I lived: indeed, nothing was to be seen but wagons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, etc.; coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away; then empty wagons and carts appeared, and

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spare horses with servants, who, it was apparent, were returning, or sent from the country to fetch more people: besides innumerable numbers of men on horseback, some alone, others with servants, and, generally speaking, all loaded with baggage and fitted out for travelling, as any one might perceive by their appearance.

This was a very terrible and melancholy thing to see, and as it was a sight which I could not but look on from morning to night (for indeed there was nothing else of moment to be seen) it filled me with very serious thoughts of the misery that was coming upon the city, and the unhappy condition of those that would be left in it.

This hurry of the people was such for some weeks that there was no getting at the lord mayor's door without exceeding difficulty, there was such pressing and crowding there to get passes and certificates of health for such as travelled abroad; for, without these, there was no being admitted to pass through the towns upon the road, or to lodge in any inn. Now as there had none died in the city for all this time, my lord mayor gave certificates of health without any difficulty to all those who lived in the ninety-seven parishes, and to those within the liberties too, for a while.

This hurry, I say, continued some weeks, that is to say, all the months of May and June, and the more because it was rumored that an order of the government was to be issued out, to place turnpikes and barriers on the road, to prevent people's travelling; and that the towns on the road would not suffer people from London to pass, for fear of bringing the infection along with them, though neither of these rumors had any foundation but in the imagination, especially at first.

I now began to consider seriously with myself concerning my own case, and how I should dispose of myself; that is to say, whether I should resolve to stay in London, or shut up my house and flee, as many of my neighbors did. I have set this particular down so fully, because I know not but it may be of moment to those who come after me, if they come to be brought to the same distress, and to the same manner of making their choice, and therefore I desire this account may pass with them rather for a direction to themselves to act by, than a history of my actings, seeing it may not be of one farthing value to them to note what became of me.

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I had two important things before me; the one was the carrying on my business and shop; which was considerable, and in which was embarked all my effects in the world; and the other was the preservation of my life in so dismal a calamity as I saw apparently was coming upon the whole city; and which, however great it was, my fears perhaps, as well as other people's, represented to be much greater than it could be.

The first consideration was of great moment to me; my trade was a saddler, and as my dealings were chiefly not by a shop or chance trade, but among the merchants trading to the English colonies in America, so my effects lay very much in the hands of such. I was a single man, it is true, but I had a family of servants, who I kept at my business; had a house, shop, and warehouses filled with goods; and, in short, to leave them all as things in such a case must be left, that is to say, without any overseer or person fit to be trusted with them, had been to hazard the loss not only of my trade, but of my goods, and, indeed, of all I had in the world.

I had an elder brother at the same time in London, and not many years before come over from Portugal; and, advising with him, his answer was in the three words, the same that was given in another case quite different, viz., "Master, save thyself." In a word, he was for my retiring into the country, as he resolved to do himself, with his family; telling me, what he had, it seems, heard abroad, that the best preparation for the plague was to run away from it. As to my argument of losing my trade, my goods, or debts, he quite confuted me: he told me the same thing which I argued for my staying, viz., That I would trust God with my safety and health was the strongest repulse to my pretensions of losing my trade and my goods. "For," says he, "is it not as reasonable that you should trust God with the chance or risk of losing your trade, as that you should stay in so eminent a point of danger, and trust him with your life?"

I could not argue that I was in any strait as to a place where to go, having several friends and relations in Northamptonshire, whence our family first came from; and, particularly, I had an only sister in Lincolnshire, very willing to receive and entertain me.

My brother, who had already sent his wife and two children into Bedfordshire, and resolved to follow them, pressed my going very earnestly; and I had once resolved to comply with his de-

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sires, but at that time could get no horse: for, though it is true all the people did not go out of the city of London, yet I may venture to say that, in a manner, all the horses did; for there was hardly a horse to be bought or hired in the whole city, for some weeks. Once I resolved to travel on foot with one servant; and, as many did, lie at no inn, but carry a soldier's tent with us, and so lie in the fields, the weather being very warm, and no danger from taking cold. I say, as many did, because several did so at last, especially those who had been in the armies, in the war which had not been many years past: and I must needs say that, speaking of second causes, had most of the people that travelled done so, the plague had not been carried into so many country towns and houses as it was, to the great damage, and indeed to the ruin of abundance of people.

But then my servant, who I had intended to take down with me, deceived me, and, being frighted at the increase of the distemper, and not knowing when I should go, he took other measures, and left me, so I was put off for that time; and, one way or other, I always found that to appoint to go away was always crossed by some accident or other, so as to disappoint and put it off again; and this brings in a story which otherwise might be thought a needless digression, viz., about these disappointments being from heaven.

It came very warmly into my mind, one morning, as I was musing on this particular thing, that, as nothing attended us without the direction or permission of Divine Power, so these disappointments must have something in them extraordinary; and I ought to consider whether it did not evidently point out, or intimate to me, that it was the will of Heaven I should not go. It immediately followed in my thoughts, that, if it really was from God that I should stay, he was able effectually to preserve me in the midst of all the death and danger that would surround me; and that if I attempted to secure myself by fleeing from my habitation, and acted contrary to these intimations, which I believed to be divine, it was a kind of flying from God, and that he could cause his justice to overtake me when and where he thought fit.

These thoughts quite turned my resolutions again, and when I came to discourse with my brother again, I told him that I inclined to stay and take my lot in that station in which God had placed me; and that it seemed to be made more especially my duty, on the account of what I have said.

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My brother, though a very religious man himself, laughed at all I had suggested about it, being an intimation from heaven, and told me several stories of such fool-hardy people, as he called them, as I was; that I ought, indeed, to submit to it as a work from heaven, if I had been anyway disabled by distempers or diseases, and that then not being able to go, I ought to acquiesce in the direction of Him, who, having been my Maker, had an undisputed right of sovereignty in disposing of me; and that then there had been no difficulty to determine which was the call of his providence, and which was not: but that I should take it as an intimation from heaven that I should not go out of town, only because I could not hire a horse to go, or my fellow was run away that was to attend me, was ridiculous, since at the same time I had my health and limbs, and other servants, and might with ease travel a day or two on foot, and, having a good certificate of being in perfect health, might either hire a horse, or take post on the road, as I thought fit.

Then he proceeded to tell me of the mischievous consequences which attend the presumption of the Turks and Mahometans in Asia, and in other places where he had been (for my brother, being a merchant, was a few years before, as I have already observed, returned from abroad, coming last from Lisbon) and how, presuming upon their professed predestinating notions, and of every man's end being predetermined, and unalterably beforehand decreed, they would go unconcerned into infected places, and converse with infected persons, by which means they died at the rate of ten or fifteen thousand a week, whereas the Europeans, or Christian merchants, who kept themselves retired and reserved, generally escaped the contagion.

Upon these arguments my brother changed my resolutions again, and I began to resolve to go, and accordingly made all things ready; for, in short, the infection increased round me, and the bills were risen to almost seven hundred a week, and my brother told me he would venture to stay no longer. I desired him to let me consider of it but till the next day, and I would resolve; and as I had already prepared everything as well as I could, as to my business, and who to intrust my affairs with, I had little to do but to resolve.

I went home that evening greatly oppressed in my mind, irresolute, and not knowing what to do. I had set the evening wholly apart to consider seriously about it, and was all alone; for already people had, as it were by a general consent, taken up

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the custom of not going out of doors after sunset; the reasons I shall have occasion to say more of by and by.

In the retirement of this evening I endeavored to resolve first what was my duty to do, and I stated the arguments with which my brother had pressed me to go into the country, and I set against them the strong impressions which I had on my mind for staying; the visible call I seemed to have from the particular circumstance of my calling, and the care due from me for the preservation of my effects, which were, as I might say, my estate: also the intimations which I thought I had from heaven, that to me signified a kind of direction to venture, and it occurred to me that if I had what I call a direction to stay, I ought to suppose it contained a promise of being preserved, if I obeyed.

This lay close to me, and my mind seemed more and more encouraged to stay than ever, and supported with a secret satisfaction that I should be kept. Add to this, that, turning over the Bible, which lay before me, and while my thoughts were more than ordinary serious upon the question, I cried out, "Well, I know not what to do; Lord, direct me!" and the like; and at that juncture I happened to stop turning over the book, at the 91st Psalm, and casting my eye on the second verse, I read to the seventh verse exclusive; and after that, included the 10th, as follows: "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge, and my fortress, my God, in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day: nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the most high, thy habitation: there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling," etc.

I scarce need tell the reader that from that moment I resolved that I would stay in the town, and, casting myself entirely upon the goodness and protection of the Almighty, would not seek any other shelter whatever; and that, as my times were in his hands, he was as able to keep me in a time of the infection as in a time of health; and if he did not think fit to deliver me,

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still I was in his hands, and it was meet he should do with me as should seem good to him.

With this resolution I went to bed; and I was farther confirmed in it the next day, by the woman being taken ill with whom I had intended to intrust my house and all my affairs. But I had a farther obligation laid on me on the same side, for the next day I found myself very much out of order also; so that if I would have gone away I could not, and I continued ill three or four days, and this entirely determined my stay; so I took my leave of my brother, who went away to Dorking, in Surrey, and afterwards fetched around farther into Buckinghamshire, or Bedfordshire, to a retreat he had found out there for his family.

It was a very ill time to be sick in, for if any one complained, it was immediately said he had the plague; and though I had indeed no symptoms of that distemper, yet being very ill, both in my head and in my stomach, I was not without apprehension that I really was infected, but in about three days I grew better, the third night I rested well, sweated a little, and was much refreshed; the apprehensions of its being the infection went also quite away with my illness, and I went about my business as usual.

These things, however, put off all my thoughts of going into the country; and my brother also being gone, I had no more debate either with him, or with myself, on that subject.

It was now mid July, and the plague, which had chiefly raged at the other end of the town, and, as I said before, in the parishes of St. Giles's, St. Andrew's, Holborn, and towards Westminster, began now to come eastward, towards the part where I lived. It was to be observed, indeed, that it did not come straight on towards us; for the city, that is to say, within the walls, was indifferent healthy still; nor was it got then very much over the water into Southwark: for though there died that week 1268 of all distempers, whereof it might be supposed above nine hundred died of the plague, yet there was but twenty-eight in the whole city, within the walls, and but nineteen in Southwark, Lambeth parish included; whereas in the parishes of St. Giles's, and St. Martin's in the Fields alone, there died four hundred and twenty-one.

But we perceived the infection kept chiefly in the out parishes, which being very populous, and fuller also of poor, the distemper found more to prey upon than in the city, as I shall observe

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afterward; we perceived, I say, the distemper to draw our way, viz., by the parishes of Clerkenwell, Cripplegate, Shoreditch, and Bishopsgate; which last two parishes joining to Aldgate, Whitechapel, and Stepney, the infection came at length to spread its utmost rage and violence in those parts, even when it abated at the western parishes where it began.

It was very strange to observe that in this particular week, from the 4th to the 11th of July, when, as I have observed, there died near four hundred of the plague in the two parishes of St. Giles's and St. Martin's in the Fields only, there died in the parish of Aldgate but four, in the parish of Whitechapel three, in the parish of Stepney but one.

Likewise in the next week, from the 11th of July to the 18th, when the week's bill was 1761, yet there died no more of the plague, on the whole Southwark side of the water, than sixteen.

But this face of things soon changed, and it began to thicken, in Cripplegate parish especially, and in Clerkenwell; so that by the second week in August Cripplegate parish alone buried eight hundred and eighty-six, and Clerkenwell one hundred and fifty-five; of the first, eight hundred and fifty might well be reckoned to die of the plague; and of the last, the bill itself said, one hundred and forty-five were of the plague.

During the month of July, and while, as I have observed, our part of the town seemed to be spared in comparison of the west part, I went ordinarily about the streets, as my business required, and particularly went generally once in a day, or in two days, into the city, to my brother's house, which he had given me charge of, and to see it was safe; and having the key in my pocket, I used to go into the house, and over most of the rooms, to see that all was well; for though it be something wonderful to tell, that any should have hearts so hardened, in the midst of such a calamity, as to rob and steal; yet certain it is that all sorts of villanies, and even levities and debaucheries, were then practised in the town, as openly as ever, I will not say quite as frequently, because the number of people were many ways lessened.

But the city itself began now to be visited too, I mean within the walls; but the number of people there were, indeed, extremely lessened, by so great a multitude having been gone into the country; and even all this month of July they continued to flee, though not in such multitudes as formerly. In August, indeed, they fled in such a manner that I began to think there

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would be really none but magistrates and servants left in the city.

As they fled now out of the city, so I should observe that the court removed early, viz., in the month of June, and went to Oxford, where it pleased God to preserve them; and the distemper did not, as I heard of, so much as touch them; for which I cannot say that I ever saw they showed any great token of thankfulness, and hardly anything of reformation, though they did not want being told that their crying vices might, without breach of charity, be said to have gone far in bringing that terrible judgment upon the whole nation.

The face of London was now indeed strangely altered; I mean the whole mass of buildings, city, liberties, suburbs, Westminster, Southwark, and altogether; for, as to the particular part called the city, or within the walls, that was not yet much infected; but, in the whole, the face of things, I say, was much altered; sorrow and sadness sat upon every face, and though some part were not yet overwhelmed yet all looked deeply concerned; and as we saw it apparently coming on, so every one looked on himself, and his family, as in the utmost danger: were it possible to represent those times exactly, to those that did not see them, and give the reader due ideas of the horror that everywhere presented itself, it must make just impressions upon their minds, and fill them with surprise. London might well be said to be all in tears; the mourners did not go about the streets, indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were, perhaps, dying or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them. Tears and lamentations were seen almost in every house, especially in the first part of the visitation; for towards the latter end men's hearts were hardened, and death was so always before their eyes that they did not so much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that themselves should be summoned the next hour.

Business led me out sometimes to the other end of the town, even when the sickness was chiefly there; and as the thing was new to me, as well as to everybody else, it was a most surprising thing to see those streets, which were usually so thronged, now grown desolate, and so few people to be seen in them that if I

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had been a stranger, and at a loss for my way, I might sometimes have gone the length of a whole street, I mean of the by-streets, and seen nobody to direct me, except watchmen set at the doors of such houses as were shut up; of which I shall speak presently.

One day, being at that part of the town, on some special business, curiosity led me to observe things more than usually; and indeed I walked a great way where I had no business; I went up Holborn, and there the street was full of people; but they walked in the middle of the great street, neither on one side or other, because, as I suppose, they would not mingle with anybody that came out of houses, or meet with smells and scents from houses that might be infected.

The inns of court were all shut up, nor were very many of the lawyers in the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn, to be seen there. Everybody was at peace, there was no occasion for lawyers; besides, it being in the time of the vacation too, they were generally gone into the country. Whole rows of houses in some places were shut close up, the inhabitants all fled, and only a watchman or two left.

When I speak of rows of houses being shut up, I do not mean shut up by the magistrates; but that great numbers of persons followed the court, by the necessity of their employments, and other dependencies; and as others retired, really frighted with the distemper, it was a mere desolating of some of the streets: but the fright was not yet near so great in the city, abstractedly so called; and particularly because, though they were at first in a most inexpressible consternation, yet, as I have observed that the distemper intermitted often at first, so they were as it were alarmed, and unalarmed again, and this several times, till it began to be familiar to them; and that even when it appeared violent, yet seeing it did not presently spread into the city, or the east or south parts, the people began to take courage, and to be, as I may say, a little hardened. It is true, a vast many people fled, as I have observed; yet they were chiefly from the west end of the town, and from that we call the heart of the city, that is to say, among the wealthiest of the people and such persons as were unincumbered with trades and business. But of the rest, the generality stayed, and seemed to abide the worst; so that in the place we call the liberties, and in the suburbs, in Southwark, and in the east part, such as Wapping, Ratcliff, Stepney, Rotherhithe, and the like,

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the people generally stayed, except here and there a few wealthy families, who, as above, did not depend upon their business.

It must not be forgot here that the city and suburbs were prodigiously full of people at the time of this visitation, I mean at the time that it began; for though I have lived to see a farther increase, and mighty throngs of people settling in London, more than ever, yet we had always a notion that numbers of people, which, the wars being over, the armies disbanded, and the royal family and the monarchy being restored, had flocked to London to settle in business, or to depend upon and attend the court for rewards of services, preferments, and the like, was such that the town was computed to have in it above a hundred thousand people more than ever it held before; nay, some took upon them to say it had twice as many, because all the ruined families of the royal party flocked hither; all the soldiers set up trades here, and abundance of families settled here; again, the court brought with it a great flux of pride and new fashions; all people were gay and luxurious, and the joy of the restoration had brought a vast many families to London.

But I must go back again to the beginning of this surprising time; while the fears of the people were young, they were increased strangely by several odd accidents, which put altogether, it was really a wonder the whole body of the people did not rise as one man and abandon their dwellings, leaving the place as a space of ground designed by heaven for an Akeldama, doomed to be destroyed from the face of the earth, and that all that would be found in it would perish with it. I shall name but a few of these things; but sure they were so many, and so many wizards and cunning people propagating them, that I have often wondered there was any (women especially) left behind.

In the first place, a blazing star or comet appeared for several months before the plague, as there did, the year after, another, a little before the fire; the old women, and the phlegmatic hypochondriac part of the other sex, whom I could almost call old women too, remarked, especially afterward, though not till both those judgments were over, that those two comets passed directly over the city, and that so very near the houses that it was plain they imported something peculiar to the city alone. That the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid color, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and spark-

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ling, or, as others said, flaming, and its motion swift and furious, and that, accordingly, one foretold a heavy judgment, slow but severe, terrible and frightful, as was the plague. But the other foretold a stroke, sudden, swift, and fiery, as was the conflagration; nay, so particular some people were that as they looked upon that comet preceding the fire, they fancied that they not only saw it pass swiftly and fiercely, and could perceive the motion with their eye, but even they heard it, that it made a rushing mighty noise, fierce and terrible, though at a distance, and but just perceivable.

I saw both these stars, and, I must confess, had had so much of the common notion of such things in my head that I was apt to look upon them as the forerunners and warnings of God's judgments, and especially when the plague had followed the first, I yet saw another of the like kind, I could not but say God not yet sufficiently scourged the city.

The apprehensions of the people were likewise strangely increased by the error of the times, in which, I think, the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since: whether this unhappy temper was originally raised by the follies of some people who got money by it, that is to say, by printing predictions and prognostications, I know not, but certain it is, books frighted them terribly; such as Lily's "Almanack," Gadbury's "Astrological Predictions," "Poor Robin's Almanack," and the like; also several pretended religious books, one entitled, "Come out of Her, my People, lest ye be Partaker of her Plagues;" another called, "Fair Warning;" another, "Britain's Remembrancer," and many such; all or most part of which foretold, directly or covertly, the ruin of the city; nay, some were so enthusiastically bold as to run about the streets with their oral predictions, pretending they were sent to preach to the city; and one in particular, who, like Jonah to Nineveh, cried in the streets, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed." I will not be positive whether he said "yet forty days," or "yet a few days." Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, "Woe to Jerusalem!" a little before the destruction of that city: so this poor naked creature cried, "O! the great, and the dreadful God!" and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with

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a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoke to him, but he would not enter into speech with me, or any one else; but kept on his dismal cries continually.

These things terrified the people to the last degree; and especially when two or three times, as I have mentioned already, they found one or two in the bills dead of the plague at St. Giles's.

Next to these public things were the dreams of old women; or, I should say, the interpretation of old women upon other people's dreams; and these put abundance of people even out of their wits. Some heard voices warning them to be gone, for that there would be such a plague in London so that the living would not be able to bury the dead; others saw apparitions in the air, and I must be allowed to say of both, I hope without breach of charity, that they heard voices that never spake, and saw sights that never appeared; but the imagination of the people was really turned wayward and possessed; and no wonder if they who were poring continually at the clouds saw shapes and figures, representations and appearances, which had nothing in them but air and vapor. Here they told us they saw a flaming sword held in a hand, coming out of a cloud, with a point hanging directly over the city. There they saw hearses and coffins in the air carrying to be buried. And there again, heaps of dead bodies lying unburied and the like; just as the imagination of the poor terrified people furnished them with matter to work upon.

So hypochondriac fancies represent
Ships, armies, battles in the firmament;
Till steady eyes the exhalations solve,
And all to its first matter, cloud, resolve.

I could fill this account with the strange relations such people give every day of what they have seen; and every one was so positive of their having seen what they pretended to see, that there was no contradicting them, without breach of friendship, or being accounted rude and unmannerly on the one hand, and profane and impenetrable on the other. One time before the plague was begun, otherwise than as I have said, in St. Giles's, I think it was in March, seeing a crowd of people in the

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street, I joined with them to satisfy my curiosity, and found them all staring up into the air to see what a woman told them appeared plain to her, which was an angel clothed in white, with a fiery sword in his hand, waving it or brandishing it over his head. She described every part of the figure to the life, showed them the motion and the form, and the poor people came into it so eagerly and with so much readiness. "Yes! I see it all plainly," says one; "there's the sword as plain as can be;" another saw the angel; one saw his very face, and cried out, "What a glorious creature he was!" One saw one thing, and one another. I looked as earnestly as the rest, but, perhaps, not with so much willingness to be imposed upon; and I said, indeed, that I could see nothing but a white cloud, bright on one side, by the shining of the sun upon the other part. The woman endeavored to show it me, but could not make me confess that I saw it, which, indeed, if I had, I must have lied: but the woman, turning to me, looked me in the face, and fancied I laughed, in which her imagination deceived her too, for I really did not laugh, but was seriously reflecting how the poor people were terrified by the force of their own imagination. However, she turned to me, called me profane fellow, and a scoffer, told me that it was a time of God's anger, and dreadful judgments were approaching, and that despisers, such as I, should wander and perish.

The people about her seemed disgusted as well as she, and I found there was no persuading them that I did not laugh at them, and that I should be rather mobbed by them than be able to undeceive them. So I left them, and this appearance passed for as real as the blazing star itself.

The Devil does not Concern Himself with Petty Matters.

(From "The Modern History of the Devil.")

Nor will I undertake to tell you, till I have talked farther with him about it, how far the Devil is concerned to discover frauds, detect murders, reveal secrets, and especially to tell where any money is hid, and show folks where to find it; it is an odd thing that Satan should think it of consequence to come and tell us where such a miser hid a strong box, or where such an old woman buried her chamberpot full of money, the value of all which is perhaps but a trifle, when, at the same

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time he lets so many veins of gold, so many unexhausted mines, nay, mountains of silver (as we may depend on it are hid in the bowels of the earth, and which it would be so much to the good of whole nations to discover), lie still there, and never say one word of them to anybody. Besides, how does the Devil's doing things so foreign to himself, and so out of his way, agree with the rest of his character; namely, showing a friendly disposition to mankind, or doing beneficent things? This is so beneath Satan's quality, and looks so little, that I scarce know what to say to it; but that which is still more pungent in the case is, these things are so out of his road, and so foreign to his calling, that it shocks our faith in them, and seems to clash with all the just notions we have of him and of his business in the world. The like is to be said of those merry little turns we bring him in acting with us and upon us upon trifling and simple occasions, such as tumbling chairs and stools about house, setting pots and kettles bottom upward, tossing the glass and crockery-ware about without breaking, and suchlike mean foolish things, beneath the dignity of the Devil, who in my opinion is rather employed in setting the world with the bottom upward, tumbling kings and crowns about, and dashing the nations one against another; raising tempests and storms, whether at sea or on shore; and in a word, doing capital mischiefs, suitable to his nature and agreeable to his name Devil, and suited to that circumstance of his condition which I have fully represented in the primitive part of his exiled state.

But to bring in the Devil playing at push-pin with the world, or like Domitian, catching flies, — that is to say, doing nothing to the purpose, — this is not only deluding ourselves, but putting a slur upon the Devil himself; and I say, I shall not dishonor Satan so much as to suppose anything in it; however, as I must have a care too how I take away the proper materials of winter-evening frippery, and leave the goodwives nothing of the Devil to frighten the children with, I shall carry the weighty point no further. No doubt the Devil and Dr. Faustus were very intimate; I should rob you of a very significant proverb if I should so much as doubt it. No doubt the Devil showed himself in the glass to that fair lady who looked in to see where to place her patches; but then it should follow too that the Devil is an enemy to the ladies wearing patches, and that has some difficulties in it which we cannot easily reconcile; but we must tell the story, and leave out the consequences.

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Defoe Addresses His Public.

(From "An Appeal to Honor and Justice.")

I hope the time has come at last when the voice of moderate principles may be heard. Hitherto the noise has been so great, and the prejudices and passions of men so strong, that it had been but in vain to offer at any argument, or for any man to talk of giving a reason for his actions; and this alone has been the cause why, when other men, who I think have less to say in their own defence, are appealing to the public and struggling to defend themselves, I alone have been silent under the infinite clamors and reproaches, causeless curses, unusual threatenings, and the most unjust and injurious treatment in the world.

I hear much of people's calling out to punish the guilty, but very few are concerned to clear the innocent. I hope some will be inclined to judge impartially, and have just reserved so much of the Christian as to believe, and at least to hope, that a rational creature cannot abandon himself so as to act without some reason, and are willing not only to have me defend myself, but to be able to answer for me where they hear me causelessly insulted by others, and therefore are willing to have such just arguments put into their mouths as the cause will bear.

As for those who are prepossessed, and according to the modern justice of parties are resolved to be so, let them go; I am not arguing with them, but against them; they act so contrary to justice, to reason, to religion, so contrary to the rules of Christians and of good manners, that they are not to be argued with, but to be exposed or entirely neglected. I have a receipt against all the uneasiness which it may be supposed to give me, and that is, to contemn slander, and think it not worth the least concern; neither should I think it worth while to give any answer to it, if it were not on some other accounts, of which I shall speak as I go on. If any young man ask me why I am in such haste to publish this matter at this time, among many other good reasons which I could give, these are some: —

1. I think I have long enough been made Fabula Vulgi, and borne the weight of general slander; and I should be wanting to truth, to my family, and to myself, if I did not give a fair and true state of my conduct, for impartial men to judge of when I am no more in being to answer for myself.

2. By the hints of mortality, and by the infirmities of a life

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of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity, and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go, that no actions [slanders] may lie against my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to disturb them in the peaceable possession of their father's [character] inheritance.

3. I fear — God grant I have not a second sight in it — that this lucid interval of temper and moderation which shines, though dimly too, upon us at this time, will be of but short continuance; and that some men, who know not how to use the advantage God has put into their hands with moderation, will push in spite of the best Prince in the world, at such extravagant things, and act with such an intemperate forwardness, as will revive the heats and animosities which wise and good men were in hopes should be allayed by the happy accession of the King to the throne.

It is and ever was my opinion, that moderation is the only virtue by which the peace and tranquillity of this nation can be preserved. Even the King himself — I believe his Majesty will allow me that freedom — can only be happy in the enjoyment of the crown by a moderative administration. If his Majesty should be obliged, contrary to his known disposition, to join with intemperate councils, if it does not lessen his security I am persuaded it will lessen his satisfaction. It cannot be pleasant or agreeable, and I think it cannot be safe, to any just prince to rule over a divided people, split into incensed and exasperated parties. Though a skilful mariner may have courage to master a tempest, and goes fearless through a storm, yet he can never be said to delight in the danger; a fresh fair gale and a quiet sea is the pleasure of his voyage, and we have a saying worth notice to them that are otherwise minded, — "Qui amat periculum, periebit in illo."

Engaging a Maid-servant.

(From "Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business.")

Besides, the fear of spoiling their clothes makes them afraid of household work, so that in a little time we shall have none but chambermaids and nurserymaids; and of this let me give you one instance. My family is composed of myself and sister, a man and maid: and being without the last, a young

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wench came to hire herself. The man was gone out, and my sister above-stairs, so I opened the door myself, and this person presented herself to my view, dressed completely, more like a visitor than a servant-maid; she, not knowing me, asked for my sister. "Pray, madam," said I, "be pleased to walk into the parlor; she shall wait on you presently." Accordingly I handed madam in, who took it very cordially. After some apology I left her alone for a minute or two, while I, stupid wretch! ran up to my sister and told her there was a gentlewoman below come to visit her. "Dear brother," said she, "don't leave her alone; go down and entertain her while I dress myself." Accordingly down I went, and talked of indifferent affairs; meanwhile my sister dressed herself all over again, not being willing to be seen in an undress. At last she came down dressed as clean as her visitor; but how great was my surprise when I found my fine lady a common servant wench.

My sister, understanding what she was, began to inquire what wages she expected. She modestly asked but eight pounds a year. The next question was, "What work she could do to deserve such wages?" to which she answered she could clean a house, or dress a common family dinner. "But cannot you wash," replied my sister, "or get up linen?" She answered in the negative, and said she would undertake neither, nor would she go into a family that did not put out their linen to wash and hire a charwoman to scour. She desired to see the house, and having carefully surveyed it, said the work was too hard for her, nor could she undertake it. This put my sister beyond all patience, and me into the greatest admiration. "Young woman," she said, "you have made a mistake; I want a housemaid, and you are a chambermaid." — "No, madam," replied she, "I am not needlewoman enough for that." — "And yet you ask eight pounds a year," replied my sister. "Yes, madam," said she, "nor shall I bate a farthing." — "Then get you gone for a lazy impudent baggage," said I; "you want to be a boarder, not a servant; have you a fortune or estate, that you dress at that rate?" — "No, sir," said she, "but I hope I may wear what I work for without offence." — "What! you work?" interrupted my sister; "why, you do not seem willing to undertake any work; you will not wash nor scour; you cannot dress a dinner for company; you are no needlewoman; and our little house of two rooms on a floor is too much for you. For God's sake, what can you do?" — "Madam," replied she pertly, "I know my business, and do not fear service;

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there are more places than parish churches: if you wash at home, you should have a laundrymaid; if you give entertainments, you must have a cookmaid; if you have any needlework, you should have a chambermaid; and such a house as this is enough for a housemaid, in all conscience."

I was so pleased at the wit, and astonished at the impudence of the girl, so dismissed her with thanks for her instructions, assuring her that when I kept four maids she should be housemaid if she pleased.

The Devil.

(From "The True-Born Englishman.")

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 't will be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
For ever since he first debauched the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind.
With uniformity of service, he
Reigns with general aristocracy.
No non-conforming sects disturb his reign,
For of his yoke there 's very few complain.
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation.
He needs no standing army government;
He always rules us by our own consent;
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his vicegerents and commanders
Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders.
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he 's as certain ne'er to be betrayed.
Through all the world they spread his vast command,
And death's eternal empire is maintained.
They rule so politicly and so well,
As if they were Lords Justices of hell;
Duly divided to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal dictates in his mind.

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EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER.

DEKKER, EDUARD DOUWES, a Dutch miscellaneous writer, who wrote under the pseudonym "Multatuli," was born at Amsterdam, March 2, 1820; died at Nieder-Ingelheim, Germany, February 19, 1887. In 1860 he published a novel entitled "Max Havelaar," in which he described many of the abuses which have crept into the coffee trade of the Dutch commercial companies in Java. His writings include other works on the Dutch East Indies, and several dramas and essays on social, political, and philosophical questions. He has been characterized as a remarkably original thinker, and a serious and vigorous writer. These were written in Germany, to which country, disappointed and discouraged at his failure to effect the reforms he sought among his own countrymen, he removed in 1866; and where, during the last years of his life, he lived retired at Nieder-Ingelheim on the Rhine. The most noted of these later writings were "La Sainte Vierge," a novel; "Vorstenschool," a very popular play; and "Wontertje Pieterse," an incomplete story which, with his letters, was published after his death.

MULTATULI'S LAST WORDS TO THE READER.

(From "Max Havelaar.")

YES, I, Multatuli, "who have suffered much," — I take the pen. I do not make any excuses for the form of my book, — that form was thought proper to obtain my object. . . . *I will be read!* Yes, I will be read. I will be read by statesmen who are obliged to pay attention to the signs of the times; by men of letters, who must also look into the book of which so many bad things are said; by merchants, who have an interest in the coffee auctions; by ladies'-maids, who read me for a few farthings; by governors-general in retirement; by ministers who have something to do; by the lackeys of these Excellencies; by mutes, who, *more majorum*, will say that I attack God Almighty, when I attack only the god which they made according to their own image; by the members of the representative chambers,

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who must know what happens in the extensive possessions over the sea which belong to Holland. . . .

Ay, I *shall* be read!

When I obtain this I shall be content, for I did not intend to write well. . . . I wished to write so as to be heard; and as one who cries "Stop thief!" does not care about the style of his *impromptu* address to the public, I too am indifferent to criticism of the manner in which I cried *my* "Stop thief!"

"The book is a medley; there is no order, nothing but a desire to make a sensation. The style is bad; the author is inexperienced; no talent, no method." . . .

Good! good! . . . all very well! . . . *but the Javanese are ill-treated.* For the merit of my book is this: that *refutation* of its main features is *impossible.* And the greater the disapprobation of my book the better I shall be pleased, for the chance of being *heard* will be so much the greater; — and that is what I desire.

But you whom I dare to interrupt in your business or in your retirement, — ye ministers and governors-general, — do not calculate too much upon the inexperience of my pen. I could exercise it, and perhaps, by dint of some exertion, attain to that skill which would make the truth heard by the people. Then I should ask of that people a place in the representative chambers, were it only to protest against the certificates which are given *vice versa* by Indian functionaries.

To protest against the endless expeditions sent, and heroic deeds performed against poor miserable creatures, whose ill treatment has driven them to revolt.

To protest against the cowardice of general orders, that brand the honor of the nation by invoking public charity on behalf of the victims of inveterate piracy.

It is true those rebels were reduced by starvation to skeletons, while those pirates could defend themselves.

And if that place were refused me, . . . if I were still disbelieved, . . . then I should translate my book into the few languages that I know, and the many that I yet can learn, to put that question to Europe which I have in vain put to Holland.

And in every capital such a refrain as this would be heard: "There is a band of robbers between Germany and the Scheldt!"

And if this were of no avail, . . . then I should translate my book into *Malay*, *Javanese*, *Soudanese*, *Alfoer*, *Boegi*, and *Battah.*

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And I should sharpen *Klewangs*, the scimitars and the sabres, by rousing with warlike songs the minds of those martyrs whom I have promised to help — I, *Multatuli*, would do this!

Yes! delivery and help, *lawfully if possible; — lawfully with violence* if need be.

And that would be very pernicious to the COFFEE AUCTIONS OF THE DUTCH TRADING COMPANY!

For I am no fly-rescuing poet, no rapt dreamer like the down-trodden Havelaar, who did his duty with the courage of a lion and endured starvation with the patience of a marmot in winter.

This book is an introduction. . . .

I shall increase in strength and sharpness of weapons, according as it may be necessary.

Heaven grant that it may not be necessary! . . .

No, it *will* not be necessary! For it is to thee I dedicate my book: WILLIAM THE THIRD, King, Grand Duke, Prince, . . . more than Prince, Grand Duke, and King, . . . EMPEROR of the magnificent empire of INSULIND, which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds! . . .

I ask THEE if it be thine IMPERIAL will that the Havelaars should be bespattered with the mud of Slymerings and Dry-stubbles; and that thy *more* than *thirty millions* of SUBJECTS far away should be *ill treated and should suffer extortion* in THY name!

IDYLL OF SAÏDJAH AND ADINDA.

(From "Max Havelaar.")

SAÏDJAH'S father had a buffalo, with which he plowed his field. When this buffalo was taken away from him by the district chief at Parang-Koodjang he was very dejected, and did not speak a word for many a day. For the time for plowing was come, and he had to fear that if the rice field was not worked in time, the opportunity to sow would be lost, and lastly, that there would be no paddy to cut, none to keep in the store-room of the house. He feared that his wife would have no rice, nor Saïdjah himself, who was still a child, nor his little brothers and sisters. And the district chief too would accuse him to the Assistant Resident if he was behindhand in the payment of his land taxes, for this is punished by the law. Saïdjah's father then took a poniard which was an heirloom from his father.

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The poniard was not very handsome, but there were silver bands round the sheath, and at the end there was a silver plate. He sold this poniard to a Chinaman who dwelt in the capital, and came home with twenty-four guilders, for which money he bought another buffalo.

Saïdjah, who was then about seven years old, soon made friends with the new buffalo. It is not without meaning that I say "made friends," for it is indeed touching to see how the buffalo is attached to the little boy who watches over and feeds him. The large strong animal bends its heavy head to the right, to the left, or downward, just as the pressure of the child's finger, which he knows and understands, directs.

Such a friendship little Saïdjah had soon been able to make with the new-comer. The buffalo turned willingly on reaching the end of the field, and did not lose an inch of ground when plowing backwards the new furrow. Quite near were the rice fields of the father of Adinda (the child that was to marry Saïdjah); and when the little brothers of Adinda came to the limit of their fields just at the same time that the father of Saïdjah was there with his plow, then the children called out merrily to each other, and each praised the strength and the docility of his buffalo. Saïdjah was nine and Adinda six, when this buffalo was taken by the chief of the district of Parang-Koodjang. Saïdjah's father, who was very poor, thereupon sold to a Chinaman two silver curtain-hooks — heirlooms from the parents of his wife — for eighteen guilders, and bought a new buffalo.

When this buffalo had also been taken away and slaughtered —

(I told you, reader, that my story is monotonous.)

. . . Saïdjah's father fled out of the country, for he was much afraid of being punished for not paying his land taxes, and he had not another heirloom to sell, that he might buy a new buffalo. However, he went on for some years after the loss of his last buffalo, by working with hired animals for plowing; but that is a very ungrateful labor, and moreover sad for a person who has had buffaloes of his own.

Saïdjah's mother died of grief; and then it was that his father, in a moment of dejection, fled from Bantam in order to endeavor to get labor in the Buitenzorg districts.

But he was punished with stripes because he had left Lebak without a passport, and was brought back by the police to Badoer. But he was not long in prison, for he died soon afterwards. Saïdjah was already fifteen years of age when his father

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set out for Buitenzorg; and he did not accompany him hither, because he had other plans in view. He had been told that there were at Batavia many gentlmen who drove in two-wheeled carriages, and that it would be easy for him to get a post as driver. He would gain much in that way if he behaved well,—perhaps be able to save in three years enough money to buy two buffaloes. This was a smiling prospect for him. He entered Adinda's house, and communicated to her his plans.

"Think of it! when I come back, we shall be old enough to marry and shall possess two buffaloes: . . . but if I find you married?"

"Saïdjah, you know very well that I shall marry nobody but you; my father promised me to your father."

"And you yourself?"

"I shall marry you, you may be sure of that."

"When I come back, I will call from afar off."

"Who shall hear it, if we are stamping rice in the village?"

"That is true, . . . but Adinda— . . . oh yes, this is better; wait for me under the oak wood, under the Retapan."

"But, Saïdjah, how can I know when I am to go to the Retapan?"

"Count the moons; I shall stay away three times twelve moons. . . . See, Adinda, at every new moon cut a notch in your rice block. When you have cut three times twelve lines, I will be under the Retapan the next day: . . . do you promise to be there?"

"Yes, Saïdjah, I will be there under the Retapan, near the oak wood, when you come back."

. . . . . .

[Saïdjah returns with money and trinkets at the appointed time, but does not find Adinda under the Retapan.]

. . . But if she were ill or . . . dead?

Like a wounded stag Saïdjah flew along the path leading from the Retapan to the village where Adinda lived. But . . . was it hurry, his eagerness, that prevented him from finding Adinda's house? He had already rushed to the end of the road, through the village, and like one mad he returned and beat his head because he must have passed her house without seeing it. But again he was at the entrance to the village, and . . . O God, was it a dream? . . .

Again he had not found the house of Adinda. Again he flew back and suddenly stood still. . . . And the women of Badoer

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came out of their houses, and saw with sorrow poor Saïdjah standing there, for they knew him and understood that he was looking for the house of Adinda, and they knew that there was no house of Adinda in the village of Badoer.

For when the district chief of Parang-Koodjang had taken away Adinda's father's buffaloes . . .

(I told you, reader! that my narrative was monotonous.)

. . . Adinda's mother died of grief, and her baby sister died because she had no mother, and had no one to suckle her. And Adinda's father, who feared to be punished for not paying his land taxes . . .

(I know, I know that my tale is monotonous.)

. . . had fled out of the country; he had taken Adinda and her brother with him. He had gone to Tjilang-Rahan, bordering on the sea. There he had concealed himself in the woods and waited for some others that had been robbed of their buffaloes by the district chief of Parang-Koodjang, and all of whom feared punishment for not paying their land taxes. Then they had at night taken possession of a fishing-boat, and steered northward to the Lampoons.

[Saïdjah, following their route] arrived in the Lampoons, where the inhabitants were in insurrection against the Dutch rule. He joined a troop of Badoer men, not so much to fight as to seek Adinda; for he had a tender heart, and was more disposed to sorrow than to bitterness.

One day that the insurgents had been beaten, he wandered through a village that had just been taken by the Dutch, and was therefore in flames. Saïdjah knew that the troop that had been destroyed there consisted for the most part of Badoer men. He wandered like a ghost among the houses which were not yet burned down, and found the corpse of Adinda's father with a bayonet wound in the breast. Near him Saïdjah saw the three murdered brothers of Adinda, still only children, and a little further lay the corpse of Adinda, naked and horribly mutilated.

. . . . . .

Then Saïdjah went to meet some soldiers who were driving, at the point of the bayonet, the surviving insurgents into the fire of the burning houses; he embraced the broad bayonets, pressed forward with all his might, and still repulsed the soldiers with a last exertion, until their weapons were buried to the sockets in his breast.

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THOMAS DEKKER.

Dekker, or Decker, Thomas, an English dramatist and humorist; born about 1575; died about 1640. Of his personal life little is known, except that much of it was passed in extreme poverty; that he was for a time connected with Ben Jonson in writing for the stage; that they afterward quarrelled, and lampooned each other. Dekker was also connected with Ford, Massinger, and Webster in the composition of several dramas. He was sole author of nearly thirty plays, the best of which are "Fortunatus" and "The Honest Whore," the latter of which is highly praised by Hazlitt, who says that it "unites the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry." He wrote many pamphlets ridiculing the follies of the times. His pamphlet "The Wonderful Year" describes graphically the horors of the plague. In the work of collaboration he was assigned to writing the scenes laid in shops, inns, and suburban pleasure-houses, which he described with luxuriant fancy. Some of his characteristic works are "The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft" (1600); "The Seven Deadly Sins of London" (1606); "News from Hell" (1606); "Westward Ho!" (previous to 1605); "The Bellman" (1608); "The Gull's Hornbook" (1609); "Match Me in London" (1631); and "English Villainies" (1637).

Sleep.

Do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is; it is so inestimable a jewel that if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought; yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently

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throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worse for it. Can lying abed till noon, then, being not the threescore and fifteenth thousandth part of his nap, be hurtful?

The Praise of Fortune.

(From "Old Fortunatus.")

Fortune smiles, cry holiday!
Dimples on her cheek do dwell.
Fortune frowns, cry well-a-day!
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.
Since heaven and hell obey her power, —
Tremble when he eyes do lower.
Since heaven and hell her power obey,
When she smiles, cry holiday!
Holiday with joy we cry,
And bend and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity,
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

Chorus.

Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily,
With our songs let heaven resound.
Fortune's hands our heads have crowned.
Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

Content.

(From "Patient Grissil.")

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet Content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face.
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny.

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Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet Content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O Punishment!
Then he that patiently Want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!

Rustic Song.

(From "The Sun's Darling.")

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer Queen!
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green!
Sing, dance, and play,
'T is holiday!
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl.
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow.
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds, make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly!
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'T is a sport to content a king.

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"Hay makers, rakers, reapers, and mowers"

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So ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

Lullaby.

(From "Patient Grissil.")

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you.
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Life at Court.

For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath —
Like to condensed fogs — to choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No; I still boldly stept into their courts:
For there to live 't is rare, oh 't is divine!
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose starlike eyes have power — might they still shine —
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.

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MARGARETTA WADE DELAND.

DELAND, MARGARETTA WADE (CAMPBELL), "Margaret Deland," poet and novelist; born at Alleghany, Pa., February 23, 1857. She was educated at Pelham Priory, New Rochelle, N. Y. After studying at Cooper Union, New York, she was a teacher of industrial design in the Normal College for girls, New York, 1878–79. She was married, 1880, to Lorin F. Deland of Boston. In poetry she has published "The Old Garden, and other Verses" (1886). Her novels are "John Ward, Preacher" (1888); "Florida Days" (1889); "Sidney" (1890); and "Philip and His Wife" (1894). "John Ward, Preacher," instantly commanded public attention by its vigor and keenness in tracing the abnormal influence of certain doctrinal beliefs formerly current in the Church and supposed to be a part of Christianity.

AT WHOSE DOOR?[1]

(From "Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories.")

I.

THE garden in front of Friend Townsend's great gray house had been touched by frost, though the days were languid with slumberous September heat; the more delicate plants stood with limp, pallid leaves and hanging heads, but salvias blazed inside the box borders, and zinnias were in coarse and riotous bloom. There was a scent of decay and dampness in the still air, in spite of the flooding sunshine, and now and then a leaf floated slowly down from the thinning branches of the tulip-trees, through which came the distant flash and ripple of the river.

Rachel Dudley stood leaning against the old sun-dial at the foot of the garden, her chin resting on her hand, and her straight black brows gathered in a sullen frown.

She could not be seen from the house, for the laburnum hedge hid that part of the garden, but any one passing the stone gateway might have caught a glimpse of her slender figure through the osage-orange trees which bordered the dusty turn-

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pike. And Roger Livingstone was watching for her, as he made his horse walk past the line of Friend Townsend's estate; so he was quick to dismount and throw the bay's bridle over the stone ball on one of the ivy-covered gate-posts, and then open the tall iron gate, and hurry down the steps into the damp stillness of the garden.

Roger and Rachel had known each other for many years, but in spite of perpetual quarrelling it had never occurred to Roger to fall in love with her, — at least until very lately, and then only because his father had looked at him one day with shrewd good-nature and said: "Remember, boy, the pretty Quakeress has a fortune of her own."

That had made Roger think; but, after all, could a fortune give a man happiness, if the girl was first jealous and then indifferent, and always quick to take offence? Roger thought not; but he liked Rachel, and while he was making up his mind he was involuntarily and unconsciously more friendly. A young man cannot contemplate marrying a girl, even as a remote possibility, and avoid, in his most ordinary conversation with her, a betrayal of the attitude of his mind.

After these careless words about the pretty Quakeress and the fortune, Roger found a new pleasure in meeting Rachel; but he felt, vaguely, that Friend Townsend did not like him, and so he fell into the habit of seeing her oftener in the old garden than in her uncle's house. In these meetings, he did not speak to her of the happy interests of more worldly youth. He could not talk of this harmless diversion or of that pretty folly, a ball, or a dance, or the hundred gayeties that belonged to their years, because Rachel knew nothing about them. The only thing that he could give or that she could receive was sympathy for what she chose to consider the loneliness of her life.

Roger knew that this sympathy gave her pleasure, so, being a good-natured fellow, he was willing enough to condole with her. Furthermore, the half secrecy of their meetings here in the garden, or along some shadowy path beside the river, had a charm for him, to which his father's hint had added a pleasing excitement of uncertainty as to his future sentiments towards her. He was eager now to know if his plan of taking her to the theatre on Saturday afternoon could be carried out.

"Well?" he said, as he reached her side. She glanced up for a moment from under her frowning brows at his handsome,

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boyish face, as he stood striking at his riding-boots with his switch and waiting for her reply.

"It is no use, they won't let me go," she said, gloomily, not even lifting her chin from her slim brown hand.

He turned sharply on his heel, his spur grinding down into the damp moss of the path. For an instant he was too much disappointed to speak.

"It's outrageous!" he cried, "upon my word, it's outrageous! They're cruel, I tell you, Rachel, they're absolutely cruel!"

"They don't care," Rachel said briefly.

"I'd go, anyhow," Roger continued angrily; "why on earth should you give up everything to please people who don't care anything about you anyway?"

Rachel winced. "I know they don't," she said.

"Well, then, make up your mind to go," Roger ended; "it is n't as though they had any reason for saying you should n't. Of course, in any reasonable thing, I would n't advise you to — to disobey them. But this is folly, Rachel. Honestly, I believe I'd go!"

"Of course it is not *reasonable*," Rachel cried passionately. "Why, if they would give me a good reason, I would n't say another word. They just tell me, 'It is n't best,' and if I say 'Why?' Aunt Sarah says, 'Thee must trust thy uncle and me.' Trust them!" and she laughed, "they won't let me go because they want to disappoint me. I will trust them to do that!"

"Why, they make a business of being disagreeable to you, don't they?" Roger condoled, his flash of boyish anger gone.

"They think it makes people good to be disappointed," Rachel said, with that contempt which seems to youth so withering. "And they want to make me good, they think I am so wicked. Oh, I am — I am! but if they thought anything good of me I could be good, it seems to me; or if they loved me the least bit, I would not mind giving up everything in the world for them, everything! But they don't care whether I am alive or dead!" She laid her cheek down on the hot face of the dial and sobbed.

"Don't cry," Roger said sympathetically; "what good does it do to cry? Why don't you just go, anyhow? I believe they'd respect you more if you had a will of your own. And it is n't as if they were your own father and mother, you know."

She shook her head. "Oh, I can't! Thee knows I can't. And it is n't that I want to go to the theatre so very much, Roger.

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If they had only said I should n't, differently. It 's the way they said it. As though I was wicked to want such a thing; a kind of despair about me; and yet as if, after all, it was only to be expected of me. I might as well live up to it. I might as well be as bad as they think I am!"

Her quick transition from grief to anger dried her tears. Roger did not know what to say; his somewhat slow mind could not keep pace with her sudden changes, and her gusts of feeling wearied him.

He glanced at his horse, cropping the grass about the gate-post, and rubbing his velvety nose against the reddening ivy leaves.

Rachel noticed his look and feared he was going to leave her. "I believe thee 's right, Roger," she said. "I believe I ought to live my life in my own way, to make them respect me. I *will* go!"

Roger looked at her with admiration, yet there was a little doubt in his voice as he said: "It 's the only thing to do, Rachel; only — of course — you don't want to make them *very* angry?"

"I don't care how angry they are!" she cried; "it is n't as if they loved me."

"Or as if you loved them," Roger said. "Only — think it over, Rachel. I don't know; somehow I don't feel quite sure."

"*I* feel sure," she answered, striking her hands sharply together; "but, oh, I do love them — I do! I do! And they don't want my love!"

Roger tried awkwardly to comfort her, but he felt as though he would rather give up the theatre than have any more tears, and he began to think he had been rash to urge her to go.

But Rachel had decided. There was a bitter joy in making herself as bad as her uncle and aunt thought her.

"They expect me to be disobedient; they are always watching for it; so I 'll go, Roger!"

II.

It was not, however, quite easy to go into town on Saturday.

"Why does thee start so early, Rachel?" Sarah Townsend said, as her niece put on her little drab bonnet immediately after the noon dinner; "thee will have a long afternoon in town. I wish thee was not such a gad-about. I wish thee loved thy home."

"Thee will not miss me," Rachel answered, with the bitterness of premeditated disobedience. She was already beginning

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to feel remorse, and was blaming her aunt for her suffering. "If thee thinks I am a gad-about, Aunt Sarah, I don't see how thee can expect me to love my home. I don't see how I can."

Rachel's fingers trembled as she smoothed the gray ribbons under her chin. But Sarah's quiet sigh, as she said, "Thee need not try to show me how little thee cares for thy home,—I know it too well," was like wind upon the fire.

Rachel flung back some sharp untruth as she opened the white front door and let herself out into the sunshine. But there was a sob in her throat, and her eyes were stung with unshed tears which blurred the spray of salvia she stuck in her dress. "I won't look any more like a Friend than I can help!" she said hotly, as she picked the flaming blossom, knowing how such a thought would wound her aunt. But she did not need the salvia. Her vivid face was not in harmony with her quiet bonnet and gown; she looked like one of the world's people masquerading as a Quakeress.

Roger watched, with a growing fascination, her kindling eyes and her childlike tears and laughter as the play progressed. He even wondered, as they left the glare of the theatre and came out into the soft dusk of the autumn afternoon, whether he was not very much in love with this strange, wild, pitiful creature, whose restless, throbbing life beat against the calm of her home.

In his uncertainty, and his pleasure in her pleasure, and the charm of stolen excitement, he was almost tender to her,—very kind to her, Rachel thought. He could not help telling her, too, how lovely he thought her face was, "and those little soft rings of hair, Rachel, round your temples, are so pretty!"

Rachel grew scarlet. No one had ever said such a thing to her. She trembled a little, and looked at him with such beautiful, appealing eyes, that Roger said more of the same nature. He spoke of the happiness it was to be near her, and how much he hoped that in the future she would not forget him—("Forget thee? Why, Roger, I have known thee all my life. How could I forget thee?" she said, simply)—and he observed that life for him had not much to offer now. He *had* loved, but that was in his youth. There had been a girl once—But he would tell her about that some other time. He would only say now that he had suffered as few men ever had suffered—(though "she" was entirely unworthy, as he afterwards discovered when

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she married some one else). But that was all in the past, he told Rachel, and he felt that the ashes of memory might kindle again if she would but be his friend.

Upon reflection, afterwards, Roger felt that all this had been very unwise. Not that he had committed himself in any way: on the contrary, he had given Rachel to understand that although his heart, buried in those ashes of memory, was capable of being kindled, it was with no warmer flame than friendship. "But girls are so silly; they 're always misunderstanding things," he thought guiltily. And so there were times during the next week, while the remembrance of this indiscretion was fresh, that he tried to undo his words by being a little less than friendly; such an attempt, however, was always followed by a burst of pity for her, and then admiration, and then something strangely like tenderness. As for her, every word he so rashly said that afternoon went deep into her heart, and no temporary coldness in him could make her forget them.

In the excitement and pleasure of the play Rachel lost sight of everything else. Her gladness made the whole world seem loving and lovable.

"Oh, Roger," she said, "it was beautiful! Let's come again."

"We can come every Saturday afternoon, if you only will," he answered eagerly, "and it will be better each time, and Friend Townsend and your aunt will see that it does n't do any harm."

Rachel's face fell. "I had forgotten them," she said. And when Roger left her at the sun-dial, and she hurried through the garden to the big, silent house, there was no defiance in her heart; nothing but frightened dismay and penitence.

The lamps were not lighted in the hall, only the faint September twilight struggled in through the fanlike window over the front door, but Rachel could see the disapproval on her aunt's face. Sarah Townsend was standing on the lowest step of the staircase, waiting to speak to her niece, before going into the dining-room to see that the candles were lighted for tea. She was fresh from her simple toilet-table; in the clear, fine folds of her kerchief were some rose-geranium leaves, and the spotless muslin of her cap rested upon the shining smoothness of her gray hair. Her exquisite, fragrant neatness was in sharp contrast to Rachel's flushed face; rebellious curls were blown across the girl's eyes and above the brim of her bonnet; her

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shawl, too, was awry, and she had torn one glove as she tried to pull it off.

"I hoped," said Sarah gravely, "thee would come out by an earlier train."

"I told thee I was coming at five," Rachel answered, with the quick thought that perhaps her aunt had missed her. "If thee had told me that thee wanted me, I" — Then she stopped abruptly, realizing that she could not have come before. "Why did n't thee tell me? Thee knows, Aunt Sarah, the only thing in the world I want to do is just to please thee!" Confession was trembling upon Rachel's lips.

"I want thee to want to come, Rachel," Sarah said simply, and then with her gentle footfall she went into the dining-room, and standing at the narrow sideboard, with its slender carved legs and inlaid doors and drawers, she began to light the candles in four tall candlesticks. Rachel followed her, with that feeling of aggravation which comes when trying to talk to a person who is walking away from one, and with an instant resolution to be heard. Sarah had lighted a spill at the blue flames of the apple-wood fire, and was slowly touching the candle wicks with it. Its delicate glow shone on her serious face. She looked up at Rachel.

"At least thee knows it does not please me to see thee so untidy," she said.

"Of course thee thinks I would n't have come if thee had said thee wanted me," Rachel cried; "and I could n't help the wind blowing."

"If thee cannot speak respectfully thee can at least be silent," Sarah answered calmly. Then with her quiet step she again passed the girl and went into the parlor, grieved in her kind, just heart at the antagonism in Rachel's voice. And Rachel, in her small, orderly room, gave no thought to repentance, but lived over again the excitement of the afternoon, and Roger's kindness in taking her, and the sound of his voice in those new words he spoke. "I *will* go again!" she said to herself. And she did.

III.

The miserable consciousness of deceit cannot be entirely escaped even in the height of enjoyment, and the theatre never seemed so pleasant to Rachel again. Indeed, except that it gave her Roger's companionship, upon which she was more and more

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dependent, she would not have cared to go; and even his companionship did not persuade her more than two or three times, after which her efforts to escape the stings of conscience were very apparent.

Remorse began to stain all her interests, and even her few pleasures. Remorse is a very dreadful pain to the young. They have not the experience of years of wrong-doing to teach them that there will come times of ease from that weight and ache below the breast-bone, that sick feeling of remembrance intruding upon their happy and forgetful moments; still less can they grasp the relief of hoping that remorse may end altogether. Rachel, for mere pain of her sin, sinned again to forget the pain. She was only happy with Roger, but the last expedition to the theatre left her more unhappy than before. She was strangely restless; she took long walks alone, simply for occupation, or hurried into the city and out again for no other purpose than to divert her thoughts from her disobedience. She went over and over in her mind terms in which she might confess what she had done — for it would be such a relief to confess! But the thought of her aunt's dismay, which would have in it no surprise, made the child shrink back into herself.

Sarah Townsend saw the restlessness with concern, but she could have no conception of its redeeming cause. Yet it was not until one November afternoon that she spoke of it to her husband.

"I have not wanted thee to think less well of the child than thee does, Joseph," she ended anxiously, "and so I have not told thee that I was troubled about her; sometimes I think thy judgments are almost harsh, because thy ideal is so high. But it shows such unrest, this running about so much. She ought to wish to be at home. Home is the Lord's place for a modest young woman; it is an unregenerate and shallow mind which demands constant recreation."

"Yes, yes, that is true," Friend Townsend answered. He rose, and began to walk nervously about the room. "It must be stopped," he said. "We must remember her heritage from her grandfather, and insist upon a quieter life and a contented mind. I am glad young Roger Livingstone has gone in town. Sarah! thee does not think she sees him there?"

He paused beside her chair in sudden anxiety.

"Oh, Joseph, no!" she cried, "how can thee think of such a thing! It is only the restlessness of youth which seeks any

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occupation but duty. A woman of thy family could not so forget herself." With all its gentleness, there was a calm pride in Sarah's face as she said this. "But we must stop her going into the city so much; that impulsive, inconsequent nature of hers must be trained to self-control. Will thee speak to her, or shall I?"

"Oh, thee, thee," Joseph said. "But, Sarah, why did thee not put a stop to it long ago?"

"Because," she answered, sadly, "there are so many commands to give. I have to reprove her so often. She does not know how much I dread to find fault; and she is so ready to be angry! It seems to alienate her, too, and make her more unloving, when I do admonish her. She cannot see that it is only because I love her that I do it, — but thee knows I love her, Joseph?"

The wistful tremor in her even voice gave her husband a shock of pain.

"She has an evil nature," he said angrily, "if she can bear to make thee grieve."

Yet, as they sat waiting for Rachel to come home from a long walk in the cold, gray afternoon, his heart melted toward the child; and when at last she entered the quiet room, he rose and left it, though in a silence she thought stern. By himself in the hall, he struck his hands together with a gesture strangely unlike his usual calm. "Poor Rachel," he said, "poor child!" His head sank upon his breast as he walked restlessly about. Joseph Townsend was remembering many things.

Rachel was in a softened mood when she came into the parlor. In her walk along the river path she had been thinking that, after all, life might be very beautiful if there were love in it; — and Roger loved her! She was sure of that. Yes, a girl might be very glad to be alive, if there were love in life, and one tried to be good, — and she meant to be good hereafter. Of late she had been living in a dream of Roger, into which the real man had not entered. She had not noticed his efforts at commonplace friendliness, for they were so genuine there could be no sting in them, and beside they alternated with that talk about "friendship" which is such subtile love-making. It needed something sharp to pierce the mist in which her own construction of his looks and words had wrapped her. That afternoon, in the glow of content about her heart, she forgot

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for a little while her remorse; and when she remembered it all, her contrition was subtly pervaded by her joy.

"Rachel," Sarah said, in her low, even voice, glancing at the girl, who stood resting her forehead on the edge of the mantel-piece and idly unfastening her bonnet, "thy uncle and I feel that thy taking such long walks, and going so often into town for no purpose, is but idling away thy time, and we think it best for thee to put a stop to it. We need not discuss it, but just remember what I say."

Rachel did not speak, and her aunt, thinking it was sullen acquiescence, added, "It is for thy own good; we are sorry to cross thee."

The pleading in Sarah's tone touched the child; an impulse of love and repentance and happiness sent the tears brimming into her eyes. "Oh, Aunt Sarah," she said, "I won't do anything thee does n't want me to, but — but — I have; and I am so sorry!"

Sarah Townsend looked up at her with sudden tenderness and hope. "If thee is really sorry it will be easy for thee to please us, my dear."

At that unusual, almost unknown word, Rachel's reserve gave way. She flung her bonnet on the floor and sank upon her knees beside her aunt, hiding her face in Sarah's lap. It seemed to her that she had begun her confession; and she was already comforted, and restored in her own eyes; she did not realize that confession is relief, not remission.

"It is n't just the going in town," she said, her voice shaken with tears. "I have done wrong, Aunt Sarah. Oh, I have been so wicked — so wicked! Thee can never, never, *never* forgive me!"

Scenes like this seemed to Sarah Townsend to lack genuineness. It was not necessary to be dramatic. "Thee must not throw thy bonnet on the floor, Rachel," she replied calmly, "and thee must be more composed. Instead of crying, just make up thy mind to be a good girl."

But Rachel could not check her impetuous remorse. "I did not think it was really wrong when I did it. I do not believe I stopped to think at all. Oh, Aunt Sarah, Aunt Sarah, I am so wicked! I have been going into town and — and — meeting Roger, and —"

Sarah put her hands on the girl's shoulders and lifted her with a sharp push.

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"What does thee mean, Rachel?" she said.

At the change in her voice, Rachel knelt upright, brushing her hair back from her startled eyes, and looking wonderingly at her aunt.

"What does thee mean about Roger Livingstone?" Sarah repeated, with something which was almost terror in her tone.

"Oh, Aunt Sarah," the girl faltered, trying to hide her face on her aunt's knees, but held back by the relentless hands, "I have been to the theatre with Roger, that's all."

"All!" Sarah exclaimed, half with relief and half with indignant protest.

"Yes," Rachel said, covering her face with her hands and sobbing; "yes, that's what I went in town for, three afternoons last month."

Sarah could not speak; she felt almost faint. She did not see that Rachel had put her heart into her hands for good or ill; only the deceit, the disobedience, the dismay at Roger's influence, pressed upon her. She bent her sweet, stern face upon her breast and groaned.

Rachel shivered. "Oh, I am so sorry, — I am so sorry. I will be good after this, *always*. I will be good!"

"Perhaps thee cannot be good, Rachel," Sarah said in a broken voice, speaking involuntarily her thought that it might be that the child was not altogether responsible for this warped moral nature; and that perhaps, too, her own severity, which had seemed a duty, had but made things worse. "Thee has deceived us as well as disobeyed us," she said sadly, and paused, but Rachel did not speak; "and thee can find pleasure in the companionship of such a man as Roger Livingstone, — thee, Joseph's niece!"

Rachel rose, the softness frozen, the tenderness bitter. "I have deceived thee, but I am sorry. I have asked thee to forgive me. I am sorry. I don't see what more I can say." She had that feeling, — which often comes with confession, — that by confession the sin is atoned for; and with it a sense of injury, almost anger, that her listener should feel surprise or grief. She resented Sarah's dismay as unjust and cruel. "I've told thee about it; I don't see what else I can do," she said sullenly, tying the fringe of her gray shawl into knots, and never lifting her eyes to her aunt's face. "There is nothing wrong in being glad to see Roger. If he'd been welcome

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here, I need n't have seen him anywhere else, and — and — I like to be with Roger."

Sarah looked at her for a moment without speaking; then she said abruptly, "Rachel, has Roger asked thee to marry him? I ask thee, though I am not sure that thee will tell me the truth." Sarah was quite calm now, but her mind was confused between distress at this foolish defiance, and the far deeper grief of the girl's deceit. Rachel's lips parted and then closed again. She hung her head in silence.

"Answer me, Rachel."

But Rachel could not speak.

"Does thee mean," Sarah said incisively, "that thee cares for a man who does not care for thee? And that, to be with him, thee has been willing to deceive and disobey thy uncle and aunt? — thee has taken a lie upon thy soul? Rachel, I have known that thee did not love us, and did not cheerfully obey us, but I never knew that thy heart was filled with deceit, and that thee had not the modesty of the young women of thy family. Does thee think we can ever trust thee again?"

Rachel stood without any words, trembling and panting like some wounded animal. She had no thought of self-defence; it was only pain.

"Thee may go to thy room," Sarah said after a long silence; "thy uncle and I will try and decide what had best be done."

Without a word Rachel turned and fled out into the hall and up the stairs. She caught a glimpse of her uncle walking calmly up and down between the tall white lilies in Sarah's conservatory. He would have to be told! She scarcely seemed to breathe until she reached her own room, and shut and locked the door, and then leaned against it for support. Her heart was pounding in her throat; her eyes were blurred and stinging, but without tears. She heard the parlor door open and close, and knew that Joseph was listening to the story of her guilt.

"I cannot bear it!" she said aloud; "no; no; I cannot bear it."

A gleam of joy came to her in the thought that it could not be borne; it meant escape from intolerable pain, though she could not yet see by what means. Her mind even darted forward to contemplate a time of peace, and she vaguely thought of a day when she should look back upon this misery — But no, it was too terrible ever to be looked back upon! Pity for

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herself made her sob aloud, and without knowing that she was only choosing the lesser anguish she began to say, "It is all because they are angry about Roger." She could not face the truth, that her pain and theirs was because of her deceit. It was a little easier to say, "They are angry that Roger should care for me." By and by a means of escaping from pain by action began to grow clear to her. She would go and tell Roger. In her proud, innocent heart, Sarah's assertion that she cared for a man who did not care for her left no sting, save the bitterness that her aunt should have said it.

"I 'll tell Roger," she said over and over again to herself, for his very name comforted her.

IV.

The warm, fragrant air of the conservatory, and the silent beauty of Sarah's stately lilies, had made Joseph Townsend less restless. He almost forgot his anxiety about Rachel, and when he came into the parlor he was greatly startled and alarmed to find his wife hiding her face in her arms upon the table, her quick breath showing that she was in tears.

"Tell me, Sarah!" he said. But it was some moments before she could speak, and then she said brokenly: "Joseph, Rachel has been deceiving us. She has confessed it, though she is not really repentant. Think how we have failed in our duty to her, if such sin is possible in the poor child!" Then she told him, faltering with grief and shame, of the deception; but, with a tender instinct to spare Rachel, she said nothing of what she felt to be the girl's infatuation for Roger Livingstone. After all, that was the least important. "But, Joseph," she ended, "think how far we have let her drift from us, that she *could* deceive us! Oh, I have sinned in this; it is my fault — not Rachel's. She does not love us, after all these years, but it is because I have been unworthy of the charge of one of His little ones!"

He tried to comfort her and tell her she was wrong, but for once the brave, silent woman was broken; she would not listen, and by and by went to her own bedroom, pacing up and down the floor in despairing condemnation of herself. Her heart ached for Rachel, yet it did not occur to her to go and comfort the child; indeed, she would have felt it wrong to have seemed to excuse the sin too readily; but, even had it occurred to her, it was too late.

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Rachel's vague purpose of telling Roger had assumed a definite form. There was a train into town that she could take which would make it possible for her to see the young man before he went out for the evening. And she would tell him all about it, and he — he would tell her how to act! She had a confused thought of finding a place to board and some work to do, but underneath this purpose was the wordless conviction that Roger would take care of her. She did not think, "He will ask me to marry him;" she only felt it.

At last she rose from crouching against the door, and with trembling little hands put on her dove-colored bonnet, and folded a soft shawl about her shoulders. Then she opened the door and stood for a moment listening, her eyes dilating and her breath coming quickly. There was no sound except the faint snapping of the fire in one of the lower rooms. The hall was quite dark in the early twilight, and the shadows hid her as she crept downstairs; her fingers shook when she turned the big brass knob and opened the front door. In another moment she had closed it stealthily behind her, and stood alone in the gray chill of the November evening.

She looked back once, when she reached the foot of the steps, not hesitating in her purpose, nor with any relenting tenderness, but with the habit of a love which has been repressed and misunderstood. The blinds had not been drawn, and she could see Joseph sitting with his gray head bowed upon his hand; his spectacles were folded across the pages of a book which was upon a little round table at his side; Sarah Townsend's white knitting-work lay just as she had put it down when she began to reprove Rachel; the room looked so warm and peaceful, her uncle sat so quietly watching the fire, his face hidden by his hand, that a wave of bitterness swept over the child. "What does he care if I am unhappy?" she thought; "as soon as the lamps are lighted he 'll read again." Oh, if they only had loved her — she already thought of her life with them as in the past — she could have been so good! but they would never trust her or love her again! For an instant she forgot that her anger was for Roger's sake.

She turned and ran swiftly through the garden; her dress caught on the broken branch of a rosebush, and she stopped to loosen it, pricking her slender fingers till they bled. She found herself suddenly crying; it was snowing softly, and she was cold, and everything hated her.

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The rush and tumult of the flying train drowned her thoughts. She was half dazed when she reached the city, but in the short ride to Roger's rooms she began to think how she should tell him her story. Again and again she reached a certain point in it, and then seemed to wait for his answer: "What ought I to do, Roger? I'll do whatever thee tells me."

She was so sure of his sympathy, and so ignorant of human nature, that it was impossible for her to imagine the dismay and almost repulsion with which Roger, entering his small library from his bedroom, saw her standing in his doorway, flushed and panting and almost happy.

After his first two terrible words of astonishment there was absolute silence for a moment. Rachel's color wavered and ebbed, the terror stole back into her eyes. Without a word of explanation the enormity of her mistake fell upon her.

"Has any one seen you?" Roger said; and then he drew her inside and closed the door. "For Heaven's sake, why are you here? Has anybody seen you?" His fright at his own responsibility made him angry. Rachel's beautiful dumb eyes entreated him to understand her. "Something has happened, I suppose. Tell me. Oh, Rachel! you should not have come *here*. Did you go to my office first?"

"They have found out about my going to the theatre," she answered at last, slowly. She had forgotten that it had been her own confession. It seemed to her that she had been trapped into telling her aunt. "They are very angry, and they will never trust me again. Aunt Sarah said she would never trust me again. So I am going to earn my own living; and I — I thought thee could advise me — but never mind."

The pitiful quiver in her voice touched Roger, but it was chivalry, not love, that it aroused.

"Rachel, dear," he said simply, "I will take care of you always. You must marry me, Rachel."

But it was too late. With the first look of horrified surprise on Roger's face the woman had been born in her. She scarcely seemed to hear him, and went on speaking as though he had not interrupted her. She was conscious only of a desire to hide from him that she had depended upon him. "I mean to do some kind of work. I don't know what, yet. But I can't live at Uncle Joseph's any more. So I thought — if thee could tell me some place where I could board — I have a little money — But thee need n't trouble, Roger."

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Roger drew a long breath. After all, it would never do. It was folly to have asked her to marry him; and Rachel had had too much sense to notice his words.

"Why, of course I'll help you, Rachel," he said, in a troubled way; "only, honestly, I don't see how I can. Why, Rachel, don't you understand? It would n't do."

"Thee need n't trouble," she said again, vaguely.

"But it is n't that it is any trouble," he explained. "You know I would n't care how much trouble it was, only, what would be the use? You could n't support yourself. Why, my dear girl, what can you do? And, don't you see, Friend Townsend would simply find you, and take you home again. He has the legal right." Roger was still young enough in his profession to feel its awe. "Indeed, Rachel," he continued, for she did not answer, "it was foolish to come to me — to come in town, I mean; and it was a mistake to think you could take care of yourself. I know the world, my child, and you don't. Do go home, Rachel, right away!"

The old simple friendliness made him very much in earnest.

"Very well," she said.

"Won't you start to the station at once?" Roger said eagerly. "Your carriage is at the door still, and you can be at home again in an hour. I must n't go downstairs with you; it would n't do, don't you know. But if you'll just slip out quietly, nobody will see you, and they need never know at Friend Townsend's that you came here."

"I shall know," Rachel said, hoarsely.

"What?" cried Roger, impatiently, but without waiting for her answer; "you can say you came in town on an errand and missed your train, or — or anything! But go — go!"

In the sudden fear that some one might come in and find her there, he was again growing angry with her folly.

"Yes; I'll go," Rachel answered.

"You see, I don't want any one to know that you came here to see me, Rachel dear," he explained, relenting with honest sympathy for her mistake, "because, you see, it is n't — well, it is n't usual for a girl to go to a man's rooms, don't you know. So you won't mind my not going downstairs with you?"

"No, I won't mind," she said, looking absently about the warm, bright little room; "I won't mind; oh, no. And I'm sorry, Roger; and it is n't thy fault. Only — I ought not to

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have been born, thee sees. I — I think it is n't anybody's fault, after all."

"What is n't? What do you mean?" he said, with sudden anxiety, for she seemed so indifferent to him and his explanations that Roger felt a thrill of tenderness.

But Rachel had gone. He followed her into the entry, where the one small jet of gas flared and burned bluely for a moment in the draught from his open door, but she did not look back. He leaned over the balustrade and saw her gray figure hurrying down the coil of the broad staircase, and he stood there, straining his eyes into the darkness and full of troubled pity, until, in the lower hall, the front door opened and then closed with a dull, distant jar.

V.

And Rachel? The idea of going home again never presented itself to her, yet, with a dim consciousness of a promise, she went blindly towards the station. She forgot the carriage, although it had begun to snow steadily, and in her hurried uncertain walk she stumbled once or twice. The second time a group of men, who had sought shelter in a doorway, laughed loudly, and one of them shouted a name into ears too innocent to know that they were insulted. She turned and looked at them with the wondering thought that any one was happy enough to laugh, and they were silenced.

Again the short, swift ride; again the glare of the lamp outside the little station, the panting engine, the clouds of steam, and, through all, the beating snow and the gusts of wind. The station-master did not recognize her, and when he looked again for the one passenger who had gotten out of the train, she had vanished.

She left the road, which ran between leafless hedges, and, climbing down a gravelly bank, hurried across a field towards the river. "If I can only just be quiet and think," she said again and again; "if I can only be quiet."

She walked aimlessly about the wide, white meadow, trying to silence the tumult in her brain which seemed actual noise. She even put her hands up to her ears once, and stood still, repeating, "I must think." After a while she tripped upon the twisted root of a locust-tree, and, through sheer exhaustion, did not rise, but sat leaning against its rough trunk. "I'll

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think now," she said to herself, and hid her face in her hands, for the darkness and the storm began to terrify her. One word, repeating and repeating itself, had made this clamor in her mind.

"Oh, yes, yes," she said, as though answering it; "yes, I will die; I must; but I don't know how. Oh, if God would only kill me; He might be as kind as that! I have always been so unhappy, and it would be such a little thing to let me die! But I have prayed and prayed, and yet I go on living. Why can't He let me die instead of some sick person — who has friends?"

As this thought worked itself out in her mind, she heard, above her own sobs, and above the soft, swift rush of the river, the far-off rumble of a train of cars.

Then, suddenly, it all came to her, how easy escape was, how simple! A great calm settled down upon her. She lifted her face with a bewildered smile. The snow had caught in the wet tangle of her dark hair, and blew against her small, pitiful lips with faint, cold touches. Here was the way out of all the pain; she need not pray for it to come to her; she could take it.

She rose, steadying herself upon her tired feet, and began to walk back across the field towards the railroad. She found herself wondering why anybody was alive when it was so easy not to be. She laughed, under her breath, to think how she had prayed for escape when all the while the river had been slipping by, and this other way invited her. And then her mind fastened upon the idea that she was dying for some one else, some unknown, dearly loved sick person. A curious pagan instinct of giving a life in exchange for a life sprang up in this moment of primal simplicity into which her soul slipped at the thought of death. She would die, and some one else should live. The passion of sacrifice entered into the thought of death and hid the pitiful selfishness of her purpose, — a purpose which was only childish impatience with present pain.

When she reached the steep embankment again, she took off her bonnet, and, with the hardly acquired habit of care for her clothing, folded her shawl about it, placing them beneath a tree. Then she climbed the gravelly slope and stood upon one of the tracks; the snow beat in her face, and the wind twisted her wet skirt about her ankles. Again, far back among

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the hills, came the rumble of the approaching train; she felt the jar under her feet, and then, through the white blur of the storm, came the muffled glare of the headlight.

In an instant the desire for death was swept away. Her instinct to escape pain had been only love of life in disguise. She leaped back upon the other track. "Oh, I did n't mean it, I did n't mean it!" she cried hoarsely. The riotous wind swept her frightened voice like a feather into the darkness, and as the cars rushed past her down the track she stood white and trembling, saying again and again: "I don't want to die, I don't want to die; I did n't mean it!"

She had forgotten — or perhaps she did not know — that the other express was due. The two trains thundered by each other, and left only darkness and the beating snow.

. . . . . .

If only the great silence could have explained her to them!

"She took her own life," Sarah said briefly; "the child of our old age could not love us enough to live for us. And it was my fault."

"I drove her to it — it was my fault," Roger Livingstone said, under his breath, divided between grief, and fright, and passionate gratitude that no one but himself knew of the interview in his rooms that last night. But this terrible conviction faded and he came after a while to think, very honestly, that he had loved her, and she had refused him. "She would not listen to me when I asked her to marry me! Oh, if she had cared for me I could have saved her, and now she has broken my heart!"

"It was my fault, it was my fault!" Joseph Townsend said; "I ought to have understood her. We tried to make her good in our way, when she had a right to her own nature. But I ought to have understood!"

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JEAN FRANÇOIS CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

Delavigne, Jean François Casimir, a French lyric and dramatic poet; born at Havre, April 4, 1793, died at Lyons, December 11, 1843. He was the son of a merchant, and was educated at the Napoleon Lyceum at Paris. He early showed a marked taste for poetry. Andrieux, to whom some of his pieces were shown, at first endeavored to dissuade him from writing, but on seeing his dithyramb "On the Birth of the King of Rome," written in 1811, encouraged him to continue poetical effort. This poem also produced for Delavigne the patronage of the Count of Nantes. In 1814 the young poet competed for a prize offered by the French Academy. His poem "Charles XII. à Narva" received honorable mention, and a poem presented the next year, "Sur la Découverte de la Vaccine," obtained a secondary prize. The humiliation of France in 1815 gave Delavigne a stirring subject. He wrote two poems, "Waterloo" and "La Dévastation du Musée," to which he added a third poem, "Sur le Besoin de s'unir après le Départ des Étrangers," and published the three in 1818 under the title of "Trois Messéniennes." They had an immense success, and their author received an appointment as Librarian of the Chancery. He next wrote two "Élégies sur la Vie et la Morte de Jeanne d'Arc;" and in 1819 produced his tragedy "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," which was received with great favor. This was followed in 1820 by "Les Comédiens," and in 1821 by "La Paria." Several new "Messéniennes" appeared between 1821 and 1823, and in the latter year, "L'École des Vieillards." For this drama he was awarded a place in the French Academy (1825). He produced "La Princesse Aurélie" (1828); "Marino Faliero" (1829); during the Revolution of 1830 "La Parisienne," a lyric, was as enthusiastically received as the "Marseillaise" had been. Another tragedy, "Les Enfants d'Édouard," was produced in 1833; "Don Juan d'Autriche" in 1835; "Une Famille au Temps de Luther" in 1836; "La Popularité," a comedy, in 1838; "La Fille du Cid," a tragedy, in 1839; and, "Le Conseiller Rapporteur, a comedy in prose, in 1841. Delavigne was engaged upon a tragedy, "Melusine," when failing health obliged him to leave Paris.

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WATERLOO.

(From "Trois Messéniennes.")

THEY breathe no longer: let their ashes rest!
  Clamor unjust and calumny
They stooped not to confute; but flung their breast
  Against the legions of your enemy,
  And thus avenged themselves: for you they die.

Woe to you, woe! if those inhuman eyes
  Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal;
Shrinking before your selfish miseries;
  Against the common sorrow hard as steel;
Tremble! the hand of death upon you lies;
  You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no — what son of France has spared his tears
  For her defenders, dying in their fame;
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
  What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
  Feel not the quickening spark of his old youthful flame?

Great Heaven! what lessons mark that one day's page!
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age!
How shall the historic Muse record the day,
Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away?
Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and torn—

Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corses upon corses piled;
  Veil from mine eyes that monument
  Of nation against nation spent
  In struggling rage that pants for breath,
  Spare us the bands thou sparedst, Death!
O Varus! where the warriors thou hast led?
Restore our legions! give us back the dead!

  I see the broken squadrons reel;
  The steeds plunge wide with spurning heel;
  Our eagles trod in miry gore;
  The leopard standards swooping o'er;
The wounded on their slow cars dying,
The rout disordered, waving, flying;

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WATERLOO

From a Painting by C. Steuben

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Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
  And leave behind their long array
  Wrecks, corses, blood — the foot-marks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame —
  O grief! — what sight appalls mine eye?
The sacred band, with generous shame,
  Sole 'gainst an army, pause — to die!
Struck with the rare devotion, 't is in vain.
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And proud to conquer hem them round: the cry
Returns, "The guard surrender not! — they die!"
'T is said that, when in dust they saw them lie,
  A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe: they fixed the pensive eye,
  And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
  Whose threatening features still their conquerors brave;
Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible;
  Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows engrave:

For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
  Who o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed;
The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
  Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast;
All sank subdued before them, and the date
  Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory, —
Seldom to Franks denied, — to fall elate
  On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them; for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm:
Franks! mourn we for ourselves — our land's disgrace —
The proud, mean passions that divide her race.
What age so rank in treasons! to our blood
The love is alien of the common good;
Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,
And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears,
Scared from her sanctuary, Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.
O cursed delirium! jars deplored
That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword!
Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

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The strangers raze our fenced wall;
The castle stoops, the city falls;
Insulting foes their truce forget;
The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet;
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door;
Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lilied or the triple hue;
And Franks, disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow;
'T is time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity:
Haste — quench the torches of intestine war;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white — some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz endears.

France! France! awake, with one indignant mind!
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind!
Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.
And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave!
Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave;
Gall not with pride the avengers yet to come:
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom;
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus' hand.

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